84375

The Cambridge Review

FALL ISSUE
1931

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

Civil Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Industrial Engineering

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

Accounting
Banking and Finance
Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training combines theory with two years of practice. It enables the student to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

EVENING DIVISION
(Coeducational)

An effective university education is available in the evening for high school graduates who for financial or other reasons cannot enter day colleges but must go to work following graduation:

School of Business

Grants B.B.A. and M.B.A. degrees.

Specializes in accounting and business administration.

Only 24.9% of graduates held executive positions on entering school; 71.9% now in major executive positions.

Graduates outstandingly successful in C.P.A. examinations.

Actual business problems the basis of instruction.

School of Law

Four-year course.

LL.B. degree.

Prepares for bar examination and practice.

Case method of instruction similar to that in best day law schools.

A School of high standards adapted to the needs of employed men and women.

Alumni outstandingly successful as lawyers, judges, business executives.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School admitted without examination.

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Athletic Editor
MANES SPECTER

Alumni Editor
PHYLLIS GRACE

Exchange Editor
EMILY FETTER

Art Editors
ARNOLD HELLER
DORIS MABEY
ANNE CONLEY
ELEANOR CAMPBELL

Faculty Advisor
MISS MARY P. BLIGH

Editor-in-Chief
JOSEPH PALMER

Literary Editors
EMILY WHITMAN
CATHERINE SANDERS
JEANNETTE EYRE

Business Manager
BERNARD KAMINS

Assistant Business Manager
MAURICE CALLUM

Advertising Manager
CONSTANTINE CULOLIAS

G. A. A. Editor
PHILOMENA DI LALLO

Typists
MARY OWIRKA
HEDWIG DOBROWOLSKA

Assistant Advertising Managers
JAMES TOWERS
JOSEPH RICKER

Class Notes Editors
FRANCES CARR
CONSTANCE OVERLOCK

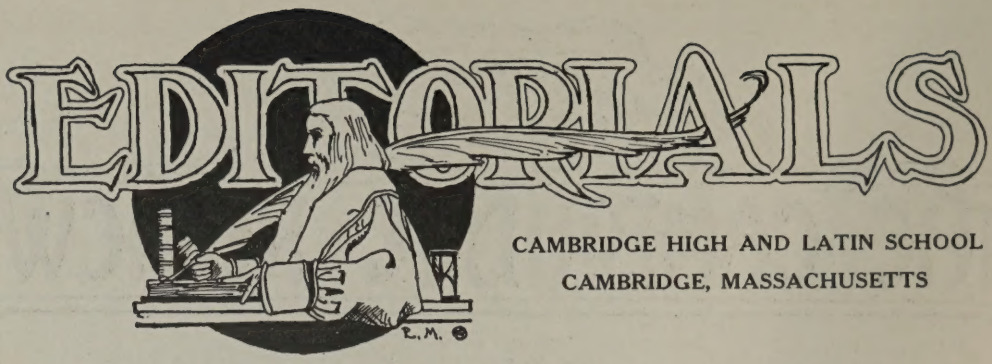
Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

Vita sine litteris mors est.

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 1

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorials	2
The Reviewer	3
Escape	5
Edison	6
Depression	6
The Mound Builders of Southern Ohio	7
An Inventory of My Assets and Liabilities	8
A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever	9
A Book of Mental Pictures	9
Alone in a Crowd	10
Review of the 1931 Pulitzer Prize Novel	10
Witchcraft	11
Book Reviews	12
The Beach	12
Class Notes	13
Cartoons	16
Debating	17
Alumni	18
G. A. A.	19
French	20
Athletics	21
Exchanges	24
Advertisements	17, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28



CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

DOROTHY SWEENEY

There are times when fate seems inexplicably stern. We found it so when we returned this year and realized that one of our members was missing. The passing of Dorothy Sweeney cames as a distinct and real shock to her many friends. Her death leaves a place not easily filled. We shall not forget Dorothy, for she will linger long in our memory as a kind, sympathetic friend, and a girl who was intensely interested in everything pertaining to our school. We, the class of 1932, deeply sympathize with her grief-stricken family.

A WELCOME TO FRESHMEN

YOU have passed another milestone in your school life. You have entered the high school. You have come full of hope and high resolution. Some things may have disturbed you, perhaps even discouraged you. You find many more pupils than you have known hitherto, you have different teachers for various subjects, you meet in a number of rooms during the day — in short, you find you must be dependent upon yourselves more than before. You have probably discovered the need of considerably more home study than last year. Do not allow any or all of these things to discourage you, but rather meet them as a challenge to your ability to carry on. Do each day's work to the best of your ability and your ability will steadily increase. We welcome you, the Class of 1935, to the High and Latin School. Enjoy its privileges, shoulder its responsibilities, catch its spirit of service, and cherish its good as a precious possession.

LESLIE L. CLEVELAND.

FOUNDATIONS

Did you ever stop to think that the most beautiful cathedral, the most imposing skyscraper, or even the most commonplace factory depends entirely upon its foundation? Did you ever stop to think how long, and with what success these buildings could continue to stand without a suitable foundation? It is just the same with schools.

Obviously the foundation of any high school is its freshman class. Without it a school can not long survive; with a weak one, the school will slowly start to go down hill. Thus, upon you, Freshmen, rests the fate of the Cambridge High and Latin School. It is up to you whether or not this school will continue to attain the high scholastic standard which the classes of other years have built up and of which they have been so proud. Upon you rests the fate of our athletic teams and our publication, the Review. Support them! We do not mean haphazardly. Even go out of your way to do it. Whatever you put into these things you will withdraw with interest in the form of satisfaction. Follow your athletic teams and develop that priceless quality known as "School Spirit" which has been so noticeably absent from the classes of recent years.

These statements of everything resting on you, Freshmen, may appear a bit broad and many of you may ridicule them. Please remember, however, that although we are especially addressing the present freshman class, what we have said is applicable to all freshman classes, past, present, and future. To accomplish successfully these things, you must follow them up through your other three years of High School.

So, Freshman, drop that inferiority complex. Remember that the one who utters such comments as being "only a Freshie" was once a "Freshie" himself. When such remarks are passed, smile inwardly at the speaker's ignorance and recall that you are the foundation of Cambridge High and Latin School.

J. P.

The Reviewer

IT was with a distinct sense of loss that we noted the absence of Miss Mary C. Hardy from the faculty this year. Miss Hardy was greatly beloved and respected by all of her pupils, by her fellow teachers, and by her many acquaintances. Her retirement marked the ending of a long and successful period of teaching at this school. For many years she had been faculty advisor of the Review and was largely responsible for its continued popularity and growth.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank all those pupils who, through their tireless efforts, endeavored to increase the circulation of the Review. We have been handicapped this year by our short periods and by present financial conditions. However, due to the efforts of these pupils many obstacles have been overcome.

The following pupils secured twenty or more subscriptions for the Review:

Anne Cleveland	Mary Owirka
Philomena Di Lallo	Joseph Palmer
Hedwig Dobrowolska	Manes Specter
Mary Falvey	Sydney Sugarman

We were pleased to notice that the realization of a long felt need has been fulfilled in the renovation of the assembly hall stage. We think that the attractive curtain, donated by the Class of 1931, makes the stage sufficiently modern to compare with the best. We wish to express an earnest desire that it will be used frequently.

With performances at the Armistice Day exercises and at the opening of the new Longfellow school, the C. H. L. S. orchestra opens its season under Mr. Benedict Fitzgerald, its new musical director. Mr. Fitzgerald entertains many new and constructive plans for the orchestra, and is already setting out to gather new material for both the Junior and Senior orchestral groups which he is developing. Feeling that in such a large school the orchestra should occupy a more important position, he is determined to have every student who plays an instrument to any degree of proficiency whatever, belong to some musical group in the school. Mr. Fitzgerald is particularly enthusiastic on the subject of student leadership, being a great supporter of modern trends in school music, and hopes that in time the orchestra may become exclusively a student undertaking.

Another of Mr. Fitzgerald's revolutionary projects is the formation of a real live band. Football rooters, sit up and take notice! This will give many hitherto unrecognized musicians in the school a chance to display their talents. The splendid gift of the Rotary Club to the school of 39 instruments valued at $3500 will greatly facilitate this undertaking. $600 worth of music and 25 music-stands were also donated, the latter being greatly appreciated by those who faithfully brought their stands from home last year. So, you prospective musicians, conquer your reticence, or indifference, as the case may be, and go to see Mr. Fitzgerald. You will be sure to find a place that is adapted to your ability and tastes.

J. E.

The Review wishes to express its gratitude to the P. G.'s in room 74 for their gift of half a page of advertising in this month's issue. We feel that this should be brought to the attention of those who deplore the absence of that much-abused quality, school spirit. Incidentally, in connection with the effort that is being made to make the Freshmen more at home, ought not something in that line be done about the P. G.'s? A good many of them have confused to feeling somewhat lost and out of things this year, even those who were members of last year's Senior class, as well as new pupils from other high schools. The P. G.'s are a part, and a valuable one, of our school, and the Review hopes that everyone will show them that we are glad to have them back.

K. B. CLUB

ONCE again the K. B. Club is in full sway. This year it is under the able management of Miss Anne Conley, our president for the year 1931-32. At our first business meeting, plans were discussed for the admission of new members. The number of replies was indeed gratifying, and our number is now increased by the addition of those girls accepted by the committee on admission.

We are proud to disclose the aims and purposes of our club, and we hope to continue our good work throughout the coming year. At Thanksgiving and at Christmas, we send baskets to needy

families. Each summer, four or five girls suffering from ill health are sent away to Camp Esta Naula for a two weeks' vacation. The money for these trips is provided by the dues of the K. B. Club.

Our very capable advisors, Miss McElroy and Miss Murray, are giving us their greatly appreciated services again this year, and with two such competent guides, we feel sure that the K. B. will enjoy in 1931-32 its most successful year.

Many pleasant activities have been planned for the coming year, including bridge parties, toboggan parties, our dance, and, of course, our long-awaited and much-discussed week-end party.

Our accepted applicants went through their initiation with a fitting show of humility and awe. Now that they are full-fledged members, we shouldn't be at all surprised if their one thought was for revenge. However, it's all part of the game, and each girl came through with no discredit to herself.

Our complete enrollment this year finds the following names in the registry:

Anne Conley, '32 ..... *President*
Louise Magill, '32 ..... *Secretary*
Frances Carr, '32 ..... *Treasurer*

Old Members	*New Members*
Martha Meade, '32	Rosemary Brooks, '33
Ita McCarthy, '31	Eleanor Campbell, '32
Barbara Farwell, '32	Anne Cleveland, '32
Rita Cassidy, '32	Anne de Courcey, '33
Constance Overlock, '32	Helen Dugan, '33
Barbara Sweetser, '32	Virginia Gately, '33
Anna Sedorchuk, '32	Dorothy Haverty, '33
Kathryn Gregory, '32	Anne Moran, '33

LOUISE MAGILL, '32

CHESS

DESPITE the lack of faculty direction this year, the Chess Club is flourishing. Whether it is general knowledge or not, Cambridge Latin has always been represented well and honorably by a Chess Team. On the second floor near Mr. Fougère's room, in the case, you may see a large silver cup denoting that the championship of the Interscholastic League (no longer in existence) was won for three years in succession by a Latin School Chess Team.

This year there is an almost entirely veteran team, and there are several promising newcomers who responded to a plea for players. The veterans are A. Valois, M. Specter, P. Callan, L. Klashman, and B. Kamins, while the best of the newcomers are D. Livingstone, C. Carlson, and G. Jones. There are also several freshmen who, while showing promise, have much to learn. Last year the team won over Rindge, was tied by Brookline, and divided two contests with Dorchester. This year hopes are high that all preceding records will be broken.

To those of you who may be interested, meetings are held on Wednesdays in Room 22. A tournament of Chess, to some, is as interesting as any other sport. Of course, no padded suits or helmets are required, but let no one venture to play without his thinking cap. While making a comparison between Chess and other sports, let me remark that letters, minor or major, are positively not issued for Chess, and, for that matter, neither are checkered suits, as those presumably facetious would have it. The reward of the game is the joy in playing it. Games with other schools will be started shortly.

M. SPECTER, '32

ARMISTICE DAY PROGRAM

THE Seniors and Post-Graduates went to the hall the morning of November 10, to participate in Armistice Day Exercises. A very enjoyable and interesting program had been arranged by Miss Hartigan and Mr. Fitzgerald. The program was as follows:

ARMISTICE DAY PROGRAM

NOVEMBER 10, 1931
8:40 A. M.

"March Romain" ..... *Gounod*
ORCHESTRA
"Send out Thy Light" ..... *Gounod*
CHOIR
Scripture Reading
MR. CLEVELAND
Salute to the Flag
Led by JOHN MORAN, *President of the Senior Class*
"The Star-Spangled Banner" ..... *Key*
THE SCHOOL
Trumpet Solo: "Columbia" ..... *Rollinson*
JAMES CONLON
Some Songs of the World War
THE SCHOOL
Address
JOHN D. CROWLEY
State Treasurer of American Legion
Solo: "In Flanders Fields" ..... *Albert Houghton*
Encore: "Dear Old Pal of Mine"
MR. QUINN
"God of Our Fathers" ..... *Warren*
CHOIR
Selection ..... *Tschaikowsky*
ORCHESTRA
Reading: "Rouge Bouquet" ..... *Joyce Kilmer*
ANNE CONLEY
Taps
JAMES CONLON

The orchestra played in a finished manner, and the entire musical program was very good, we thought. Mr. Quinn's solos were pleasing. As

Continued on Page 19

ESCAPE

CLICK! As he heard the door click behind, he realized that he was irrevocably bound to his venture, a venture which would mean death in ninety-nine chances out of a hundred, but would bring success if one could take the one-hundredth chance.

Jack slowly descended the steps, dwelling on the ninety-nine chances until he was ready to give up. Why, oh why, had he agreed to come, he, a young man with the best years of life ahead, and to leave his wife for heaven knows how long, probably for eternity? What horror it would be to have no communication with the outside world for months! A radio, to his mind, was the one thing Dr. White should have had installed, but expense forbade it. Expense! Dr. White was a regular demon for expense, only paying ten dollars a month, and saying that the rest was obtained in experience. A man can't live on experience.

By the time he reached his bunk and had gotten into his uniform, he had forgotten his bitter mood, and was joking with the others with the exuberance of youth on an adventure, and the interest one feels in a game of chance when the odds are even.

As the submarine slowly gathered speed, he moved about trying to bring order out of the chaos in the space above the two-by-four bunk which was to be his home for the next few months. He put up the few knicknacks and photographs which Mary had tucked in, and last of all, fastened up the starfish which Jimmy had picked up on the beach that last afternoon. For a minute he was afraid he was going to be sentimental, but he controlled himself and went up to report to Dr. Stone.

At a meeting of the whole staff the next morning, Dr. Stone spoke about the aims and doubts of the trip, and stressed the necessity of using as little oxygen as possible.

"In fact," he said, "oxygen will be given out only when absolutely necessary, beginning when we go under the pack for the last time. Mr. Perry is in charge of the distribution and you must go to him for it. Every evening a report of the day's advance and work accomplished will be posted on the bulletin board."

At first the men used to scan those bulletins with eager interest, but their attraction soon died out, for what did a few hundred miles more or less make? Not much, they feared.

Every day for an hour, the ship stayed on the surface so that the men could go out and see something of the sky and waters, and get a whiff of refreshing air.

There was a great deal of suppressed excitement on board the day when it was said that they would go under the ice-pack for good. Each one was privately wondering whether they would ever come out or not. Then followed days upon days of jamming back and forth; some days they gained miles, others, their gains had to be measured in feet. Sometimes they came to open spaces, in which they rose for a breathing space.

One day, some weeks later the bulletin board carried the announcement that the next day, if their calculations were correct, they would pass directly through the pole, and would then turn and retrace their course. At last, it really seemed that their journey had not been futile, and that they were to see the realization of all their dreams. Their calculations turned out to be correct, and they passed directly through the true pole at four-twenty-one. What an hour of rejoicing followed! They turned, and passing again under the pole, resumed their original course with all possible speed, anxious to get out of the pack to the path of the North Atlantic steamers, so that they might spread their news, and also receive more food supplies, for they were now living on little besides jerked beef.

Soon after they started back, Dr. Stone discovered that their compass had been put out of order by an accident, perhaps by their proximity to the pole. Not knowing how long this had been out of order, he had no means of knowing how far off their course they were. To make matters worse, Perry reported that oxygen had been escaping somehow, and that there was not very much left in the tanks. They decided not to frighten the men, however, but to cut down

a little on the giving out of that precious article.

Dr. Stone voiced his doubt, "You don't think, do you, that anyone has taken more than his share? I'm very sure that there's no one on board who would do such a thing."

"No, I'm quite certain that it is just a leak, for, as you say, there's no one on board who would stoop to such a deed," Mr. Perry assured him. "However, we had better hope to get out of here as soon as possible, for the oxygen won't last more than two days, I'm afraid."

Two days later, Jack suddenly discovered that his oxygen tank was pretty low, and decided to find Mr. Perry and get some more. He found Perry, but when he made known his request, he was told that there was no more, but that they would soon be out of the pack, and would immediately rise to the surface. What a blow!

Hours passed, but still they did not rise. Could it be true that they were way off their course and could not get air for days? No, that could not be true; it would be too terrible a blow after having accomplished so much. And yet, as the hours passed, he began to fear it would be true. He made his way to the officers' room, where he found the rest of the officers doing nothing, just waiting, waiting for the beginning or the end.

Soon it became more and more difficult to breathe, and the men were gasping for a little life-giving breath. Then the gasping turned to choking, and they seemed to be fighting against an encircling net which was becoming tighter and tighter. Suddenly everything turned black to Jack, and he seemed to be floating out into a sea of deep, thick velvet.

When he next realized anything, he was lying on the deck of a liner with blue sky above and a bright sun in the sky. He turned weakly.

"What day is this?"

"Thanksgiving Day, man!"

EMILY WHITMAN, '32

EDISON

Now he is gone, who gave the world its light:
Whose sole ambition was, until the end,
To be humanity's enduring friend —
To show the way to others in their fight
To bow the force of nature to their might —
To show his fellow-mortals how to bend
The elements with which all men contend
To make a planet's Daylight out of night.
We know this grief, like all things, soon will cease
To be so pressing in the minds of men —
We know his works in value will be said
By future foolish sceptics, to decrease —
But we, who shall remember him, will then,
As now, in silence mourn a genius dead.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33

DEPRESSION

SUPPLY and demand, over-production, and unemployment constitute the by-words of our modern depressionists. Even the weather is neglected as this insidious subject fills our minds and thoughts. One gets the impression that the world could not converse without Russia and unemployment.

Of course nothing is ever proved as everyone agrees hopelessly with everyone else. A few historians take the spice out of it, however, by telling us that this is not the first time such a depression has occurred and by tracing back similar times to the Middle Ages. Our elders reminiscent tell us how bad things were right after the World War.

Men come to the door describing their problems and operations and asking for help. We put our heads together trying to find something for them to do. If we succeed, the job usually has to be done again, but the spirit in which it is done is at least commendable.

Medical care has been given to the poor, but the doctors are rather disconcerted to find parked outside the door a car belonging to a family they are treating free.

However, the outlook is not entirely black. It provides much subject matter for editorial sections of the newspapers. A new, more optimistic phrase is now being used. "Empress Eugenie has saved the world."

HELEN CANNON, '32

THE MOUND BUILDERS OF SOUTHERN OHIO

IN the summer of 1931, I had the extreme good fortune and rare honor of collaborating with Mr. Roy Adams of Boston, and Professor Doctor Stites of Antioch, in the excavation of the burial pits of the ancient Mound Builders in Southern Ohio.

Due to the extreme age of the burials, the utmost care had to be taken in their excavation. The first specimens were for a nearby museum, while the others were destined for the "Ancient Man" exhibition at the Chicago World Fair, sponsored by the Chicago Field Museum.

The discovery of the pits was due largely to the activities and diligence of Mr. Adams, who traced rumors prevalent in that section concerning their existence.

It is first necessary to explain to those who know nothing about archaeology, the manner used by the Mound Builders in disposing of their dead. There are two or three ways used by the people under discussion to bury their dead. If a chief died, his entire family was killed, their bodies were placed around him, and then all were cremated. The remains of the group were then covered with dirt, and the burial thus completed. When an ordinary member of the tribe died, the body was placed in a large pit and covered with a thin layer of earth. The pits were shallow, as man did not then have adequate tools to dig to any great depth. If the deceased had a small son or daughter, the child was often killed and cremated upon the grave of the parent. When the bodies or their remains were covered with dirt, the grave assumed the shape of a mound. From these mounds and from those which they built for religious and martial purposes, these people received the name of "Mound Builders".

We found one cremation of a child over the burial of an adult, in which the skull, unharmed, crumbled at our touch. One pit would be used until it was filled, whereupon another was dug. Sometimes as many persons as fifty were given their final resting place in one pit.

The first excavation was that of a male adult. The remains were found at a depth of two feet. It took three weeks to remove one skeleton, the work being extremely delicate. After one bone of the body had been uncovered, the rest of the work had to be done with a small paint brush. This was due to the delicate state of preservation of all such skeletons found in damp climates. The dirt was brushed away from the bones with great care, and they were thus left unharmed in any way. Plaster was then poured in small batches under the skeleton, until a solid slab was formed beneath it. The whole thing was then lifted out. This particular process, as far as we knew, had never before been employed. It was quite successful.

The second and third excavations were much like the first, and provoked no unusual interest, though the third was a rather queer case. It was that of a full-grown adult female. The skeleton was complete, except for the spine, which was missing. The body had evidently been removed from its original grave and reburied. Due to the decomposition of the flesh at the back of the body, the spine had dropped out and had not been replaced.

Our fourth case was also the body of an adult female. Around her body were found specimens of pottery. The fibula of the left leg was found directly below the pelvis. The metacarpals were found neatly piled alongside the ribs. No explanation of this could be found.

Last, but not least in importance, was our finding of a fossilized human skull. It has been sent to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington for examination. If we can identify one sea shell encrusted in the empty eye socket, and if it proves to be the one we think it is, the skull will then be recognized as the oldest human skull ever found in America. Its age will be somewhere in the neighborhood of three thousand years.

We walked
Mid autumn splendour, by the water-brink,
And talked
A while, and then fell silent, just to think
How soon this golden beauty would be slain
By winter, wondr'ing if we should grow old
In rhapsody like autumn's fire and gold —
And then we spoke of other things again.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33

AN INVENTORY OF MY ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

To my stockholders:

In the perusal of this report for the fiscal year ending October thirty-first, you will note the exceptionally poor cash position of your company as compared with last year. This decline in working capital is due to a cut in allowance suffered by the company last January. Fortunately the cut has been largely offset by the securing of a job on Saturdays by the company.

On the enclosed balance sheet, you will note that the company has invested in an obligation of one of the strongest municipal governments. The lunch checks of the Cambridge High and Latin School are a direct obligation of the City of Cambridge, and are entitled to a triple "A" rating. The investment in the pupils' tickets are a direct lien on the Boston Elevated Railway.

Your company feels that good will ought to be carried on the books for more than one dollar; but due to the conservative policy of the auditors it was placed at that figure.

In the current liabilities, the entry under "Accounts Payable" consists mainly of petty cash debts owed to various soda-fountains. It will be noted that this item shows a satisfactory reduction from last year.

A most constructive measure was adopted by the company last January. Bank loans, on which interest was due, were paid off by borrowing from our parent company. The debt owed the parent company is in the form of non-interest bearing notes. This explains the deletion of the entries, "Interest Payable on Loans" and "Bank Loans".

Your company considered it advisable to carry the "Reserve for Depreciation and Cleansing of the Tuxedo" as a special reserve; because the difficulty of cleaning face powder from the shoulders and lapels was becoming an expensive and frequent fixed charge.

In conclusion, your company would like to point out that while its financial showing may have been poor; the experience gained in facing and overcoming problems that have arisen has been of great value to the management. This experience will be manifested by increased earnings in the future.

Balance Sheet

For the purpose of comparison, figures, copied from the report of the last fiscal year, have been placed in a column beside this year's figures.

Assets

	Oct. 31 1931	Oct. 31 1930
CURRENT ASSETS		
Cash	$ 3.00	$ 10.00
Investments		
Three C. H. L. S. lunch checks	.15	.25
Four pupils' tickets issued by Boston Elevated Railway	.20	.00
Total Current Assets	$3.35	$10.25
FIXED ASSETS		
Cigarette Lighter	$ 5.00	$ .00
Tuxedo	50.00	50.00
Clothes	75.00	50.00
good will	1.00	1.00
Total Fixed Assets	$131.00	$101.00
Total Assets	$134.35	$111.25

Liabilities, Reserves, and Capital

	Oct. 31 1931	Oct.31 1930
CURRENT LIABILITIES:		
Accounts Payable	$ 10.00	$ 15.00
Bank Loans	00.00	50.00
Money Loaned by Parent Company	50.00	00.00
Interest Payable	00.00	5.00
Total Current Liabilities	$60.00	$70.00
RESERVES:		
Depreciation and Cleaning of Tuxedo	$ 5.00	$ 0.00
Depreciation of Other Fixed Assets	5.00	5.00
Sundries and Contingencies	.50	.25
Total Reserves	$10.50	$5.25
CAPITAL STOCK:		
Capital Stock represented by two shares no Par, Common authorized and outstanding	$ 2.00	$ 2.00
Surplus	61.85	34.00
Total Liabilities, Reserves, and Capital	$134.35	$111.25

GRINNELL JONES, '32.

It has been suggested that the themes which won honorable mention in last year's Caroline Close Prize Essay Contest should be printed in the Review. The essays printed in this issue are those written by students who competed for the English II and English IV prizes. Those of the other two classes will appear in the next issue.

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

"Beauty is Truth, Truth-Beauty; that is all Ye know on Earth and all Ye need to know."

A PRICELESS jewel of beauty in themselves, these few quoted lines prove the truth of their context by their own structure, and present to us the maxim upon which an immortal poet has based the works which have always been for the world in general and for me in particular things of beauty which are joys forever. Ever since I can remember, the sheer beauty of the poetry of John Keats has to me been a source of great enjoyment, enjoyment which increases, rather than decreases with time and re-reading. Perhaps the answer for this great joy which the poet rouses in me may be found in the lines quoted above? Who can tell? Perhaps I am a seeker after Truth, and can know it only when I have found Beauty?

In his "Ode To A Grecian Urn", the poet has taken what to him was a thing of beauty and joy forever, and has done with it what I am attempting to do to his poem on the subject. He has expressed the joy which he finds in a lifeless, carven urn in the terms of beauty which really do homage to his subject. But, here am I struggling to express adequately the emotions which a vivid, living poem has aroused, and I cannot do it. (I fear I shall never be a John Keats!)

The "Ode to a Grecian Urn" appeals to the nobler sentiments in order to arouse the emotions by means of the imagination, the mind's eye. That there is much beautiful appeal in this poem is without question. The description of the urn itself abounds with lasting beauty; the vividity of the description taxes one's imagination to the utmost; the workings of the imagination call into play all the nobler emotions. For example, what could be more beautifully and realistically portrayed than the two lovers about to kiss? What person can resist the appeal of youth in its most beautiful moment, love? And who can so master his emotions as to prevent their being roused by this description and by the others that fill the poem? Here, for instance, does the poet appeal to the emotion love; in the scene of the peasants' departure from home never to return, after an interval of but about two stanzas, he appeals to all the pity a man could ever feel.

It is by such means that John Keats has conquered my soul and held me in bondage to the eternal beauty which forever pervades his poetry. He has bound me hand and foot and made me slave to the joy which his poetry rouses in me. He has shown me that it is well to be bound to a kind master, for he has munificently rewarded my submission to his magic power of creating beauty which has always been and always will be, I feel, a joy forever.

ISRAEL BERKMAN, '31.

A BOOK OF MENTAL PICTURES

I HAVE a collection of mental pictures of all sorts. Some of the pictures are of people, but some are of places. Here are two which I like very much.

The first picture is of the Shalimar Gardens, in Kashmir, and is done in pastels. The Shalimar was built by the mighty ruler Shah-Jehan for his beautiful young wife, Nour-mahal. He could have chosen no lovelier spot in all the world than the Vale of Kashmir. In this garden are many plane trees, fountains, and summerhouses, planned for the pleasure of Nour-mahal and her women. I wandered into one of the little pavilions to rest a few moments. Through a delicate screen of marble, a little lake, fed by a fountain, could be seen. As I sat on a marble bench and looked around me, my mind went back to the time when the Shalimar had been inhabited by lovely women. Look, there are some now! They are dressed in silk garments of rose, turquoise, shell-pink, yellow, delicate greens and lavenders. On some of the saris are borders of silver and gold. But even as I watched the colors melted; the greens faded into foliage; the pinks, yellows, and blues disappeared into a glorious Indian sunset, and I was left alone in the whispering, murmuring garden of Shalimar.

The next picture is more colorful and glowing — an Indian fair. As I walk down the hot, dusty road, I can see and hear on all sides the usual sights and clamor of an Indian fair. On one side is a sweetmeat seller, his tempting wares

spread out in the sun. Crowding around him are many small, dirty children, shouting and gesticulating. Opposite is a rickety wooden affair which corresponds to the American ferris wheel. The street is crowded with men, women, and children, gaily dressed. One sees whole families from the villages; the father with the lunch over his shoulder and a toddling child, dressed in his best clothes (or rather, lack of clothes) clinging to his hand. Behind walks the wife, resplendent in holiday attire, a baby on her hip. Here comes grandmother; she too is all dressed up, for the fair is a big event in her life. There are beggars, of course. Some are maimed; others are ill of filthy diseases, such as leprosy. India has many such people. Here is a seller of bracelets. This is my favorite booth, and it is very popular among the Indian women. This man has a great variety; his stock ranges from slim, delicately colored glass bangles to anklets of silver weighing several pounds. Down the road comes a "bhisti". He is the water wagon. From a skin on his back he sprinkles water on the dusty road. There are still many things to see; the kite man, the snake charmer, and the toy sellers are very interesting, but it is time to go. As I walk away, the squeak of the ferris wheel, the cries of the venders, the shouts of the children blend into a confused murmur. Distance has softened the colors to a confused blur of red brown; the hard blue sky arches overhead; the dust stirred up by many bare feet throws a golden veil over a scene I shall never forget.

MARY RANKIN, '33

ALONE IN A CROWD

Alone in a crowd! I wonder how that expression originated. Probably it was produced through the anguish of some suffering mortal who has had an experience similar to mine.

I never thought very much about the meaning of this phrase until one memorable evening when my cousin Bob invited me to go to the theatre with him. I finished my home-work and prepared for the momentous occasion with great glee. When Bob finally called for me, I found that he was accompanied by his fiancé, Ruth, whom I had never met. I cannot explain why, but Bob appeared particularly delighted with himself because he had been able to arrange a meeting between Ruth and me.

Even before we had reached the theatre, an awful sense of the superfluity of my presence overwhelmed me. I felt crushed by my inexperience and youthfulness. Of course, Ruth and Bob were very polite and solicitous about my pleasure; but I would have given anything to be seated cosily at home beside an open fire with one of Kipling's books and a rosy apple. Just as my panic reached a crisis, I remembered my program with which Bob had thoughtfully supplied me. By reading and re-reading it, I managed to eke out the interminable interval until the curtain rose on "The Rivals" and the lights of the theatre were dimmed on the noisy throng.

For the first act, my mind was occupied with the incongruity of the title. Why should I go to see a play by such a title? It did not concern me for I was not a rival. I was a non-competitor. At the end of the first act, Bob inquired whether I was enjoying the play or not. I replied miserably that I could not remember when a play had affected me in the same way. I was glad, however, that he extended his inquiries no further, for I could have told him nothing whatever about the play itself. I spent the second act trying to conjecture what had happened in the first act while Ruth and Bob exchanged remarks about the characters. No one was interested in my remarks. The rest of the play is a miserable blank to me. I have a faint memory of great excitement about the duel, but I do not now know whether the duel was the climax of a tragedy or the turning-point of the comedy.

Of course, I assured Bob that I had had a most enjoyable evening and told Ruth that I was very glad to have met her. Owing to my polite enthusiasm, Mother has invited them both to dinner next Friday evening.

LELIA WYMAN, '32

REVIEW OF THE 1931 PULITZER PRIZE NOVEL

THE Pulitzer Prize for the best American novel of the year was awarded recently to Margaret Ayer Barnes, for her second novel, "Years of Grace," which, from being comparatively unnoticed during the first month after its publication in 1930 has risen during the past months to a very high place in the lists of "best sellers." Nevertheless, it is no disparagement to the novel to say that had it not been the foremost in a rather backward field, the judges might

quite possibly have bestowed the Pulitzer award elsewhere.

Strictly speaking, "Years of Grace" is interesting rather for its description of American life and customs from several years before the Chicago World Fair up to 1929, than for its convincing presentation of character and plot. The scene is laid mainly in Chicago and New England, interspersed with vivid pictures of Bryn Mawr, in the days when it was considered decidedly "odd" for an attractive girl to want to go to college, and of different phases of life in New York, ranging from the shabby, Bohemian, Greenwich Village home of Agnes, the best friend of Jane, the heroine, to the expensive modernistic pent-house of Jane's daughter, Jenny. As a general thing, the scenes laid in middle-class, residential Chicago of almost half a century ago are the most convincing.

Briefly told, the story relates the life of pretty, brown-haired Jane Ward, from the time when, at the ripe age of fourteen, she fell madly in love with funny, French André Durois, who lent her "La Dame aux Camellias", until she met André again thirty-seven years later while attending the wedding of her daughter, Cicily, to the divorced husband of Cicily's little cousin, Belle. After Jane had lost André, she married nice Stephen Carver, worthy of a better fate, "on the rebound," and spent the rest of her life as his faithful, coolly affectionate wife, save for one mad interval when she was swept off her feet by love for Puckish Jimmy Trent, the husband of her best friend.

As a heroine, Jane is rather disappointing; it seems a pity that, after her wild, sweet youth, she should have hardened and lost her sense of humor. She did not appreciate or really love Stephen; she did not give him her full inner sweetness, but was nevertheless too loyal a wife to give it to anyone else and so kept it latent in her nature. She was, however, a good mother, and was as nearly heartbroken as was possible for her to be when her daughter, Cicily, ruined three lives by her passion for her cousin's husband.

As regards style, Margaret Ayer Barnes is a mistress of the mere technical details; her diction is good; her style, clear and limpid; and the conversation, vivid and life-like; but there is something lacking in style and plot alike. Many of the characters and situations are less convincing and sympathetic than those of a second-rate novel. Perhaps the reason is that the authoress has no real interest in her characters; they are puppets, which she fills with life and vigor by the magic word of her technical knowledge, but which never quite lose their somewhat jerky puppet walk and their stiff gestures. Because of its style and portrayal of life during an era, the book is well worthy of the Pulitzer Prize; but I, for one, cannot see anywhere in it the divine enthusiasm of many another author whose style may perhaps lack technical smoothness, but who lives, loves, and suffers with his characters, his soul children.

"Well, less is more, Lucrezia; I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stopped and stuffed up brain;
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthsight craftsman's hand of mine."

THEODORA LOUISE HUBBARD, '31

WITCHCRAFT

When lone dogs howl, and stars are pale,
And wind through tree-tops makes lonesome wail,
When the gibbous moon is wan and white,
'Tis time to watch for the witches to-night.

Swifter than lightning,
Softer than dew,
And the Lord's prayer backwards
All the night through.

Well you may laugh when fires are warm
At wicked spell, and magic charm,
But mind what you say when you're 'way
from the light
For the witches are out to meeting tonight.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33

BOOK REVIEWS

THE editors have taken it upon themselves to suggest a few books which they have enjoyed recently. If you have read any which you particularly enjoyed, we should like to hear about them. These books are not necessarily either new or best-sellers.

"The Short Stories of Saki"—The Viking Press.

These delightful short short stories by H. H. Munro, whose pen name was Saki, make nice pick-up reading, for most of the stories are not longer than a page and a half. Saki, an Englishman who was killed in the war, wrote in a style which was remarkably pure. His sense of humor is truly delightful, and those stories which are not humorous, while rather horrible, are at the same time fascinating. We liked especially the stories concerning Reginald or Clovis, "The Reticence of Lady Anne", and the one entitled "The Mouse".

"The Cat Who Went to Heaven"
by Elizabeth Coatsworth

Miss Coatsworth intended this primarily as a book for children, but since publication it has turned out to be a book enjoyed by everyone. It is a charming tale of an artist, his cook, and a little white cat, Good Fortune by name, who, in the end, did bring good fortune in far-away Japan. The wash-drawings by Mr. Hunt, and the little bits of poetry scattered through, combined with Miss Coatsworth's originality and delicacy of touch, make it an enjoyable book.

"Larry, or Thoughts of Youth"

Portions from the diary of a freshman and sophomore in college, letters home and to Girl, and fragments of themes have been collected and put into book form by editors who have done very little editing. It makes fascinating and very worth while reading. The book also extends into the summer before Larry's junior year, which he spent in Arizona. One night just a week before he was to leave for home, he rode out into the flaming sunset. From this ride he never returned.

THE BEACH

1

Wide sands
Stretching away,
Sandpipers hopping here
And there among the tall marsh grasses,
Sans fear.

2

Babies,
Playing in sand
Splashing in the water,
Enjoy eddying ripples with
Laughter.

3

Breakers
Dashing on rocks,
Splash all people too near
With a drenching spray of fine mist
Or tear.

4

High rocks
Jut over sands,
Making big giants' caves
In which children can hide, safe from
All waves.

5

The bay
Meets the skyline
In a quite foggy haze,
Or an imperceptible mist
Of greys.

Emily Whitman, '32

Definitions

Venice — a statue without arms.
Po — not wealthy.
Sicily — to do something like a girl.
Boccaccio — a nut.
Fiume — carbon monoxide.
Signors — one who does wrong; sing, you signors, sing.

On The Air

B. A. Rolfe is said to be equipping his Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra with zippers so they can open their numbers faster.

Rudy Vallee now says "by special dispensation on the part of the publishers" instead of "by special permission of the copyright owners". He would say a thing like that.

Signs

They say the rainbow is a sign —
A promise that the sun will shine.
Thick fur on little beasts, we're told,
Forecasts a winter long and cold.
One finds a clover with four leaves
And luck is his, each one believes.

Some of the signs will stand the test;
But one is surer than the rest —
A boy whose nails are clean and white,
Who scrubs his ears without a fight,
Who slicks his hair to curb a curl —
Is a sure sign he has a girl!

She: "I've just turned 23."
He: "Yes, I thought you were about 32."

Barbara H.: "A boy friend of mine has several cups for golf and tennis, and many letters for football.
Elizabeth: "He's not an athlete. He must be a pawnbroker."

We wonder if:
People like to see their name in the "Review".
People mind certain "cracks" uttered here.
Teachers really believe our alibis.
Boys think girls believe all they tell them.
K. B. Girls will ever fail to be popular.
You're still reading this.

Who Threw That?

We hear that at a university in Virginia they are accepting farm produce as payment of tuition. Heretofore, it has been used only at glee club concerts.

Jones: "Some say the country is not prepared."
Sweeney: "Nonsense — we've got enough cigarettes for any war."

A football player was obliged to take a make-up exam. on which depended his eligibility for football. He passed the exam, suprising everyone. His professor met another professor, who wished to know how the boy ever passed the exam. "Well," said the professor, "I gave him two questions. The first he answered wrong, and the second he said he didn't know, and that was right so he passed."

Quips and Quirks

It was raining cats and dogs, and there were poodles in the road.

The four seasons are salt, vinegar, mustard, and pepper.

In the spring the salmon ascends fresh water streams to spoon.

There are three kinds of poetry — lyric, dramatic, and epidemic.

The name of a famous ode by Wordsworth is "Imitations of Immortality in Youth."

A glass jar was held upside down and a candle was put in. When it was in it was out, and when it was out it was in.

She took an old black derby,
And off the crown she tore;
And now she's got a bonnet
Like Queen Eugenie wore.

J. Gurry: "I wish you wouldn't keep whistling that same tune over and over again."

B. McFadden: "But it has sixteen verses."

Leary: "Talking about large vegetables, I knew a man in Essex that raised a pumpkin so large that his two children use a half each for a cradle."

Callinan: "That's nothing. We have in this town as many as three policemen sleeping on one 'beet'."

As the baker was retiring from business, he had the following advertisement published in the daily newspapers:

"For sale, baker's business. Good trade. Large oven. Present owner been in it for seven years."

"Then you deny," said the judge, "that you were rude to the policeman when he asked to see your license?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Ricker. "All I said was that from what I could see of him, I was sure his wife would be happier as a widow."

Muti was about to buy a seat for a movie one afternoon, when the box-office manager, suspecting his client of playing truant, said: "Why aren't you at school?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Muti earnestly, "I've got the mumps."

Specter: "I've let my mustache and beard grow and am wearing blue spectacles. How did you manage to recognize me?"

Kamins: "By *my* umbrella."

The Boss: "Didn't you tell me you wanted to get off yesterday on account of a death?"

Gatto: "Yes, sir."

"And you went to a baseball game, I understand."

"Yes, sir; I heard they were going to kill the umpire."

Chaplain (to prisoner in electric chair): "Can I do anything for you?"

Prisoner: "Yes, hold my hand."

Policeman Leo Grant was shot through the stomach, and John Marcinoak, taxicab driver, through the hip, while a trusty at the jail was shot in the excitement.

Sugarman (in the Harvard subway): Look here; I know that my feet were meant to be walked on, but I consider that privilege belongs to me."

There is a story about a Scotchman whose daughter was being married and, as the bride and groom were about to leave the house, Sandy insisted that they should leave by the back door instead of the front.

"Whist, Sandy," whispered his wife, "are ye clean daffy?"

"Hush, woman," he replied, "If there should be any rice throwin', I thought it would be verra, verra nice for the chickens."

"What sort of girls are Brown's two daughters?"

"The elder is terribly simple, and the younger is simply terrible."

All of Us

"Mother," complained Doris. "I don't feel well."

"That's too bad, dear," said mother sympathetically, "where do you feel worst?"

"In school, mother."

A venerable old Scot purchased a little radio set, and a few days later his friends asked him how he liked it.

"Well, it's aw richt to listen to," he replied, "but those bulbs are na so guid to read by."

Miss Hogan: "Your essay is excellent, Gately, but it is exactly the same as Cohen's. What shall I conclude from that?"

Gately: "That his is excellent, too, Miss Hogan."

"Pa! that new neighbor is coming to-morrow."

"You mean to borrow."

Too Quick A Response

Towers: "Let me prove to you that advertisements bring results."

"I know," groaned the manufacturer. "Yesterday I advertised for a night watchman. Last night my shop was broken into."

A soldier went to his colonel and asked for leave to go home to help his wife with the spring cleaning.

"I don't like to refuse you," said the colonel, "but I've just received a letter from your wife saying that you are no use around the house."

The soldier saluted and turned to go. At the door he stopped, turned, and remarked:

"Colonel, there are two persons in this regiment who handle the truth loosely, and I'm one of them. I'm not married."

Haverty: "Have you a nice opening for a high school grad?"

Business Man: "Yes, and please don't slam it on your way out."

Mr. Downey: "And how high can you count?"

Freshman: "One, two, three, four, five, Jack, Queen, and King."

Druggist: "Say, Doc, can you fix this twitching eye of mine?"

Doctor: "Is it troubling you much?"

Druggist: "Well, yes, in a way. You see, every time I wait on a man and he sees that twitch, he says, 'Don't care if I do'."

Teacher: "In what battle did General Wolfe, when hearing of victory, cry, 'I die happy'?"

Culolias: "I think it was in his last battle."

A bricklayer said to a foreman on a new job: "I'd like to work here, but I can't find a place to park my car."

The foreman replied: "I guess you won't do. This is a high-class job and we want only bricklayers who have chauffeurs."

Definitions

Epicure ..... *a poet who writes epics*

"Mayflower Compact"
compact of flowers that bloom in May

Plagiarist ..... *a writer of plays*

Wharf
a person who has no home, and is kept together by a large home

Columbus
a great navigator who cursed about the Atlantic

Lindbergh ..... *the capital of Germany*

Evangelist ..... *one who brings the gossip*

Propaganda ..... *a sort of dignified goose*

"What did you think of Martha's get-up at the Prom?"

"I never knew she fell down."

Found in History Exams

Queen Elizabeth was a fat woman. The demands of the Spanish Ambassador she stoutly resisted.

What was the cause of the Spanish American War? Spain would not give the Cupids freedom, so the United States declared war.

One of the causes of the Revolutionary War was the English put tacks in their tea.

Civil service is a system that makes you take an examination to prove you are not a roughneck until you get the job.

Popular Songs

One More Chance ..... *Make-up Exams*
Take It From Me ..... *The Review*
Monkey Business ..... *K. B. Initiation*
High and Low ..... *Barbara Sweetser and Connie Overlock*
Little Thing in Life ..... *Rita Cassidy*
Would You Like to Take a Walk? *No, I'd Rather Ride*
Have You Forgotten? ..... *Report Cards*

Current Movies

The Reckless Hour ..... *Seventh Period*
An American Tragedy ..... *Freshmen*
Daddy Long Legs ..... *Ken Chase*
The Smiling Lieutenant ..... *Al Wilson*
Ex-Bad Boy ..... *There Isn't One*
The Man in Possession ..... *Mr. Cunningham*

Daughter: "Dad, I want some money for my trousseau."

Father: "But my dear child, I didn't even know you were engaged."

Daughter: "Good heavens, Father! Don't you ever read the papers?"

Girl: "Do you think that you could ever care for me?"

Boy: "Well, I passed Greek."

Mr. Fougère: "What do we mean when we say the whole is greater than any of its parts?"

Sid: "A restaurant doughnut."

Heard in English IV

Miss Sullivan: "Was 'Lantern Yard' in a large city or in a village?"

Mary Falvey: "It's in the back of the book, page 62."

"TIME OUT"

BY

DORIS L MABEY

AND THE

ART EDITORS

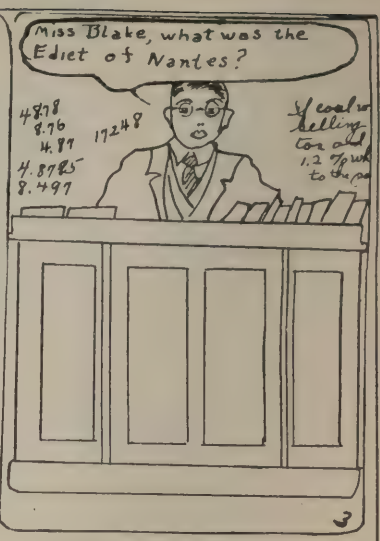
CHARACTERS

HEROINE "VONNIE" BLAKE
(A sweet young thing in school)

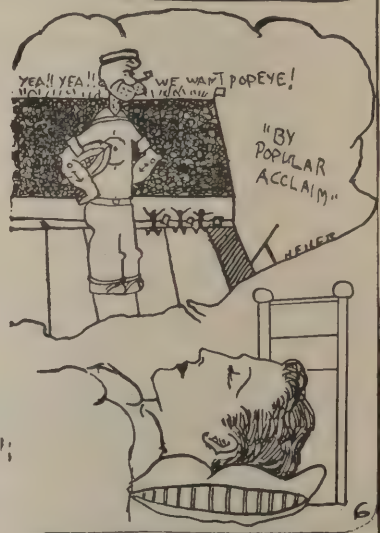
HERO W. RAYMOND HUDDLE
(A foot ball player in school)

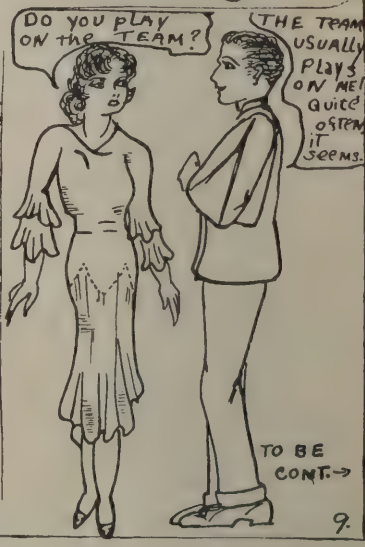
VILLAIN BARBARA MUDDLE
(Who tries to win Raymond)

AND OTHERS



The Hero





DEBATING CLASS NOTES

A DEBATING CLASS similar to the one of last year has been established again, and class debates are now about to start.

The first formal debate of the season will be held November 12. The subject for discussion is one of current interest, namely: Resolved: That Japan should withdraw her troops from Manchuria immediately.

The affirmative side of the question will be upheld by Messrs. Paul Wallins, James Sullivan, and George Patten. The negative side will be defended by Messrs. John Crowley, Norman Adelson, and Irving Frankelton.

This debate will be conducted in the assembly hall and will be judged by a standing vote of the class.

Frank Harney will preside in the official capacity of chairman, and Thomas Mansfield will officiate as timekeeper.

The participants are working diligently for the success of this first formal debate.

All teachers and students are welcome to these weekly debates.

JOSEPH H. HOGAN, '33

DEBATING CLUB NOTES

Debate activities were once again resumed in this school at a meeting of the Debating Society held Tuesday, October 13, 1931. Admission to this club was opened to all those students interested in debating, with the gratifying result of a large membership. Each one present showed keen interest in the various proposed undertakings of the club.

The officers are Martin Tagerman, president; Arthur King, vice-president; and John Moran, secretary. They were installed immediately. All the newly elected officers are veterans of last year's debating team. The members of the Debating Society showed good judgment in their selection.

The meeting was officially opened by the newly-elected president, Martin Tagerman. He opened a discussion concerning the future debate with Lynn Central High School, which had shown its willingness to debate with us this year by issuing a challenge. This challenge was accepted and negotiations were duly undertaken. The latter part of the meeting was opened to general debate in the form of an open forum. The second meeting of the club was held October 27.

JOHN F. MORAN, '32

The pupils of Room Seventy-Four subscribe this portion of a page to show their appreciation of the pleasure the REVIEW has given them during their undergraduate years.

Alumni

1916

Stuart Crocker is private secretary to Owen D. Young of the General Electric Company.

1918

Dorothy Sherrill is living in New York and writing for Vogue.

1919

Anita Ford is a Professor of French at Smith College.

1920

Helen Jenness is working for Brown and Company, Boston.

1923

Jack Carr, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1928, is now attending B. U. Law School, and is coach of the Harvard Soccer Team.

1924

Eleanor Lawrence is a senior at Simmons, and is Editor-in-Chief of the School Paper, "News".

1925

Joseph Curtin is now playing in the Shakespearian Revivals with Maude Adams and Otis Skinner. The company will play in Boston during the week of Thanksgiving.

1926

Olivia Stead is a teacher in North Carolina.

Thomas Houlihan entered Suffolk Law School this fall.

Stanley Navarro entered St. Anslem's this fall. He has been in business with his father.

1927

Emile Grenier graduated from M. I. T. in 1931. He is now working with the Curtis Airplane Company, Buffalo, New York.

Bill Brooks is in his senior year at Harvard and is on the first football squad.

David Banks, Jr., graduated from Northeastern University last June.

1928

Cas Harris returned to Harvard this fall, having spent a year in Europe.

Bicknell Colesworthy, Bob Dunn, George Foley, and Gilbert Mottla are seniors at Harvard. Bob Dunn is on the second football squad.

Isabella Brooks is teaching in the Cambridge schools.

Francis Curtin, John Landrigan, and Edward Hurley are Seniors at Boston College.

1929

Elizabeth Dempsey is a sophomore at Emmanuel.

Winifred Schaffer is attending the Missouri School of Osteopathy.

Ann Brooks is working for the John Hancock Insurance Company.

Violet Fox is working in the Central Scientific Company in the Stock Record Department at Kendall Square.

1930

John Sheehan and Irving Kendall are at Coburn Classical School, Maine.

Herb Brown, George McGinnis, John Berches, and Carl Peterson entered Harvard this Fall.

William Joyce and John Cogavin are sophomores at Boston College. John Cogavin is on the Sport Staff.

Mary Groden is a freshman at Emmanuel.

Gretchen Wunsch is in her sophomore year at The University of Colorado.

Kay Haugh, Barbara Wunsch, and Marguerite Myles were admitted to Radcliffe this fall.

Eleanor Rowe and Barbara Houghton are sophomores at Radcliffe.

Harold Lyche, James Macklin, Milton Segal, Thomas Serino, and James Brine entered Boston University School of Business Administration.

Ned Conley was admitted to Tufts.

Fred Hallow is a freshman at Fordham. He is playing football on the Freshman Team.

William Stokes is at University of Alabama.

1931

Dan Doherty, Frank Frisoli, Israel Berkman, Ed Crane, and Connie Panunzio were admitted to Harvard.

Noreen Leahy entered Emerson School of Oratory.

Stasia Kirby is a freshman at Emmanuel.

Thelma Arthur, Kay Pray and Lynne Wyeth are in their first year at Miss Wheelock's.

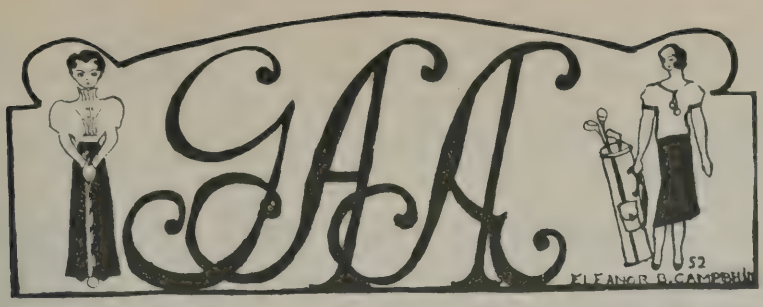
Evelyn Cummings, Marion Mader, Florence Jones, Johanna Neudorf, Elizabeth Roorbach, and Dorothy Telfer were admitted to Radcliffe.

Donald Clay was admitted to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Hank Groden, Paul Dugan, James Landrigan, and Bert Good are freshmen at Boston College.

Edward Sugarman entered the Boston University School of Business Administration.

John "Tweet" Reardon is captain of football at Coburn Classical School.



BEFORE we proceed to tell about the many activities which the G. A. A. has planned, we wish to say a few words about the new officers, who are:

Gertrude Lancaster ..... *President*
Helen Kenney ..... *Vice-President*
Marjorie O'Dell ..... *Secretary*

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Mary Falvey	Clara Cormier
Frances Navien	Jean Branscombe

We hope each member will realize how lucky she is to have such girls working for the G. A. A. For the sake of the Freshman we should mention that these leaders, besides being willing, patient workers, are also our finest veterans in basketball and in many other forms of athletics.

The first gathering of the year, the Freshman Social, held in the Gym, was a great success. Every one had a good time, for the program, although not long, was very entertaining. The Social opened with a speech by Gertrude Lancaster, the president, which was followed by an address by Mary Falvey, who was in charge of the program. Singing was furnished by Helen Geary and Mary Frourier, accompanied by Mildred McNally at the piano. Dancing was offered by Cora Grey, Jessie Maver, and Rita Prenderville. Between the numbers on the program, the girls danced. When the afternoon was about half over, the girls entered the locker-room, where refreshments were sold by the committee consisting of Rita Doneski, chairman; Mary Elizabeth Beaver, Elizabeth Blackmore, Leila Larson, and Marion Leary. The Introduction Committee, which was composed of Idella Bell, Helen Klauer, Frances Navien, and Mildred McNally, did their part very well.

The fall doubles tennis tournaments, formerly under the care of Carolyn Kelso, are now being capably conducted by Leila Larson. The name of the winner is being awaited with great interest.

Swimming at the Y. M. C. A. will be under way soon. If you are interested, please see Miss Brown or any of the officers. Last year, our teams, although they were not very large, proved quite succesful.

Basketball, our favorite sport, has begun. We are glad to say that the Frosh have responded eagerly to this game, so that Miss Brown is kept very busy training more than a hundred candidates for places on the Freshman teams. Here's another reason for Miss Brown's joy! The promising sophomores have come out in great numbers under Alice Tibbets, their captain.

The Juniors this year are trying to capture the championship crown, and we dare say that they will reach it if they work with sufficient perseverance. Marjorie O'Dell, the captain, feels sure that they will attain this honor. Any team which thinks it can beat the Seniors, however, will have to play remarkable basketball.

The first G. A. A. meeting was held in the Latin Hall. Gertrude Lancaster, the president, told the freshmen many important things concerning the initiation. She has planned a freshman party which will take place soon, for the initiation this year will be entirely different from any of previous years. Everything points toward a successful year for the G. A. A.

PHILOMENA DILALLO, '32

ARMISTICE DAY PROGRAM

Continued from Page 4

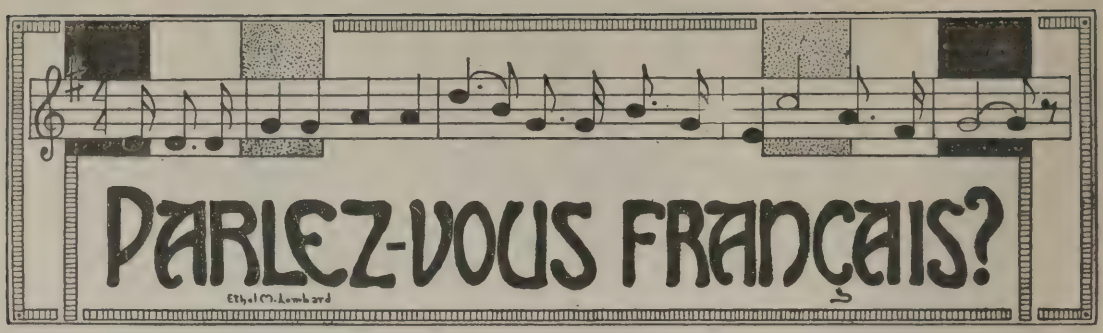
for our own singing, we dare not express an opinion!

Mr. Crowley in his speech, stressed the fact that there is nothing to be gained in the world without sacrifice. He cited the various wars, and how great was the sacrifice and then he spoke of how much there is to be gained by sacrifice even now.

The program was closed by a reading by Anne Conley which was very well executed.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

We wish to congratulate the senior class for their fine selection of officers this year. We feel sure they are very capable and will all endeavor to fulfill their offices to the best of their ability. The following officers were chosen to represent the class of 1932: President, John Moran; Vice-President, Anne Sullivan; Secretary, Barbara Farwell; Treasurer, Bernard Kamins; Drama Committee, Eleanor Campbell, Mary Falvey, Katherine Keough, John Parsons, and Jennie Rokicki; Reception Committee, Winifred Burns, Joseph Palmer, William Scully, Anne Sedorchuk, and Richard Shine.



PLAINTE DU BERGER

Que donc veux-tu, chère mignonne?
Toute pensée, bien que légère,
Est à toi, et pour te plaire;
Pour toi seule, ma belle bergère,
Ma musette et ma chaconne.
* * * * * * * *

Je sais bien que je suis bête
D'être tellement impoli;
Dis donc, pourtant, je t'en prie —
Pourquoi es-tu si coquette?

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33

UN GRAND GENIE

IL y a à peine quelques jours qu'il mourut dans sa demeure à West Orange au New Jersey, Monsieur Thomas Alve Edison, grand inventeur américain. La presse de tous les pays a fait à juste titre son éloge. N'est-ce pas grâce à son génie que nous jouissons aujourd'hui de ces mille choses indispensables au bien-être de la vie? Tout nous parlera de lui, de cette merveille encore inconnue il y a cinquante ans. Tout nous dira aussi ce que fit ce grand savant pour nous, le téléphone, la télégraphie et les choses innombrables qui dérivent de son invention. Nous lisons quelques fois dans l'histoire de grandes choses accomplies par le génie de certains grands hommes. Mais que devient tout cela devant l'électricité, merveille par excellence, que M. Edison donna à l'humanité entière? A chaque instant quelque chose nous parlera de son nom qui à jamais mémorable restera dans l'histoire, et les nations vénéreront sa mémoire.

JEANNETTE CHASSONS, '31

LE LION ET LE RAT

Il faut, autant qu'on peut, obliger tout le monde:
On a souvent besoin d'un plus petit que soi.
De cette vérité deux fables feront foi,
Tant la chose en preuves abonde.

Entre les pattes d'un lion
Un rat sortit de terre assez à l'étourdie.
Le roi des animaux, en cette occasion,
Montra ce qu'il était, et lui donna la vie.
Ce bienfait ne fut pas perdu.
Quelqu'un aurait-il jamais cru
Qu'un lion d'un rat eût affaire?
Cependant il advint qu'au sortir des forêts
Ce lion fut pris dans des rets,
Dont ses rugissements ne le purent défaire.
Sire rat accourut, et fit tant par ses dents
Qu'une maille rongée emporta tout l'ouvrage.
Patience et longeur de temps
Font plus que force ni que rage.

LA FONTAINE

GEOGRAPHIE CORDIALE DE L'EUROPE DE GEORGES DUHAMEL

TANT que le Français moyen aura le bon sens et le courage entêté de refuser le plaisir à crédit, il n'y aura pas lieu de se livrer au desespoir.

Le phonographe à crédit, le poste de T. S. F. à crédit et même l'automobile à crédit, — l'auto de plaisir à crédit, — et même et surtout enfin le voyage à crédit, autant de signes dans lesquels le spectateur attentif reconnaît de puissantes causes de désordre et d'abaissement moral. Les industries qui recourent à de pareilles méthodes avouent leur angoisse, affichent leurs difficultés. L'affreux désarroi des grandes nations fabricantes ne nous serait-il d'aucun enseignement? Malgré l'énergie, l'ingéniosité et mettons, pour être généreux, le génie des tentateurs, j'espère encore que la vieille obstination du paysan parcimonieux peut, une fois de plus, nous sauver de la folie envahissante.

DES GRANDS

SI je compare ensemble les deux conditions des hommes les plus opposées, je veux dire les grands avec le peuple, ce dernier me paraît content du necessaire, et les autres sont inquiets et pauvres avec le superflu. Un homme du peuple ne saurait faire aucun mal; un grand ne veut faire aucun bien et est capable de grands maux. L'un ne se forme et ne s'exerce que dans les choses qui sont utiles; l'autre y joint les pernicieuses. Là se montrent ingenument la grossièreté et la franchise; ici se cache une sève maligne et corrompue sous l'écorce de la politesse. Le peuple n'a guère d'esprit, et les grands n'ont point d'âme: celui-là a un bon fond et n'a point de dehors; ceux-ci n'ont que des dehors et qu'une simple superficie. Faut-il opter? Je ne balance pas: je veux être peuple.

LA BRUYERE

ARLINGTON 7 CAMBRIDGE 6

Cambridge Latin lost its opening game this year by the narrow margin of one point.

Neither team was able to gain during the first half. Just before the end of the third quarter, Arlington got the opportunity it wanted. A kick by Hicks, Arlington halfback, struck Nichols, Latin safety man, on the leg. The pigskin was recovered by an Arlington end, Lane. Two fifteen yard passes in a row put the ball on the Latin three yard line, and Hicks took the ball over on the third down. Pochini made the extra point.

Latin showed its fighting spirit by coming back magnificently. On an Arlington attempt to kick, Johnson, left guard for Latin, broke through and blocked the try. His team-mate, Powers, fell on the ball which had gone over the goal.

Latin made one more threat before the end of the game. With the ball in midfield, LaRonde began throwing passes effectively. A series of aerial successes to Boucher and McKeever, followed by a magnificently executed pass to Boucher, put the ball on the six yard line. A line buck and another short pass put the ball but three feet from the goal, when the whistle blew, ending the game.

The team as a whole showed up very well. The tackles spoiled many a play while the whole line shone. The backfield has fine possibilities, but its pass protection is weak.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	ARLINGTON
Powers, Palmer, le	le, P. Lane, E. Lane
Kyricos, lt	lt, Wenzlow
Johnson, lg	lg, Dale, Gearin
McFadden, c	c, Goldin
Gurry, Healey, Ronzio, rg	rg, Liard
Dzendolet, rt	rt, Biathro
Boucher, re	re, Gearin, La Fond, Curley (C.)
Hopkins, LaRonde (C.), qb	qb, Ziegler, Wright
Carchia, lhb	lhb, Phinney, Hicks
Nichols, rhb	rhb, Pochini
LaRonde, Scully, McKeever, fb	fb, Ahearn, Collins

Touchdowns: Arlington, Hicks; Cambridge Latin, Powers. *Point after Touchdown:* Arlington, Pochini. *Officials:* Mooney, Frasier.

SALEM 18 CAMBRIDGE 0

Salem defeated Latin on a muddy field to the tune of three touchdowns. The Salem machine, which had the advantage in experience, practice, and material, was able to score three times against a fighting Cambridge outfit.

Two minutes after the kickoff, Salem scored its first touchdown. Latin kicked to its own forty and Parquette brought the ball to the thirty. After a series of deceptive line plays, and passes, April took the ball over for Salem. Our boys, aided by some major penalties, prevented any further scoring during the half.

Latin could not muster any offensive, and was unable to gain even a first down against the strong Salem line. It took a blocked kick to give the locals their second touchdown. A Salem end blocked the punt, and Salem marched twenty yards for a touchdown. The Witch City team could not make any of the points after touchdown.

In the fourth quarter the home team scored again on the weakened visitors. A twenty-yard pass, followed by two good rushes, and April had made his second score. A Latin fumble was the start of this march.

Had it not been for the defensive work of Powers, Carchia, and LaRonde, the score would have been much greater.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	SALEM
Powers, Palmer, le	le, Gallo, Michaud
Kyricos, lt	lt, Jellison, Connors
Johnson, lg	lg, Boyajaian, Cocoski
McFadden, c	c, Dolan, Moynahan, Baker
Petrusionis, rg	rg, Kessler, Turcott, Lahale
Dzendolet, rt	rt, Dumas, Hurely
Boucher, re	re, Kawczynski, Tulley, Butler
Hopkins, qb	qb, Parquette, Ellison, Peckham
Carchia, lhb	lhb, Gagnon, Casabona
Nichols, McKeever, Sullivan, rhb	rhb, Voyer
LaRonde, fb	fb, April, Mavrakos

Touchdowns: Salem, April 2, Voyer. *Officials:* Mooney, Frolio, Gilroy. *Time:* Four eight-minute periods.

NEWTON 28 CAMBRIDGE 0

Newton defeated Cambridge Latin in a game that was hard fought up to the last minutes of the second quarter. The first period was featured by the defensive work of both teams. Hopkin's kicking during this quarter pulled our team out of danger two times. The second quarter seemed to be a duplicate of the first. With three minutes left and the ball on the fifty yard marker, there seemed to be no danger for Latin. However, a long pass, followed by two first downs gave Newton an entirely unexpected touchdown.

ton sent three complete teams against our boys, and the lack of rest began to shown on them. The Newton backs, especially Huston, their elusive fullback, and Mullen, their lightweight quarter, began to scintillate with long, brilliant runs. Huston ran thirty yards on sparkling interference to score Newton's second touchdown. He also kicked the point after goal. This boy's educated toe made four points after goal for Newton. A fifty yard runback of a Latin kick sent Mullen over the line for Newton's third score, and Duane scored over the Latin rookies in the last quarter.

Dzendolet and Kyricos turned in fine games at tackle, while LaRonde played his heart out. Hopkins did well while in the game.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	NEWTON
Powers, le	re, Levenson, Allen, Perkins
Kyricos, lt	rt, Gulian, Kevorkian
Johnson, Ronzio, lg	rg, DeMaro, Wilder
McFadden, c	c, Patterson
Gurry, Petrusionis, rg	lg, Vassalotti, Gerolt, Lyons
Dzendolet, rt	lt, Giles, Deeker
J. Sullivan, re	le, Marr, Mallon
Hopkins, LaRonde (C.) qb	qb, Mullen, Goodnew
Boucher, Britt, rhb	rhb, Blackler, Goodbar
Carchia, Nichols, lhb	rhb, Duane, Hatchell
LaRonde, McKeever, fb	fb, Huston

Score: Newton 28 — Cambridge 0. *Touchdowns:* Newton: Huston, Duane, Mullen, Blackler. *Points after goal:* Newton: Huston 4, by dropkick. *Officials:* Woodlock, Frolio, Duffy.

RINDGE 8 CAMBRIDGE 6

Latin lost a heartbreaking game to its ancient rival Rindge by two points. Our boys gave their all, but were unable to win.

Except for the first minute or so, Latin outplayed Rindge the first half, and this superiority resulted in six points for Latin. Sullivan, alert Latin end, recovered the ball when Ananis was hit by it on his own two yard line. Hopkins' fine kick was responsible for this. From this position, LaRonde crashed over on a driving plunge through the Rindge left tackle. The try for the goal failed.

Three minutes of play in the third quarter decided the issue of the game. After a Rindge march, Hopkins attempted to kick out from his own nine yard line. The kick was blocked, and Hopkins was thrown for a safety by Bettencourt and Captain Parker of Rindge. Shortly after the next kickoff, Ananis sprinted sixty yards for the score. The Rindge boy was unable to convert the point, but his team managed to nurse its lead for the rest of the game. Powers' attempt to dropkick a field goal late in the game was unsuccessful.

Nichols carried the ball frequently for Latin, but was unable to make any long gains. Boucher and Dzendolet held up well in the Latin line. For Rindge, Sierieka, Ananis and Captain Parker stood out.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	RINDGE
Hopkins, West, re	re, Smith, Belushko
Kyricos, rt	rt, Cutter
Johnson, Boucher, rg	rg, Manning
McFadden, Petrusionis, c	c, Bettencourt
Petrusionis, Buckley, lg	lg, Harrington
Dzendolet, lt	lt, Sears, LaVoie
Powers, Sullivan, le	le, Parker, Maloney
McKeever, qb	qb, Lawrence, Stobo
Carchia, Nichols, lhb	lhb, Sierieka
Boucher, Sullivan, rhb	rhb, Dergay
LaRonde, fb	fb, Ananis

Touchdowns: Rindge, Ananis; Latin, LaRonde. *Safety:* (against Latin) Hopkins. *Officials:* Mooney, McCabe, Mahoney.

SOMERVILLE 16 CAMBRIDGE 0

Rindge's toll of players in the Columbus Day game ruined Latin's chances of defeating Somerville in the next. The Cantabs were without the services of several regulars.

Somerville's first score occurred when Lynch ran back a Latin kick to our twenty-five yard line. A short pass from Lynch to Chesterfield caught the Latin backs napping, and the Somerville back ran over for a touchdown. Falco scored the extra point.

In the middle of the second quarter Somerville made another touchdown. After Somerville had recovered a Latin lateral on our thirty yard line, Chesterfield received another pass, this time from Androski, and went ten yards down the middle of the field for the second score. Androski kicked the goal.

Somerville could not threaten again until the waning moments of the game. Here another Latin lateral was recovered. After one first down had been made, Latin made a magnificent goal-line stand on the one foot line. However, when Hopkins tried to kick the ball out of danger, Regan, Somerville left tackle nailed him for a safety.

LaRonde, aided by Petrusionis, did a magnificent job in backing up the line. Sullivan, Latin end, showed probably the best game of anyone on the field. Dzendolet, as usual, played every minute of the entire game, and Scully did very well. Johnson was the scrappiest player on the field.

For Somerville, Regan and Murphy, the tackles, starred, while Chesterfield and Androski made several long runs.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	SOMERVILLE
Sullivan, Powers, le	le, Hayes, Giantonio
Boucher, Johnson, rt	rt, Regan (C.), Magurkian
Johnson, Boucher, lg	lg, Traniello, Janjigian
Petrusionis, c	c, Berttoci
Scully, Buckley, rg	rg, Luciano, Vitiello

Dzendolet, rt ..... rt, Murphy
Hopkins, Palmer, Maguire, re, re, Plummer, Sousa, Spalidorio
McKeever, qb ..... qb, Donahue, Dougan
Carchia, lhb ..... lhb, Chesterfield, Rogan
Nichols, Sullivan, rhb ..... rhb, Lynch, Ferguson, Davis
LaRonde, fb ..... fb, Falco, Androski, Pollicello

Touchdowns: Somerville: Chesterfield 2. *Point after goal:* Falco 1, Androski 1. *Officials:* Fraher and Prendergast.

BROCKTON 7 CAMBRIDGE 0

Latin showed an astonishing reversal in form in the Brockton game, and the Shoe City boys, considered by many the strongest team in the state, were able to make but one touchdown in the fray.

About midway in the second quarter Brockton started a march for a touchdown. Hilliard, aided by Grigas, carried the ball for a total of about thirty-five yards. Hilliard made the score when he went off right tackle. This was the only scoring gesture that Brockton could make the whole game, for Latin more than held its own. Latin threatened late in the fourth quarter, but was unable to score.

For Latin, McFadden, Feeley, Boucher, and Johnson gave a good account of themselves. The ends, too, were, in this game, down on the kicks. Scully and Nichols, especially Nichols, showed to advantage. Captain LaRonde and Jack Carchia were injured early in the game.

Brockton's best players were Grigas, Hilliard, and White.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	BROCKTON
Hamilton, Palmer, re	re, Smith, Skillings
Dzendolet, rt	rt, Sharkey
Boucher, rg	rg, Walsh
McFadden, c	c, Celeste, Stashis, Marcenkebicz
Feeley, Buckley, Petrusionis, lg	lg, White
Johnson, lt	lt, Monkevicz
Sullivan, Powers, le	le, Mitkus, Packard
Hopkins, qb	qb, Pagnotta
Carchia, Nichols, lhb	lhb, Rice, Hilliard
Scully, rhb	rhb, Brazas
LaRonde, McKeever, fb	fb, Grigas

Scoring: Brockton. *Touchdown:* Hilliard. *Point after:* Mitkus (by placement). *Officials:* Dunn, Featherstone, Liston.

CREW

Cambridge Latin barely nosed out its old rival, Rindge, in their annual crew race. The two crews were almost evenly matched, with Latin having but a slight edge. Both crews showed up exceptionally well considering they had had only a month's practice, and most of them had never rowed previously to this year. The mile course was covered in 5 minutes and 31 seconds.

By winning this race Cambridge Latin gained first holdings on the William F. Brooks Cup, donated by Charles F. Hurley in memory of the former mayor of Cambridge.

The makeup of the crew and consequently this year's letter men are: Bow, MacDonough; Palmer, 2; Dzendolet, 3; March, 4; Johnson, 5; Kyricos, 6; Boucher, 7; Captain McFadden stroke; and Lynch, Cox.

Congratulations are due Messrs. Smith and O'Leary for their fine work in coaching these boys.

TRACK

Due to the delay in starting the track season, only two meets were held this year.

Cambridge Latin dropped its first meet to Somerville High by the score of 51 to 26.

Latin, however, showed a marked improvement in the next meet, losing only by a scant half point to Rindge Tech. After the mile and half mile, it began to look like a one-sided victory for Rindge as that team took all three places in these two events. Latin, however, started to even things up by taking first and second places in the 440. Incidently, Casino broke the Russell Field record in that event. From then on the meet belonged to nobody until Rindge finally eked out a 38 5/6 to 38 1/6 victory.

Coach Sheehan has worked wonders with his group of boys and we all expect a winning team next year.

DALEYS', Inc.
Druggists
CREAMY ICE CREAM SODAS
CANDY
Next door to University Theatre — Drop in after the show
DALEYS', Inc.

Honey Bee Candy Shop
Home Made Candy
Delicious Sandwiches
Soda and Luncheonette
700 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge

GREETINGS, teachers, pupils, exchange editors, and anyone else who may chance to read this column! After a carefree summer, we have returned to our native haunts and are again pursuing our studies with or without enthusiasm, as the case may be.

The Exchange Department is confronted with a wealth of issues which was received last June, so that Graduation and Class Day News occupies many pages.

First, we are attracted by the "Jabberwock", a magazine published by our contemporaries across the river, who attend Girls' Latin in Boston. This magazine contains a variety of literary attempts, excluding poetry. We enjoyed the essay on "Street Cars", and were forced to laugh aloud at the squibs in "Ridenda", a clever title for the joke column. With all your literary ability, we are sure that you must have some poets. Can't you induce them to share their talent? Would not some sport news add to your paper?

May we congratulate the staff of "The Advance" from Salem High on the publication of their graduation number which appears to be the Year Book as well? The Salutatory, English Oration, Class Prophecy, Valedictory, and class pictures are included in this issue.

In the "Western Hills Maroon" of the Western Hills High School in Cincinnati, we find a very aristocratic magazine. We admire your frequent illustrations. The Poet's Corner convinces us that you have excellent ability as is shown particularly in "A Gypsy Life" which appeals to us considerably. We see that you, too, have been holding a Literary Contest which has resulted in some extraordinary productions. May we offer our congratulations to the winners? We also like your tribute to Knute Rockne which appears in your Athletic Section. Is it necessary to spread your stories through your magazine after the fashion of the "Ladies Home Journal"? We would like to hear what our Ohio friends think of us.

Neatness, organization, and completeness characterize "The Red and White" from Rochester, New Hampshire. Judging from the number of dreamy nature poems, all the poets in Rochester were inspired by Spring. We wish you could develop a new rhyme scheme or attempt some blank verse. The literature is mediocre. Your news column adds to the interest of your magazine.

In turning over our exchanges, we come across "The Distaff" of the Girls' High in Boston. In the editorial section, we find a toast to the school, written by one of the seniors who regrets leaving her Alma Mater. The essay on "The Art of Reading" is well written. The Literary Beacon, that portion of the paper which is devoted to book reports, is an aid to ambitious readers. A Current News Column, such as this magazine contains, is, indeed, unique. The Editor of the Alumnae Section is a member of the class of 1872. (Would that some of the members of our school had so lasting a school spirit!) This paper, also, has a "Happenings" column. We should be interested in knowing of your sport record during the coming year. How about a joke column?

"The Phoenix" from Leicester, Mass. has devoted itself to graduation news and class pictures. Even those who do not know the members of the class find themselves interested in the Class History. There are several articles on the trip to Washington which the Senior class made in April.

By "The Hebronian" from Hebron Academy, we are convinced that the oft-quoted statement, good things come in small packages, is true. The June issue, published in newspaper form, abounds in editorials, essays, and stories. The titles and contents of the essays "Industry", "Literature and Life", "Business Trends", and "World Peace" show that the authors are wide-awake to current issues. President Hoover appears to be the popular hero in Hebron for we have two essays in which the President is the central figure. Our one regret is that this paper does not have an Exchange Department.

BILLINGS & STOVER

EST. 1863

Apothecaries

HARVARD SQUARE CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

PURITAN CANDY SHOP

Try our Home Made
CANDY — : : — ICE CREAM

567 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge

TUTORING

Spanish, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry

MARY MOULTON, A.B., A.M., ED. M.
27 Ellery Street
Porter 0225-W

Compliments of

CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC MARKET

6 PLEASANT STREET
CAMBRIDGE MASS.

Horace Partridge Co.

"EVERYTHING FOR SPORT"

49 Franklin St. Near Washington Street
BOSTON

DISCOUNT PRICES TO C. H. L. S. STUDENTS

Ask Mr. Foley for Discount Card

Telephone: University 7349 Bonded Member Florists' Telegraph Delivery, Inc.

Galgay

The Florist

When you want quality flowers we are as near as your telephone.

PROSPECT AND HARVARD STREETS CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE CHRISTOPHER CLUB

of

THE FIRST CHURCH, CONGREGATIONAL CAMBRIDGE

Presents

"OH, KAY!"

at the

PARISH HOUSE :: CORNER GARDEN AND MASON STS.

Saturday Eve., December 12, 1931; at 8:00 o'clock

Tickets may be secured from

C. Kelso, Room 70
M. Evers, Room 53
F. Hodgdon, Room 75
D. Noon, Room 47
R. Wells, Room 40
M. Haigh, Room 43
E. Worden, Room 37
D. Cederberg, Room 74

Or at the door.

Dancing Till 12 **Ticket, 50 Cents**

THE ACADEMY SHOP
Offers a variety of

Fruit, Candy, Tonics, Smokes, Periodicals, Hot Buttered Pop Corn

THE ACADEMY SHOP
(Cor. Church Street and Mass. Avenue)
Harvard Square

CLUBS
For High School Girls

PARTIES
DANCES
DRAMATICS
HANDICRAFT
DISCUSSIONS

Cambridge Y. W. C. A.
7 Temple Street University 1102
PHYLLIS RODENHISER, *Director*

NEW TUXEDOS FOR HIRE

Special College and High School Rates

READ & WHITE
Tuxedos, Full Dress
Cutaways
Shirts, Shoes, etc.

111 SUMMER ST. and 93 MASS. AVE.
BOSTON

THE STYLE SHOP

Manufacturer of

Ladies' Coats, Dresses, and Skirts

High Quality and Low Prices

722 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE
Telephone Porter 6144-M

"Bushway Ice Cream Is Good Ice Cream Everybody Likes It!"

FELIX

Hats Cleaned
Clothes Pressed
Shoe Repairing
Periodicals

ACROSS ST. FROM WIDENER

Two Entrances
1304 MASS. AVENUE
1 LINDEN STREET

Phone Univ. 2044

Compliments of

Puritan Cake Co., Inc.

1166 - 1168 CAMBRIDGE ST.
TEL., PORTER 1833

TENNIS AND SQUASH SHOP

Tennis Racquets of All Makes

Restringing a Specialty

67a MT. AUBURN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HARRY COWLES, Proprietor
University 5417

Highest in Quality

WARD'S BREAD
and
WARD'S CAKE

Made by
Ward Baking Company

When the best is made in Cambridge, buy in Cambridge.

Colonial Beverage Company

Makers of

REAL FRUIT BEVERAGES

Doherty Office Supply Company

CARBONS AND RIBBONS

127 PALMER ST., ARLINGTON
10 HIGH ST., BOSTON

Arlington 4159 Liberty 7610

WRIGHT & DITSON

Athletic Outfitters

Football, Tennis, Golf, Hockey, Track, Basket Ball.

Sweaters, Jerseys

Athletic Underwear, Uniforms, Shoes, Sweat Shirts and everything pertaining to sports.

Students are invited to visit our Cambridge Store and examine the splendid line of Athletic Goods in which we specialize.

(*Send for Catalogue*)

344 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON
1300 MASS. AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

ICE CREAM "DE LUXE"

For All Occasions

FANCY INDIVIDUAL ICES, MELON MOLDS, FRAPPES
PARFAITS, AND EVERYTHING IN ICE CREAM
NEOPOLITAN CHARLOTTE RUSSE FRUIT PUNCH

Your Inquiry Solicited *Send for Detailed Price List*

NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAM CO.

TEL. UNIVERSITY 7460 CAMBRIDGE

Quality — Service — Courtesy

Warren Kay Vantine Studio, Inc.

Photographer

Specializing in
HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE PHOTOGRAPHS

160 BOYLSTON STREET BOSTON, MASS.

In the long run

you and your friends will prize the portrait that looks like you—your truest self, free from stage effects and little conceits. It is in this "long run" Photography that PURDY success has been won.

Portraiture by the camera that one cannot laugh at or cry over in later years.

For present pleasure and future pride protect your photographic self by having PURDY make the portraits.

PURDY

145 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Official Photographer

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

Class of 1930

Special Discount Rates to all Students of C. H. L. S.

The GHS Reviewr

CHRISTMAS

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Athletic Editor
MANES SPECTER

Alumni Editor
PHYLLIS GRACE

Exchange Editor
EMILY FETTER

Art Editors
ARNOLD HELLER
DORIS MABEY
ANNE CONLEY
ELEANOR CAMPBELL
PHILOMENA DiLALLO

Faculty Adviser
MISS MARY P. BLIGH

Editor-in-Chief
JOSEPH PALMER

Assistant Editor
JOHN TYNAN

Literary Editors
EMILY WHITMAN
CATHERINE SANDERS
JEANNETTE EYRE

Business Manager
BERNARD KAMINS
Assistant Business Manager
MAURICE CALLUM

G. A. A. Editor
GERTRUDE LANCASTER

Typists
MARY OWIRKA
HEDWIG DOBROWOLSKA

Advertising Manager
CONSTANTINE CULOLIAS

Assistant Advertising Managers
JAMES TOWERS
JOSEPH RICKER

Class Notes Editors
FRANCES CARR
CONSTANCE OVERLOCK

Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

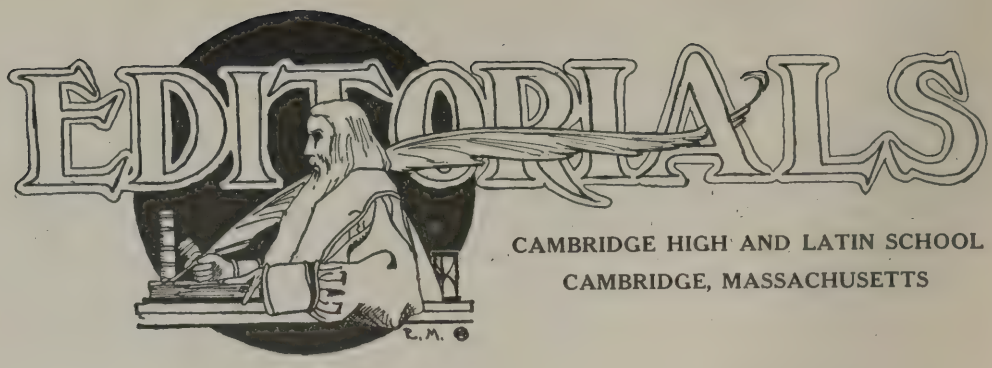
Vita sine litteris mors est.

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 2

CONTENTS

PAGE

Editorials 2
The Reviewer 3
Snowed-In 5
On Nothing 6
Caroline Close Prize Essays 7
A Race.
On Being Perfectly Frank.
Nature in Music 8
Gifts 8
The Passing of the Piano 9
Controversy 9
The Joy of Giving 10
Loneliness 10
A Christmas Thought 11
Nowell 11
Mountain Gods 12
Class Notes 13
Cartoons 15
Alumni 16
G. A. A. 17
French 18
Athletics 19
Procuring a Seat in the Subway Train 21
Exchanges 22



CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

IT seems to us that in a school which is as large as ours there must be a great amount of literary talent. At some time, all of you must have tried to write something for your own enjoyment. We should like very much to see the results.

The Review is the magazine of the school, and it is your job just as much as it is ours to keep it going. We editors cannot write and edit the magazine without outside help. We are always glad to receive contributions, and we promise to use all that we can. This year, the editors are trying to make the publication a true school magazine with contributions from everyone.

No matter in what field your interests lie, we have an opening for you. If you delight in writing stories or poetry, yours is the literary department; if you are interested in any particular hobby from archaeology to zebras, write it up as an essay; if you enjoy criticism, and who doesn't, give us some short book-reviews; if you delight in making people laugh, the joke editors will welcome any contributions.

There are other schools much smaller than ours, which seem to draw a wealth of contributions for each issue. The English teachers in our school are always willing to go over your articles with you, and many give extra credit for work done for the Review.

E. W.

When we usher in 1932 amidst the ringing of bells, the blowing of whistles, and the clanging of dish-pans, let us not forget poor old 1931 who has taken a back seat in the Hall of Time. 1931 provided us with ups and downs galore, but experience may be gathered from the bumps. Let us use this experience to advantage in making 1932 a most successful year. Let's all turn out and give this brand new year the warmest welcome any New Year ever received. The Review wishes all its readers the Happiest, Jolliest, Most Prosperous New Year ever!

J. P.

CHRISTMAS

AS the great festival of Christmas rolls around once more, the usual bustle and feverish preparation accompany it also. Hurried excursions to the shopping district are made, gifts are clandestinely bought and hidden, and the army of last minute shoppers, those forgetful ones who remember Cousin Jane or some other friend at the eleventh hour, rush to Boston. How alluring this glittering pageantry is! Although the most eminent mathematicians cannot spend ten dollars when they have but five, this experiment has been often tried, with disastrous results. An appearance of Yuletide spirits, which gives place to deepest gloom at the coming of the new year and bills, those sorlid reminders of debt, is shown by these "Professor Einsteins".

But there are some who, unforgetful of the angels' message, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men", see the holiday in its true light. These not only enjoy the various activities of the season but regard Christmas as the time for charity to the unfortunate who would otherwise have a cheerless day. Let us attempt, then, to look for a higher ideal in Christmas than the mere exchanging of gifts and salutations with our friends, and, like the Magi of old, follow the star to the poor little stable at Bethlehem, where the Author of all kindness was born.

JOHN TYNAN, '33

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

The Review wishes to take this opportunity to offer its congratulations to the officers of the Class of 1933. The following officers were elected: *President,* John Gately; *Vice-President,* William Gurry; *Secretary,* Rosemary Brooks; *Treasurer,* Daniel Johnson; *Prom Committee,* Virginia Adams, Joseph Boucher, Dorothy Falvey, Virginia Gately, and Ruth Rowe; *Pin Committee,* Paul Barenberg, Gordon Edison, Dorothy Hansis, Mildred McNally, and Anne Moran.

The Reviewer

ATTENTION
SHORT STORY CONTEST

THE REVIEW wishes to announce a short story contest, open to all members of the school. We are offering two prizes, one for the best story submitted by a freshman or a sophomore, and the other for the best story sent in by a junior, senior, or post-graduate. All manuscripts must be in the hands of the REVIEW editors by January 22, 1932. The winning contributions will appear in the February issue. We hope for a generous response, especially from the freshmen.

E. W.
C. S.
J. E.

Although we do not wish to dwell upon this much over-done topic of "School Spirit", we do admire the spirit of a senior girl who, besides securing more than fifty subscriptions to the Review, bought her own and refused the commission due her. We are grateful, also, to all others who contributed their services in raising our number of subscriptions.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

The following girls were elected officers of the Home Economics Club at the first meeting of the season:

Mary Falvey ..... *President*
Mary Jordan ..... *Vice-President*
Kathryn Keough ..... *Secretary*
Anne Moran ..... *Treasurer*

A tea was served by the Senior Cookery Class to the members of the club. The new pewter tea set of Queen Ann style, given by past members of the club, was used.

Plans for future activities were discussed and the Club is looking forward to an eventful season. It is expected that the membership for this year will be larger than that of any other year. To the very capable officers and enthusiastic members of this club, we extend Christmas Greetings and a wish for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

K. K.

We regret that Room 74 did not receive the full half page in the November issue for which they so kindly subscribed. We wish to assure them that we appreciate very much their generous help.

K. B. CLUB

TIME flies so quickly, and we K. B.'s are so very busy that it hardly seems possible that it's time to give another accounting of ourselves. We've had business meetings galore, and our accomplishments are amazing! Even we are surprised!

We think, with all due respect to our other activities, that first place should be given to an account of our bridge. The committee members were Anne Cleveland, chairman; Martha Meade, and Helen Dugan, and their hard work went far toward making the affair a success. As you all know, it was given at the Commander, on December fifth. We'd like to take this opportunity to thank all the teachers and our friends who so kindly bought tickets. The receipts came in in great style, and we were very pleased to see that our charitable work is so widely appreciated. But, to get back, the party itself was a great success. Everyone seemed to have a jolly time, and you'd be surprised to know how much food the K. B.'s consumed. It was so good that we just couldn't help ourselves. (Maybe we should say that we helped ourselves in a big way!) But anyhow, here's to more successful bridges!

Our Thanksgiving baskets were distributed on the day before Thanksgiving, and the truth in the saying that it is better to give than to receive was indeed brought home to us. Our next charitable enterprise is the distribution of Christmas baskets.

Mr. Bramhall pointed out to us at a very special and solemn meeting, that we must keep our marks above average to retain membership in the club. A large number of our members was on the honor roll for the first term, however, so we don't feel worried.

Now, for the biggest news! Notice for the final applications for membership was posted on December third. At the time of writing this, we haven't received the decision of the commit-

tee on admission, but of course we have no doubt as to the eligibility of those accepted. Our initiation for this time is inaugurating a new custom, and we are certain that it will be a big improvement over our childish antics of time gone by. Each girl will take the oath of the club, at a candle-light service, which is to be held at the home of our president. The oath will be administered by the secretary, and recognition of membership will then be conferred on the candidates by the president.

Activities call! We'll be with you in the next issue!

L. MAGILL, *Secretary*

DEBATING

Following trials held in the Science Lecture Hall, two teams were chosen from the large number of candidates to represent Cambridge Latin in debate activities. The first is composed of James Hogan, John Moran, and Robert Wallens, with John Whoriskey as alternate: the second presents a team of veterans in Martin Tagerman, Morris Robinavitch, and John Babcock, with Lawrence Mullins as alternate.

The first debate, in which both teams will participate, is with Swampscott High School, which presents a formidable team composed entirely of veteran orators. The question to be debated is — Resolved, that the Jury System Should be Abolished. This will be a double debate, that is one Latin team will debate at Swampscott, while the other will entertain debators from Swampscott in the auditorium of the Latin Building. This debate should prove a very timely and interesting one, due to the fact that the present jury system has been the subject of controversy for many years.

JOHN MORAN, '32

CHECKERS AND CHESS

THE Chess Club now has the aid of two faculty members, Mr. Bliss and Mr. Donovan, both good chess players who are interested in helping us. Meetings, which as usual are held on Wednesdays, take place in the English library to the greater satisfaction of all concerned. With the two capable teachers which we now have, the Chess team feels confident of downing all opponents. However, games are scarce and very hard to obtain. Few schools now have Chess teams, and the natural conclusion is that Chess is too strenuous a game mentally for the majority of pupils. A match will be played very soon with Brookline, but there will not be any other match until about Christmas, when we shall probably play Groton. The full results of the Brookline match will be published in the next issue of the Review. Meanwhile we anxiously await answers to our challenges sent to Dorchester and Boston Latin.

Mr. Fougère has managed to interest an unusually large number of pupils in that perennially attractive game, checkers. Meetings are held almost every day in Room 47. There are about thirty boys, and girls, too, who are holding a Round Robin to form the Checker team, which expects to play Rindge and several other opponents. A temporary line-up consists of M. Specter, H. Jozwicki, M. Rubin, A. Covino, E. Williams, S. Kaufman, C. Parvone, and T. Guanera. All the last five are either sophomores or freshmen, so Latin School is assured of a Checker team, anyway, for the next few years. Teachers and pupils are invited to come in and play whenever they have the time and the inclination.

Following are the two themes which won honorable mention in the competition for the Caroline Close Prizes in English I and English III, which was conducted last Spring.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

Bring in the log!
Let sorrow kneel to joy and mirth
In tidings of our Saviour's birth.
Adorn the feasting-hall once more
With holly-boughs, and let the floor
Be strewn with rushes from the bog.
Let shepherds leave their sheep again
To make the heav'nly welkin ring
With praises of our Holy King;
That all the world may congregate
In feast and song, to celebrate
The Christ-child's reign.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33

SNOWED-IN

WHEE! It surely is snowing! I wonder how long it will be before Dad gets back with the food. If he doesn't hurry, we'll be in danger of having no Christmas dinner! He won't get lost will he, Ma?" Young Karl Petersen's face took on a doubtful air as he turned to his mother, with that question on his lips.

"Goodness, no, your father knows the country around here for miles. He could drive to town with his eyes blindfolded if he had to." Karl's mother was a rosy-cheeked woman who looked as if nothing would worry her. In fact, nothing ever did daunt her, for six or seven Minnesota winters had taken all of the weakling out of her constitution.

She sighed as she spoke and glanced at the old, battered tin clock on the wall, as she resumed her work, rolling dough for pies. "It'll be dark soon; perhaps you'd better take a lantern up to fasten on the roof, although I imagine your father will stop over at the Nelsons' if it gets too dark to come any further, safely. Here it is after three, and I haven't got my pies in the oven yet!"

The young boy took a lantern, saw that it was in good shape, and, picking up a long piece of cord from the floor under the stove, started up the rickety stairs. He staggered down a few minutes later, quite out of breath, and completely encased in snow.

"It's blowing like fury up there, now. You can barely see ten feet, and the snow stings like everything. I guess Dad will have sense enough to stop off, for he knows how bad a storm can be around here. It doesn't seem as if it could be Christmas Eve, with so little excitement."

"I know," his mother replied, "but with Baby sick, and everything, it just wasn't possible to do anything else."

At bedtime, nothing had been heard from the wanderer, but neither mother nor son gave up hope. Of course he had stayed over night at the house which was nearest to town, that of Nils Nelson. The two went to bed, without worrying too much over their absent one. However, when nothing had happened by morning, they both began to feel a little anxious, secretly, although neither would have admitted as much to the other.

Finally, in desperation, the mother turned to her son. "I hate to have you go out, and I'd do it myself if it wasn't for Baby, but I think you'd better go out and see if you can see anything of your father. I'm afraid the snow hasn't let up any, but I don't think it will for a long time. You'll have to go out by the window, for if we open the door, the snow will come in with the force of an avalanche. Have you those snowshoes which you got last year? You'd better wear them, and take along a lantern, although it won't do much good." She opened the window and cleared a little of the snow off the sill with a broom.

Karl stepped out into the soft snow and immediately sank to his waist. "Here," he cried, "you'll have to pull me out, so that I can get going."

The second try was better than the first, and he started off in the direction in which he knew the road should be. His mother watched anxiously the faint glimmering of his lantern as he swung it back and forth, until it finally disappeared entirely. Where, oh where, could her husband be? Surely he couldn't be lost, for he knew the roads so well. But, still, if he had stopped at the Nelsons', he would have been home before now.

An hour later she heard a stamping and knocking around outside, and rushed to the window. She opened it, but only Karl appeared. "Did you find him?" she cried breathlessly.

"No, I didn't find hair nor hide of any human life around. However, don't worry, Ma, I'll go up onto the roof and see if I can see anything of him from there. I think this is one of the worst snowstorms we've ever had this early in the season. It's bitterly cold out there." He mounted the stairs as he spoke.

"Wait a minute, and I'll come too!" She

eagerly seized her coat, and throwing it over her shoulders, ran up after him.

Finally up there, they scanned with eager eyes as much of the country as could be seen, but they discovered nothing optimistic in the cheerless expanse which met their gaze. Broad, white, flat plains were stretching out in a monotonous vista, unbroken by even one tree. It didn't seem possible that there could be another such unending stretch of barrenness in the whole state, and there probably wasn't.

They descended the stairs, frankly anxious now, and took off their snow-soaked coats. Suddenly Karl looked up. "I'd completely forgotten that this is Christmas! Merry Christmas, Mother!"

"Thank you, my dear, the same to you. However, you're not to be blamed for letting such an occasion slip your mind, for we have been bothered by other things."

The door burst open, and a man staggered in, completely exhausted by his fight with the raging elements outside.

"Dad!"

"Olaf!"

"Well, I got here finally," he gasped out, "although I must admit that I hadn't expected to."

"Where's the team and the poor horses? They must be nearly dead after such a long and weary trip. We've been worrying over you, but I'm so thankful you're here at last," his wife sobbed out.

"Well," he began, "when I got to Nelsons', I decided it was snowing so hard that I'd better stay over. So I did. Then this morning, the horses were still so exhausted that I thought I'd better leave them there and walk the rest of the way."

"You didn't walk all that way, Dad? It's awfully cold."

"Yes, son, but I knew your mother would be worrying if I didn't show up, so I came along anyways. What do you know? Nelson has been having such an awful time with his crops that they didn't have anything in the house for the kids. In fact they were going to have nothing but bread and soup for dinner today. I hope you won't mind," apologetically, "but I left them everything I'd bought for us."

"Mind!" his wife cried. "Of course not. Just the fact that you're here makes Christmas happy enough for me."

EMILY WHITMAN, '32

ON NOTHING

NEXT to "if", "nothing" is the most important word in the English language. Very few of us really appreciate the significance and true importance of nothing. Most people are, alas, ignorant of the meaning, dignity, and general convenience of this word.

What exactly is nothing? Many have tried the feat, but few have succeeded in defining the word. Can nothing be seen, felt, heard, tasted, smelled? The answer is an emphatic "Yes". Nothing has *all* these qualities. On a dark night I can see nothing, and I know you can, too. I once played in a football game, and I swear that during its last ten minutes I felt nothing. Just recently, my mother, who at the time had a cold, assured me that she smelled nothing, and heard nothing, too. Am I to doubt *her* word? Lastly, any epicure will assert that American cooking tastes of nothing. Should I refuse to believe such reputable persons?

Nothing is important in other ways. I have a friend who is an atheist and a radical. He doesn't believe in God or the Constitution of these United States, but he once assured me solemnly, if somewhat cynically, that he believed in *nothing*. What a touching confession of faith! Furthermore, think of how much trouble nothing is blamed for in this world. The next time you see some person frowning, go to him and ask what the trouble is. Nine times out of ten he'll tell you nothing is the matter. Poor old nothing! It's blamed for everything. When your teacher asks you about your homework, tell her bravely you know nothing. Why it's almost as bad to know nothing as it is to know everything!

By this time you must be able to see what an important and dangerous word nothing is. I'll concede to you that everything and something are words hard to use, but nothing is the worst and most meaningless of all words. In the end, everything boils down to nothing, the most ambiguous word in the English language.

MANES SPECTER, '32

Following are the two themes which won honorable mention in the competition for the Caroline Close Prizes in English I and English II, which was conducted last Spring.

A RACE

"THEY'RE OFF!" was the cry of the crowd. It was an ideal day for racing. A clear day, a calm sea and a good breeze was all that was needed. At the first murmur of the crowd, I lifted my eyes from the program and gazed out to sea. The two boats were nearing the starting line. Any minute the gun might go off to herald the beginning of the race. At last the gun boomed. Both boats started simultaneously and streaked down the course gathering momentum with every spurt of the breeze.

When the first marker was reached, a man with a big megaphone stood up and announced that the Shamrock was leading by about a length. A sigh arose from the crowd who were mostly Americans. We could do nothing but confirm the statement as the buoy could be faintly distinguished with powerful field glasses.

The boats started on the second lap of the triangular course. The American boat, the Enterprise, was now trailing by only half a length having gained a half on the turn. There was nothing to do but wait and hope for the best.

We were listening to a spurt-by-spurt account of the race by Graham MacNamee, the well know sports announcer, from a loud speaker placed nearby. As he was broadcasting the results from the judges' boat, a new roar accompanied that of the radio. The good news was that the Enterprise was now leading by a length and a half. The marvelous gain of the Enterprise is too extensive to tell here.

The boats were rapidly coming into sight as they sailed down the home stretch. They could be plainly seen now. The radio was still going, but it was impossible to hear it above the roar of the crowd.

The finish was close at hand. The Enterprise dipped gracefully as she swept by. She had beaten the Shamrock by a margin of four and a half lengths.

ARNOLD HURVITZ, '34

ON BEING PERFECTLY FRANK

BEING perfectly frank is, to my mind, a most dangerous game. If one has learned the art of being just frank enough, it may be fairly safe to say what one thinks; but to one who has not perfection at his command, to speak thus may bring disastrous consequences. So, as a result, I always attempt to avoid situations in which I might have to be brutally frank.

There are many kinds of frankness that are used, each one suited especially to a certain type of person. Then, again, they are spoken, for, surely, one could not phrase a sentence in a courtroom in the same way in which one would form it in a barroom.

On the other hand, it may be very unwise to try to be at all frank with some people. Can't you imagine Horace Walpole's trying to tell King George that he didn't like his wig? The interview would probably be something like this:

"Oh, I say there, George, you know, but I really don't like your wig."

"Well, Horry, that's too bad. We'll have to do something about it. Off with his head!" The king would roar, in much the manner of the immortal Queen of Hearts.

However, Horry would have been very much more diplomatic than that, without a doubt. Perhaps he would have asked for the loan of George's wig, so that he might have one made like it. Then, quite inadvertently of course, Walpole's valet might have thrown it out. Then Horace's name would have been roared from one end of the kingdom to the other as that of a man who had saved the king from the dire disgrace of wearing an unbecoming wig!

We seem to be a century or two out of the way, but we must not mind that. Frankness is perhaps a little easier to use in these modern times, for I think that "the younger generation", as a whole, is a little more hard-skinned and hard-hearted. Now, some people would never hesitate to tell a friend that her hat was unbecoming. Would the friend be insulted? Not at all! She would probably remark that it was too bad that she did not like it, and would think nothing more about the remark.

However, I cannot yet be perfectly frank to anyone, no matter how well I know her or like her. As a matter of fact, I think it is a little easier to be frank with someone whom one does not like, than it is to hurt someone one admires.

I usually try to find something about the article or characteristic that I *do* like. The other day, I saw a family friend, a woman whom I do not find pleasant, wearing a very peculiar dress. It was short, and it did not fit her at all well; but the color was a glorious, rich shade of magenta. I immediately complimented her on the color of her dress, and she smiled at me in a pleased fashion. In such a way, I made another happy, while not telling a lie myself.

I think that it is most unnecessary to be brutally frank at any time, and I counsel you to avoid it. In fact, I should say that one should completely avoid any sort of frankness. It does you no good to tell a friend that her hat is terrible, and I doubt that it does her much good, for she, in all probabilities, will not stop wearing it just for you.

EMILY WHITMAN, '32

NATURE IN MUSIC

Like a deep growl of thunder the drums madly beat,
Hear the shattering clashes that lightning supply!
There's a howling of wind in its woodland retreat —
Then a hush, for the music has died.

Through the twilight of quiet a violin sobbed
In its plea to Almighty to bring back the sun.
With a beautiful hymn precious peace was restored
And the praise of loved nature resung.

Soon the light, happy notes full of joy rent the air —
Full of rollicking laughter, of mirth, and of play.
Sounds of life in black forests, cool fields, in the air
Throb in nature with melody gay.

MARGARET TAHMIZIAN, '32

GIFTS

I HAVE a friend who is an artist in giving gifts. Her gift always arrives at the right time without any fuss and is a real delight to the one who receives it. I think her secret is in giving to each friend the appropriate thing. This implies a real understanding of her friends and acquaintances. To one who loves music she may give a copy of an old rhyme sheet. To one who loves texture and color she may send a gay piece of silk. For the lover of the out-of-doors she has a little clump of wild flowers which she has found in the woods. To the small boy she takes a queer whistle she has picked up somewhere. To her college niece she gives a wisp of lace handkerchief to carry in the evening, or an odd bracelet.

None of my friend's gifts are expensive. Hence, they are received with no feeling of obligation, but just with the pleasure of being remembered and understood. I recall one instance in particular when she gave to a friend who could repay in no way except in gratitude, a Della Robbia wreath which she had made herself from evergreen and a cherry plant that she had in her room.

I love to see her at Christmas time. When we are all rushing about at the last moment almost in a panic to get gifts for our friends in no time and with no money, she is calm and joyous. She seems to have the spirit of Christmas so much more than many of us. She never leaves all of her giving until Christmas. She gives only to those who especially love some token or gift of remembrance at that time.

ANNE CLEVELAND, '32

THE PASSING OF THE PIANO

IT is sometimes said that we are approaching the end of the Era of the Piano. This statement is partly true in that every family no longer owns one as it did a few years ago, but the piano will continue to be used in orchestras and by music-lovers everywhere for playing the pieces written for it.

The piano, born in the early part of the eighteenth century, is descended from a long line of keyed stringed musical instruments, the clavichord, virginal, spinet, and harpsichord. Outside of musical circles the piano was a rare instrument for over a century, and the man who possessed one was famed for his ownership in the surrounding country. We can picture Mozart playing before the court in Vienna.

In the middle of the nineteenth century many of our wealthier women entertained their guests with selections on the piano, while at the beginning of this century playing this instrument was considered as an important accomplishment by parents who intended to educate their children at all. Every family owned a piano, and every day children practised.

Since many of us remember practising scales, we know that our generation started out properly; but the world is degenerating every day as some of the "old folks" say. Every year a few more parents who were trying to keep up the old traditions weaken and give way to their children.

Those who grow up without taking music lessons miss a most interesting and exciting experience. Only those who have done it know how it feels to go to one's music lesson without having done much practising. Some pupils make a practice of not practising, and get quite used to futile lectures on the part of the teacher. For the conscientious pupils there is the joy of accomplishment, a joy far greater than that of the boastful pupil who has bearded his ferocious teacher. Then come the recitals, the practising, the new clothes, the hopes and fears for the great occasion, the night itself, the joy of success, or the torture of stage-fright and failure. Another step is the discovery that the music in the song books can be played. Then the proud discoverer plays songs for quite a while, songs that he has heard many times.

The ever increasing tempo of modern life has driven us to having our music produced for us, rather than producing it ourselves at the cost of hours of practising. As a result, comparatively few persons of our generation can play the piano well.

One of the most evident signs of the decline in the popularity of the piano is the state in which the piano companies are placed. Second hand pianos have been burned and new pianos are standing useless in the storehouses.

There was probably a time when we considered the innocent piano as a great enemy, but now we have no animosity toward it; some of us even have a very kindly feeling for the piano, especially those who stopped taking lessons and regret so doing, for being able to play the piano well is an accomplishment which is a great source of pleasure to him who has it and to his friends.

CATHERINE SANDERS, '32

CONTROVERSY

Said I to the big policeman —
"Kind sir, it fills me with dismay
To see you come, with frowning look,
To put my number in your book:
But you'll relent, to hear me say
I didn't see the light was red —"
The big policeman shook his head.

Said I to the big policeman —
"Kind sir, I don't expect that *you*
Should counteract the law for me:
But in this case I'm sure you'll see
Such cruel treatment is not due —"
But, taking out a big cigar,
He put a ticket on my car.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33

THE JOY OF GIVING

IT was Christmas Eve. Soft snow fell lightly on the heads of the shoppers who were hurrying from store to store, vainly trying to purchase a tie for Uncle Jim at this counter, a purple vase for Great-Aunt Sue at that counter, and still remember Grandpa's lilac toilet water without which he would never enjoy Christmas. Perspiring men, heavily laden with white boxes which gaily flaunted red and green ribbons, stood patiently by the entrances of the large department stores as they waited the return of their persevering wives who would relentlessly hurry them on to the next store to acquire more packages. Brightly lighted taxis plowed their way through the furrows of discolored snow, and crowds of spectators stood before the brightly lighted store windows, gazing with admiration at the attractive scenes pictured there.

Cheerful greetings floated on the air as friends met and parted, each hurrying on his own way, yet leaving a happy smile and joyous word with the other. From the lofty spires of white-clad steeples, rang the solemn bells of the Cathedral and the sparkling chimes of the little chapel.

Mingling with the restless throng, and yet entirely apart from it, was a solitary figure, a woman bowed with years of deprivation and labor. She was clad in a thin coat which, through lack of buttons, flared open occasionally, displaying a worn, faded cotton dress, covered by a scanty apron. On her head, she wore a hat of antiquated style, and worn black shoes covered her feet. She was truly a pathetic figure, yet one had only to look at her face to see that she did not ask pity.

As she shuffled along slowly, two sparkling eyes roamed quickly from one scene to another. Sometimes a low chuckle escaped her lips as if she saw humor in the mad rush about her. Once, she paused before a window that displayed attractive gowns and shoes for middle-aged women. For just a moment, a fleeting expression of wistful desire shadowed her face, but it was only momentary. She turned smilingly and walked toward the Common, where people had gathered to hear the Christmas Carols.

Just then a shoulder brushed hers, a hand slipped into her pocket, and then she was alone again. With a bewildered expression, she drew a bill from her ragged pocket as, turning, she gazed at the hastily retreating back of a young man. Tears sparkled in her bright eyes as she silently sent her thanks hastening after the rapidly disappearing figure.

With eager paces, she retraced her steps to the window. Glancing at it to assure herself that it was real, and turning to pass through the large doors, she stopped suddenly. A little boy, ragged and dirty, standing at an adjoining window, was looking longingly at a fascinating display of boy's clothes, toys, and games. His small mouth drooped solemnly as he turned away with a sigh. With a quick step the woman was beside him. Taking him by the hand, she led him to a clerk into whose hand she pressed the bill. Then she hurried away. As she again turned towards the Common, she heard the carolers singing. The words floated softly on the still air, mingling with the clear chimes of the church near by. She knew the words by heart.

"How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts the blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming, but in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still, the dear Christ enters in."

Her face shone with joy and humility, for that night a wondrous gift had been given her, the gift of blessing others.

GERTRUDE LANCASTER, '32

LONELINESS

The glad winds will be blowing o'er my hills;
The tall pines will be swaying to their song;
Pale birches will be putting on their autumn frills,
And little clouds be scurrying along —
And I not there to see.

THEODORA L. HUBBARD, '31

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

HAVE you ever walked along Washington Street during the Christmas season and noticed the very poor, especially the children: the hesitancy, the anxious eyes, the wistful expressions? If you have noticed them, you have probably felt sorry for them, wished, maybe tried to do something to bring to them the happiness you had. You wondered what enjoyment Christmas brought, whether their holiday season meant anything but a time of exceptional disappointment, envy, and sorrow. Sometimes I think your individual happiness was lessened by the thought that you had so much and they so little.

Last week I was looking in the window of a downtown department store, a window devoted to a display of toys. Next to me a little boy was staring in amazement. His whole being was absorbed in a silent, solemn contemplation of all the wonders of the world. Poor little fellow, he didn't know his hands were dirty, his clothes ragged, his shoes worn and ugly, he couldn't realize that his absorption was pathetic.

Inside, through the store, upstairs I followed him as he tagged at the heavy heels of his mother. They headed for that mecca of all children, the toy shop. There, he stood stock still, trembling with excitement. I don't suppose he had ever known there were so many toys in the world.

After an interval of deep thought, he hesitantly made his way to the bicycle section. Here, he stood still again, concentrating, watching, examining, taking no part in the proceedings of the other more fortunate children.

When someone, seeking to dispel his apparent shyness, asked him if he would like to ride a bicycle, he scurried away like a frightened rabbit.

Cautiously then, he examined the chute, looked at the games, hesitated at the mechanical animals. He wandered through the shop, always interested, never enthusiastic, stopping now and then to inspect some new marvel.

The trains he disposed of with a single glance, but he approved of the miniature automobiles with an experimental finger. He continued his tour, ever on the alert for a watchful eye, or a reproving finger of an attendant.

The mechanical toys claimed a good part of his attention, but no matter how great his interest he remained aloof, content to depend on the visible pleasure of the other children and on his own capacity for silent appreciation.

After a long while I missed him. I found him, finally, gazing with longing eyes at several uniformed models. It seemed as though he would choose the policeman's blue suit with its brass buttons, visored cap, stick, and inviting toy gun. But slowly, without an instant's hesitation, he headed for the cowboy outfit. For a long, long time he stood engrossed in rapt contemplation, then he edged nearer and gradually losing his shyness, gingerly touched the chaps. Hereafter he confined his attention entirely to the cowboy suit. Carefully, with infinite patience and tenderness, he fastened and unfastened the buttons so difficult for a little boy's stubby fingers. He jingled the spurs, rearranged the neckerchief, even allowed the sombrero to be adjusted to his head.

When the little fellow was called by his mother he reluctantly tore himself away. On his way he was intercepted by Santa Claus, who very formally took his name and address and inquired as to what he wanted for Christmas. The boy promptly told him, designating just the suit. Santa asked him what else he wanted. The child looked at him, glanced at his mother, smiled, and said, "My sister would like a doll."

Afraid that busy Santa would once more forget, and that this Christmas would only be a repetition of the barreness of the past Christmases, the loyal little fellow was willing to endanger his own chance of getting the prized cowboy suit by adding his sister's request. He was content to eliminate all his other unexpressed wishes that Santa might more surely remember the cowboy suit, the one he wanted most of all.

And Santa did remember; the boy received the beloved cowboy suit; the little sister, a doll.

RITA L. LONG, '32

NOWELL

WITH a weary and despondent step, Ann started to climb the long hill from the town. It was the afternoon before Christmas, and her arms, lame from contact with last-minute crowds, were filled with bundles. The spirit of haste and somewhat sordid bustle which had oppressed her all day caused her to feel increasingly depressed as she hurried on towards home. It was at this time of year, Ann thought, that the trials of being a professor's wife became most pressing. At other times one could laugh at the necessity of squeezing every penny, and enter

upon poverty as upon an adventure, with a spirit of camaradie. But at Christmas, with its frenzy of giving, it seemed very hard to give with the proper generous spirit when one anticipated the resulting avalanche of bills in January, and so little wherewith to pay them. It was hard, too, on Christmas day, to receive the thoughtfully chosen gifts of her girlhood friends and to realize, with a pang, the inadequacy of her gifts to them. If it was hard for her, was it not proportionately so for Roy, who longed to give her everything, and continually reproached himself for not being able to give her the comforts to which she had been accustomed before he married her? Although he surely knew that she understood and sympathized, still the hurt was there. Ann sighed.

Soon she had arrived at the top of the hill, and paused a moment before going further. Up to now absorbed in thought, for the first time she became aware of her surroundings. Along the road up which she had just come, the street lamps shed their small golden auras upon the snow, at regular intervals, contrasting its whiteness with the black of the trees and sky. To the west, the last faint traces of sunset but emphasized the deepening of the sky, where already timid stars were flashing on one by one like signals on some gigantic sign-board. At her feet, the more temerious lights of the town came on, as if in emulation. Except for these lights, Ann thought, the little town snuggled among its hills looked much as must that other town, two thousand years ago, to those other three weary travellers. They, too, had come bearing gifts. To what low bartering had their gesture degenerated! Ann saw the spire of the little church down below, and saw the poor people of the town entering. Soon the peal of Christmas bells floated up on the frosty air. Somehow this sound had a soothing effect on Ann — she wondered if this feeling of contentment were the Christmas spirit of which she heard so much, or if it were really the feeling of push, worry, and meanness that she had felt all day. She yielded to the temptation to stay there on the hilltop, breathing the cold air and listening to the bells, realizing that this was really Christmas eve, when shepherds on the hills left their flocks to present their humble gifts in fear and reverence to their Lord. And thousands now went on with their selfish affairs, without thinking of Him for whom the day was named.

When the music had ceased, Ann went on, in a more solemn and happy spirit than she had felt to be possible in connection with anything as abstract as a holiday. As she went by the greenhouse, she stopped to buy a large red rose to adorn the one poor book which was her gift to her husband. Somehow she knew he would understand.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33

MOUNTAIN GODS

I heard them mourning that the nymphs were dead,
The old gods fled away from sunny Greece,
That no more, as of old, Pan roamed the fields,
That all the Dryads did forsake their trees.

And then I thought of stately, singing oaks,
Of white forms seen at night amid the birches —
Where not one human creature dared to come,
I saw wild revels in my lonely searches.

Did mortal fingers shape those moss-grown plinths —
The trunks of fallen trees, some scoffers say?
Did mortal piping set the sheep to dancing
Within a rocky pasture, one hot day?

Have you not seen those grassy hidden spots
Which ev'ry night by dancing feet are trod?
Have you not seen deep-dinted foot-marks there —
The cloven foot-marks of the exiled god?

THEODORA L. HUBBARD, 31

(*Continued on page 21*)

Current Movies and Plays

Politics ..... *John Moran*
Girls About Town ..... *E. Lorrigan, Dot Bourget*
Touchdown ..... *Oliver LaRonde*
The Champ ..... *John Gately*
The Ruling Voice ..... *My Teacher*
24 Hours ..... *Seventh Period*
The First Year ..... *Freshmen*
Once in a Lifetime ..... *Joe Dubé*
An American Tragedy ..... *Report Cards*

Miss Ford: Potter, what does "coudre" mean?
F. Potter: "Coudre" means to sew.
Miss Ford: And "Découdre"?
F. Potter (Nonchalantly): Why, to unsew.

Sweet was her breath as rich new-mown hay,
Her autumn tresses dangled o'er her brow,
She waited longingly aside the oft trod way,
And when I ope'd the bars, home went the cow.

Dear Mr. Sherman,
Please excuse John for being tardy yesterday. He slipped in the mud and got all dirty. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother,
Mrs. John Enders

Packard: "So, you're going to the University of Chicago? What are you taking?
Parsons: "Triggernometry."

You're so dumb I wouldn't call you a ham.
Why not?
A ham can be cured.

The freshman likes to study,
The sophomore gets enough,
The junior thinks he knows it,
And the senior makes a bluff.

Miss Dolan: Where is Cincinnati?
W. Hanson: Bottom place in the league.

Heard in Physics

(*Sophomore, of course, not Senior*)

That life-savers are made of asbestos. Don't ask us why.

That cream is heavier than milk; hence "heavy" cream.

That iron ships float because they are ships. There'd be no sense in having ships that wouldn't float. There's logic for you!

Awed bystander: Specter, why are you eating so fast?
Specter: Sir, I just learned in Physics that nature abhors a vacuum.

Heard in United States History

Montgomery, '33: The Tudors were teachers whom the people in the southern colonies had sent over from England to teach their children.

Moore, '33: One of the powers of Congress is to call out the militia to suppress resurrections.

What They Want for Christmas —

Ann Sullivan: A megaphone so she can cheer bigger and better for old C. H. L. S.

Bernie Kamins: Brakes for his car.

Jimmie Sullivan: A blue print of the school, so he can find the shortest route from room 91A to 91.

Sugarman Says —

"A match may be down, but not out."

"Darwin's theory will be soon tested by the senior class pictures."

"Don't think you're a bargain because you're half off."

"A high dive isn't an upstairs joint."

Prof: "Ah, Je t'adore."
Stude: "Aw, shut it yourself."

Garage Man: "Check your oil, Sir?"
G. Jones: "No, I'll take it with me."

Harney: "Hist! Romulus, shall we go to the fire sale?"

Coakley: "Nay, Nay! Arsturus, I have no wish to buy a fire."

Bill Scully: "These aren't my own figures, I'm quoting. They're the figures of a man who knows what he is talking about."

Short Stories of the Day

That Which Never Returns
a test with an E on it
You Never Can Guess 'Em .....*K. B. Girls*

Definitions

1. A man who marries the captain of a girls' debating team — *an optimist.*
2. Largest revolver in the world — *The Ferris Wheel.*
3. An absorbing subject — *a sponge.*

Dzendolet: How long have you been going to school here?

Kyricos: Ever since the day I got caught "skipping".

If you are ever startled by a blinding glare while walking through the corridor, you may be sure it's McFadden's tie!

Algebra Equation

X = girl
Y = boy
Z = chaperon
X + Y + Z = bliss
X + Y — Z = kiss

V. Gately: Would you mind putting my tennis shoes in your pocket, Jimmy?

J. Feeley: I'm afraid I can't get them in my pocket, but I shall be glad to carry them for you.

Mr. Derry: Cato learned Greek at eighty.

Helen Cannon: I think I might if I keep at it.

A shrewd little freshman who had just begun to study Latin astonished his teacher by the following translation: Vir, a man; gin, a trap; virgin, a man trap.

B. Baker: Do you know Moran well?

D. Buckley: Sure, we slept together in French II last year.

More Autobituaries

Gone, oh quite
  Is X. L. Scott;
He was tight —
  His brakes were not.

Weep a bit
  For Z. B. Lott;
He was lit —
  His lights were not.

Shed some tears
  For Y. K. Mott;
He had air —
  His tires had not.

Left on the road
  Was Major Bott;
He was full —
  His tank was not.

He: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes."

She: "You've never stayed so late before."

Edna Edison: "Are these eggs really fresh?"

Grocer: "Madam, if you will kindly step to the telephone, and call up our farm, you can hear the hens that laid those eggs still cackling".

"What is the matter with that man?" asked the little girl at the theater.

"Which one, dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, the one whose hair is too small for him."

Did You Know That —

Frank Harney has had two invitations to the K. B. Dance?

Tony's sweater is size "18"?

Bill McFadden had his shoulder treated by baking it?

Our hockey team is going to be great this year?

The K. B.'s are said to be the "untouchables"?

Dad: Are you behaving yourself in school this year, Lois?

Lois G: Why yes, Dad. The teacher thinks I'm an angel.

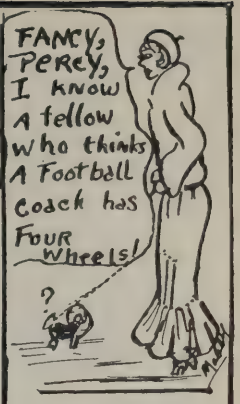
Dad: What! !

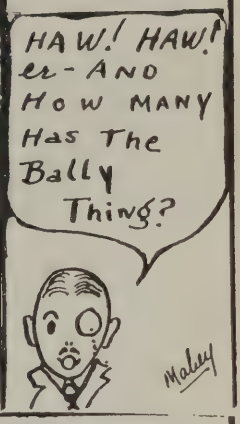
Lois G: Why, yes. The teacher said that she wouldn't be surprised to see me go flying out of the room some day soon.

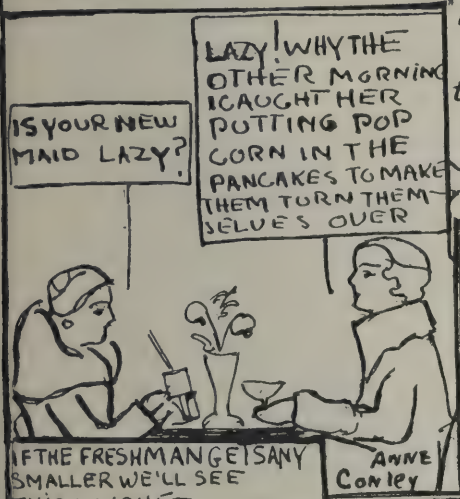
A Very Merry Merry Xmas from your Review Staff

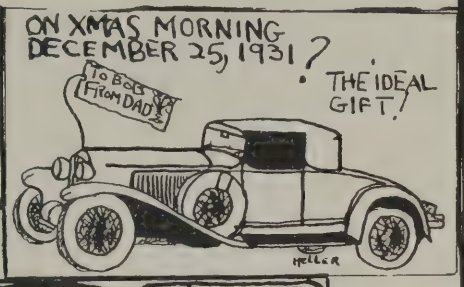
Inside Information

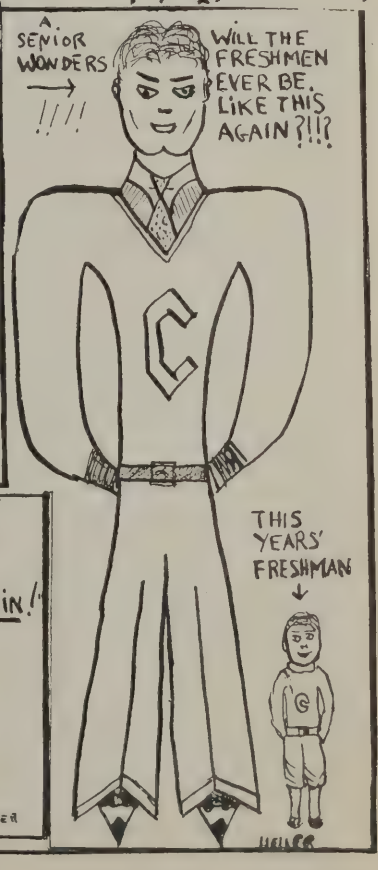
General Braddock was killed in the French and Indian War. He had three horses shot under him, and a fourth went through his clothes.

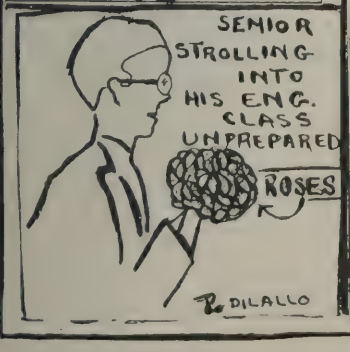


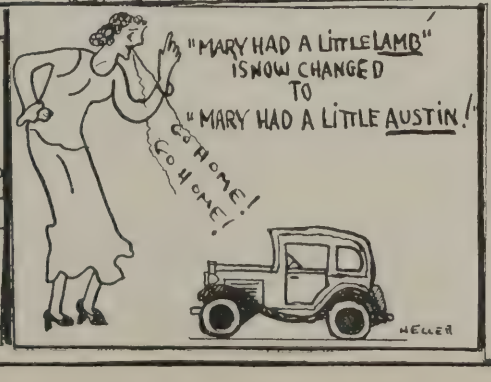



IS YOUR NEW MAID LAZY?
LAZY! WHY THE OTHER MORNING I CAUGHT HER PUTTING POP CORN IN THE PANCAKES TO MAKE THEM TURN THEMSELVES OVER
ANNE CONLEY









Alumni

1925

Alice Hanrahan is working for the Graham Paige Auto Company, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

1926

Roger O'Sullivan is now a Sophomore at Harvard Law.

Mahala Whitman graduated from Pomona College, Claremont, California in 1931, and is now working in the Widener Library.

Leo Sullivan, Boston College 1930, is now a Sophomore at Harvard Medical School.

1927

Mary Mahoney is secretary for Dr. McGinn of Boston.

Francis O'Brien is a senior at Boston College.

Margaret Sheridan is a senior at Regis, and is secretary of the Dramatic Club.

Hyman Buller and Samuel Fishman graduated from Harvard, 1931, and have entered Harvard Law. They were recent visitors at school.

Catherine Burns is employed as secretary at Crawford Hollidge.

1928

Frances Overlock is now in her junior year at Emerson.

Virginia Britt is a senior at Framingham Normal School.

Anna Dempsey is a junior at Emmanuel.

Mary Cronin graduated from the Perry Kindergarten School of Boston, in 1931.

Helen Good, Katherine Boucher, and Madeline Naiven are seniors at Emmanuel.

Eleanor Schaffer is studying at Filene's Training School.

1929

Margaret Connors is employed as secretary at Harvard Law School.

Mary Altimas is a substitute teacher in Cambridge.

Anna Doherty is a junior at Radcliffe.

Antoinette Moakler is a freshman at Radcliffe.

Beatrice Evers is in her junior year at Massachusetts Normal Art.

Ruth Campbell is a junior at Emerson.

Hilda Lynch is a junior at B. U.

Ruth Bodemur is in her second year at Simmons.

Samuel Joel and Daniel MacKillop are sophomores at M. I. T.

1930

John Scully has been appointed a cadet noncommissioned officer in the Boston University Reserve Officer Training Corps Unit.

Bradley Britt and Janice MacKay entered the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Janet Wyeth is a sophomore at Miss Wheelock's.

James Dugan is at St. John's Prep.

Harold Cail is a freshman at Georgetown University.

1931

Grace Moran is a freshman at Regis.

Charles Ryan entered Harvard this fall.

William Royce is at the Huntington School.

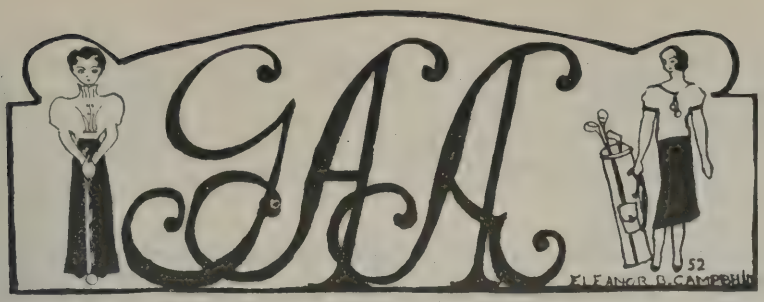
Ruth Cleverly, Margaret Berkeley, Frances Downes, Virginia Vaughan and Dorothy Hooker are freshmen at Salem Normal.

Hildur Hedman, Kathleen Cail, and Anne Casey entered Miss Leslie's.

Elizabeth Bramhall is a freshman at Jackson.

Irene Grace and Walter Roberts are freshmen at Massachusetts Normal Art School.

Dorothy Henderson, Eleanor Cooley, H. Irene McKay, and Katharine Coady are members of the freshman class at the Chandler Secretarial School of Boston.



IN the short time that has passed since the last issue of the Review, there have been many important events taking place within the wide circle of G. A. A. members.

On Saturday afternoon, November 14, a very successful Moving Picture Party was held here at school. Ingenuity and skill were displayed in the various costumes worn by the girls. Edna Dubois as "Seth Parker", won first prize for representation of a movie star, and Marion Zappala as "Song of the West," was second. The girls were entertained in the hall by a comedy, "Not Quite Such a Goose". Mary Rankin, Alice Tibbets, Barbara Sheridan, Martha McCarthy, and Constance Sales, coached untiringly by Mary Falvey, gave fine interpretations of the characters in the play. Between the acts, a remarkable Kitchen Orchestra played the latest popular songs, and Frances Navien added to the program by whistling two selections. The play was followed by dancing in the gym which had been appropriately decorated by Philomena Di Lallo, Peggy Hudson, and Rita Doneski. Between dances, the girls enjoyed refreshments served by Mary E. Beaver, Ruth Burns, Gladys Palzer, Anne Moran, and Winifred Burns. At the end of the party, the officers led a grand march to complete a pleasant afternoon.

Initiation is now but a pleasant memory to the upper classmen; we hope it is so for the freshmen too. The whole freshman class displayed a fine sense of sportsmanship, and the officers wish to congratulate them upon their good spirit and to welcome them all to the G. A. A.

A new department of the G. A. A. has been opened this year in our Glee Club. Clara Cormier and Marjorie O'Dell will welcome any girl who would like to join the club. Every other week on Wednesday a merry group gathers in the hall under their guidance, and soon familiar melodies float out from behind closed doors. We are all eagerly looking forward to their first public demonstration.

Wednesday, November 25, the G. A. A. officers took bountiful Thanksgiving dinner baskets to four needy families. The food was contributed by the members of the association, and to these members we wish to extend our thanks for assisting us in bringing happiness to some deserving families at Thanksgiving time.

We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate Dorothy Falvey and Emily Long upon their success in winning the doubles Tennis Tournament. They played in the finals, defeating Frances Navien and Josephine Wentzell who also played an excellent game.

Basketball now demands our attention. The annual class competition for championship is on its way. The first senior-junior game was played November 20, resulting in victory for the seniors. The final score 37-14 does not tell fairly the story of the game. The juniors though handicapped by loss of players, played a strong fine spirited game, and it required constant alertness on the part of the seniors to keep the lead.

The second team game ended in a similar fashion, the score being 37-10.

The line-up for the first games was as follows:

SENIORS	JUNIORS
C. Cormier, j. c	j. c, M. Beaver, J. Eyre
R. Doneski, s. c	s. c, J. Eyre, U. Gately
H. Kenney, f	f, M. O'Dell, (Capt.)
W. Burns, f	f, J. Maver, M. McNally
M. Falvey, g	g, E. Fletcher
G. Lancaster, (Capt.), g	g, H. Downing

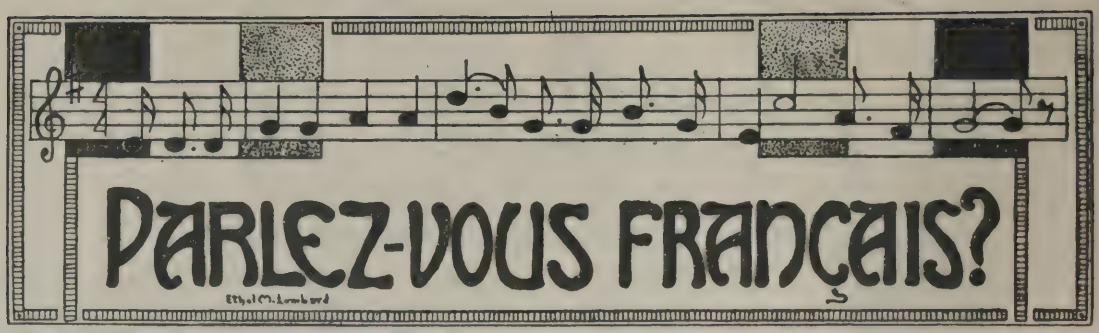
The freshman-sophomore game is rapidly approaching, while Miss Brown proudly states that her freshmen are going to ride over all the classes to the championship! May we join in wishing them Bon Voyage!

Here we would like to mention the improvement in costumes in our athletic department. The seniors have already appeared in attractive green and white suits, and rumors warn us that soon the gym will glow with a dazzling array of red, blue, orange, and green, as each class displays its own color.

In closing we should like to mention the Girl Dance which is coming December 18. At this time fair ladies and their equally handsome gentlemen will fill the gym with soft laughter as they dance beneath the glowing lights.

A cheerful Christmas Party is in the air for December 21. We urge everyone to come, for who knows what she may see? Jolly Santa Claus might come down the chimney to help us wish G. A. A. a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

G. LANCASTER, *Acting Editor*



LE FANTOME COSSANT

A ROSRENEN, petit village en Bretagne qui est si fameux à cause du paysage, il se trouve un grand château ancien. En été bien des voyageurs y font visite. L'année dernière un Américain, Jean Smith, que je connais bien, alla à ce village. Pendant sa visite il demeurait chez les Durant.

Plusieurs jours après son arrivée, comme ils soupaient, le père Durant dit au visiteur que presque toutes les nuits on pouvait voir le fantôme de Gaspar, chevalier qui avait fait construire ce château. Puisque Jean était téméraire, il se décida à aller cette nuit-là voir le fantôme. A onze heures quand tout le monde dormait, il sortit de la maison et se mit en route pour l'endroit où il y avait le fantôme.

Pendant sa promenade, il ne rencontra personne. Bientôt il arriva aux murs écroulants et il commença à se promener lentement par les corridors. Il écoutait le cri des hiboux quand tout à coup le son musical de la cloche vint du village. En entrant dans une chambre sans plafond, il vit deux grands yeux verts dans l'ombre. Il perdit courage et il commença à prendre la fuite. Mais il s'arrêta et après s'être tourné vers les yeux luisants, il s'avança peu à peu. L'homme en s'approchant avait su que pas un fantôme mais quelque chose de plus violent l'attendait. La chose le battit dans l'estomac et le jeta aux genoux. Quelques minutes après, on pouvait voir un homme courir à travers les champs vers le village.

Le lendemain matin, le jeune Américain bien aurexcité salua la famille. Il lui dit l'histoire et attendit sa réponse. Vous pouvez vous faire une idée de l'étonnement de Jean quand on lui dit qu'il avait rencontré une chèvre qui habitait les champs. Mon ami est encore aussi dédaigneux que jamais au sujet des fantômes mais il n'est pas si prêt à montrer son courage.

SIDNEY SPEIL, '32

NOEL DES MARINS

Nous vous prions
Marie, sacrée mère de Dieu,
Thrônée dans ce pauvre lieu,
D'accepter, dans cette saison,
Nos petits dons;
Et sur les flots
Pouvez-vous donner l'oreille
Pendant que l'Enfant sommeille?
Et penser, de temps en temps,
Des pauvres matelots?

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33

Pouvez-vous résoudre ce rébus?
G a (J'ai grand appetit)

En saluant chaque patrie
Je me disais: aucun séjour
N'est si beau que ma Normandie
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

In greeting each country
I said no place on earth
Ranks with my Normandy
The province of my birth.

Connais-tu le pays où fleurit l'oranger?
Le pays des fruits d'or et des roses vermeilles,
Où la brise est plus douce et l'oiseau plus léger,
Où dans toutes saisons butinent les abeilles?

Do you know the country where the orange trees grow,
Where there are golden fruits, roses always thriving,
Where birds fly lightly, the breezes more gently blow,
Where in all seasons the bees are forever living?

Translated by GRETA WOOD, '33

BROOKLINE 6 CAMBRIDGE 0

Our boys outplayed Brookline in every department of this game, and should surely have won.

Shortly before the beginning of the second quarter, Brookline received the ball on Latin's forty-eight yard line by a kick. Kaplan made eight yards. McGrale then threw a short pass to Cahill, his end, and this boy immediately tossed a lateral pass to Kaplan, who ran twenty-eight yards to our fourteen-yard line. Kaplan went off our left end for a touchdown. A pass for the point after goal failed.

The Cantabs seemed to wake up after this play, and they started a brilliant march down the field. LaRonde took the ball through center for eight yards. Carchia went off the Brookline right end for twenty-five yards to midfield. Hopkins took a pass from LaRonde that put the ball on the thirty-yard line, and this same pair coöperated again on the next play to bring the pigskin to the one-yard line. Here Latin was set back five yards for having twelve men on the field. Nichols brought the ball back to the three-yard line, when the half ended.

Neither team was able to make any real threat the second half, but Brookline had the advantage in play.

Hopkins continued his brilliant showing of the Brockton game. Carchia played his best game of the year, both offensively and defensively, while LaRonde, as usual was the spark-plug of our defense and offense. Sullivan did well.

For Brookline, Kaplan was strong on both offense and defense.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	BROOKLINE
Hamilton, Powers, re	re, Schwartz
Dzendolet, rt	rt, Sherrill, (C.)
Boucher, Healey, rg	rg, Merrolla, Harvey
McFadden, c	c, Lourie
Feeley, Petrusionis, lg	lg, Rosenberg
Kyricos, lt	lt, Horn, Sodderberg
Sullivan, Palmer, le	le, Cahill
Hopkins, qb	qb, McGrale
LaRonde, rhb	rhb, Poisner
Carchia, lhb	lhb, Lewis
Scully, Nichols, fb	fb, Kaplan

Touchdown: for Brookline, Kaplan. *Officials:* Redding, Fraher, Kendrick.

LAWRENCE 12 CAMBRIDGE 0

The Latin team, evidently exhausted after having played against both Brockton and Brookline, made a very dismal showing at Lawrence.

Lawrence garnered five points in the second period. The first two points were scored on a technicality, when Hopkins, while attempting to kick the ball from behind his own goal line, stepped out of the end zone. A few minutes later, Linehan, Lawrence right half, made an amazing and surprisingly accurate field goal. He was standing on Latin's thirty yard line when he kicked the ball.

Latin could not show the semblance of any kind of attack, either by running or by passing. Late in the fourth period, Hopkins, seeing that the game could be won only by a touchdown, began gambling with passes while in his own danger zone. The result was a touchdown for Lawrence. Fingleton, playing guard, intercepted one of LaRonde's short passes and had no trouble in scoring. Medelinskas crashed the Latin line for the extra point. There was no further scoring.

Dzendolet was injured during the first half, and for the first time this year did not play the entire game. Feeley and Johnson gave good accounts of themselves at guard, but the Latin tackles and ends were frequently fooled by the simplest kind of end runs.

Carchia, who has improved greatly in the last few games, and McFadden continually hauled down the Lawrence backs behind the line of scrimmage. Boucher was missed.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	LAWRENCE
Sullivan, Palmer, re	le, Monahan, Bazin
Dzendolet, Johnson, rt	lt, Hanley
Feeley, rg	lg, D'Amico
McFadden, Petrusionis, Donlevy, c	c, Costa, McCann
Johnson, Scully, lg	rg, Fingleton, Schnueler
Kyricos, lt	rt, Samia, Calnan
Hamilton, Maguire, le	re, Barlow, Bush
Hopkins, qb	qb, Gonet
Carchia, rhb	lhb, Linehan, Janigian
Nichols, Sullivan, lhb	rhb, Christopher
LaRonde, West, fb	fb, Medelinskas, McKenna

ST. JAMES HIGH 6 CAMBRIDGE 0

Cambridge Latin added one more to its already long string of defeats when it lost to Saint James' High of Haverhill by one touchdown.

Latin threatened twice in the first half, mostly because of Captain LaRonde's brilliant running. LaRonde was at the height of his form, and he crashed through the Saint James line for impressive gains. His plunging through tackle, aided by a successful lateral pass that worked for twelve yards brought the ball to the opponents' sixteen yard line. Here our offense died. Ryan's kicking for Saint James was sensational. Time and time again the Saint James tackle kicked the ball for phenomenal distances.

The Latin team seemed an entirely different aggregation in the second half, for it was weakened by LaRonde's loss. The Haverhill team scored early in the third quarter after a sixty-yard march. A ten yard pass to McCarthy put the ball on Latin's forty-two yard line. A lateral to Crowe brought the pigskin to the twenty-four, from where the Saint James team managed to bang out a first down on the ten. From this position Crowe scored on a run through the Latin left tackle. Goundry and his fellow backs looked very good during this march. Ryan's attempt for the point after was blocked.

The rest of the game was scoreless, but it was featured by the defensive work of both teams. Hamilton, Latin end, stood out especially, while Carchia made several nice tackles. McFadden made his usual steady showing both defensively and offensively.

The Saint James backfield was very powerful.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	ST. JAMES HIGH
Powers, Donlevy, re	le, McCarthy
Dzendolet, Johnson, rt	lt, Cavan
Boucher, Feeley, Healey, Petrusionis, rg	lg, J. Ryan, Young
McFadden, c	c, Woidyla
Johnson, Feeley, Sweeney, lg	rg, Miniahn
Kyricos, lt	rt, P. Ryan
Hamilton, Palmer, Maguire, le	re, Sullivan, Lyons
Hopkins, qb	qb, Collings, Crowe
Sullivan, Nichols, West, rhb	lhb, Corcoran
Carchia, lhb	rhb, Goundry
LaRonde, Nichols, fb	fb, Lynch

Touchdown: Saint James, Crowe. *Officials:* Callahan, Gafney, Sullivan.

PEABODY 25 CAMBRIDGE 0

Cambridge Latin was unable to hold the Peabody team's passing attack in this game, and as a result it lost by four touchdowns and one point after, made by Luckinchook following the second touchdown.

Shortly after the second period started, Minot. Peabody quarter, took a lateral pass from his team mate, Feeley, and circled the Latin right end for thirty yards to our twenty-five yard line. A short pass to Sweeney brought the ball to the ten, from where Anderson managed to push the ball over by plunging the line.

Several minutes later Minot threw a ten-yard forward to this same Anderson, who then ran fifty yards for the score. In the third period Peabody wound up a march from midfield by a short pass from Minot to Dierzak, who ran ten yards for the third touchdown. However, the scoring for the day ended shortly after, when two twenty yard passes in succession sent Sweeney across the last white line for Peabody's fourth and last score.

Johnson and Kyricos, Latin tackles, played well, while Hamilton broke up many plays. Carchia and Hopkins stood out in the Latin backfield, as Captain LaRonde was out the entire second half. Dzendolet made a good showing in the line, while Powers did well.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	PEABODY
Powers, Palmer, re	le, Dierzak
Johnson, Ronzio, rt	lt, Lindgren, Johnson, Gourley
McFadden, Petrusionis, Donlevy, rg	lg, Yacovitch
Feeley, c	c, Mikelchook, McGinn
Dzendolet, lg	rg, Manoogian, Perakis, Drabik
Kyricos, Healey, lt	rt, George
Hamilton, Maguire, le	re, Cronin, Perkins
Hopkins, qb	qb, Minot
Sullivan, West, rhb	lhb, Sweeney
Carchia, lhb	rhb, Anderson, Cornichook, Quinlan
LaRonde, Nichols, fb	fb, Feeley, Luckinchook

Touchdowns: Anderson 2, Sweeney, Dierzak. *Point after Touchdown:* Luckinchook. *Officials:* Scanlon, Fleming, Pendleton.

B. C. HIGH 20 CAMBRIDGE 0

Cambridge Latin wound up a very unsuccessful season by losing to Boston College High.

Morris starred for the opposing team, and with his team-mate, Brennan, was responsible for all the scoring. Early in the second period Brennan took a pass from Morris and ran thirty-five yards for the score. In the third period Morris circled his own left end and aided by good interference managed to run forty-three yards for a score. A few minutes later, a blocked punt was recovered by B. C. High, and Brennan plunged his way through center for his second score. Morris twice dropkicked the extra points. Latin seemed unable to stop the B. C. High attack.

The Cantabs threatened once, but a fumble robbed them of their only chance to score. Johnson did yeoman work in the line, and stopped many a play. Carchia, too, made his usual quota of sensational tackles. It is comforting to note

that these boys and several other very capable players will be ready for next year, including Kyricos, Hamilton, Boucher, Feeley, Nichols, and Petrusionis.

Captain LaRonde, Dzendolet, McFadden, Hopkins, Palmer, Powers, and West played their last game for Latin. Sullivan, who was unable to play because of injuries, is also a senior.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	B. C. HIGH
Hamilton, Maguire, re	le, Menourski
Kyricos, rt	lt, McKenna, McHugh, O'Donnell
Johnson, Petrusionis, rg	lg, Honan, Tintle
McFadden, Donlevy, c	c, Fallon, Driscoll
Feeley, Ronzio, Sweeney, lg	rg, Tracy, Canty, Walsh
Dzendolet, Boucher, lt	rt, Sweeney, J. Murphy, B. Murphy
Powers, Palmer, le	re, Kelley, O'Brien
Hopkins, Miliekis, qb	qb, Brennan
Carchia, lhb	rhb, Blackwood, McDonough, Hickey
Nichols, West, rhb	lhb, Farwell, Iarnabina, Crowley
LaRonde, fb	fb, Morris

Touchdowns: B. C. H., Brennan 2, Morris. *Points after Touchdowns:* Morris 2. *Officials:* Liston, Donnellan, Kelley.

(*Continued from Page 12*)

PROCURING A SEAT IN THE SUBWAY TRAIN

THE difficulty of obtaining a seat in the subway trains has been exaggerated to such an extent that people look hopelessly around the car, and, hanging on a strap, try to read their paper, to hold on to bundles, and not to step on a fellow passenger's foot. This ridiculous procedure is not only foolish, but also unnecessary. Although many people are daily learning how to obtain a seat, there are many more who are still in ignorance of any means by which they also may ride in comfort. To them, I offer this advice.

I use the following method with great success. Entering the train, I glance at a spot where some person is taking up more than his share of seat. Grasping the ring above his head, I wait expectantly and attempt to catch his eye. With a mesmeric stare I begin to lower myself to his side; and unless he has a most stubborn disposition, I sit, tightly wedged in, I admit, on the seat, and not in his lap. He, in turn gives me the "dog-eye" as it is popularly called, but disregarding him, I settle myself comfortably beside him.

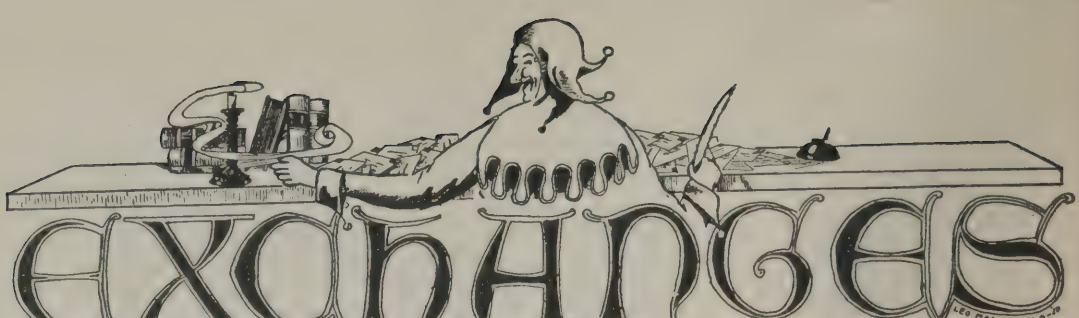
As you may easily see, the excellent quality of Patience is a large factor in my success. Before hypnotizing my victim, it is necessary to wait for a short time. If it is necessary to hurry him, accidentally step on his toe. This painful reminder awakens him to the fact that one is, although patient, also persistent.

As soon as you have comfortably settled yourself, the train will stop at the next station, and a throng of passengers will enter. Then remembering, "Be a gentleman if it kills you", rise and offer your hard-earned place to some lady burdened with packages. I wish the women were not considered the "weaker sex", or that they wouldn't stand in front of you on the train.

JOHN TYNAN, '33

DALEYS', Inc.
Druggists
CREAMY ICE CREAM SODAS
CANDY
Next door to University Theatre — Drop in after the show
DALEYS', Inc.

Honey Bee Candy Shop
Home Made Candy
Delicious Sandwiches
Soda and Luncheonette
700 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge



SHOPPING season has arrived again. While all our readers have been choosing suitable gifts for their relatives and friends, we have been selecting unusual copies from the Exchange Counter to present to you and to discuss in this holiday number.

Opinions on hazing and reports of football games provide sufficient news to fill numerous columns of school and college papers. When a college or high school has had a victory on the gridiron, the printer is obliged to use his largest type to announce this success to the world. When, on the other hand, a team has been forced to surrender to its opponent, the news of defeat is tucked into an insignificant corner of an inner page in the school paper.

The Open Forum Department, in various disguises, appears in many papers. These columns, affording pupils an opportunity to suggest improvements in the school, have their advantages as well as their disadvantages.

"The Exponent" from Greenfield High contains some fairly good editorials on school spirit and co-operation (which appear to be the favorite subjects of many editors.) Your plea for more subscriptions allows us to surmise that ours is not the only school paper which is finding difficulty in securing a sufficient number of subscribers. Our main criticism of your paper is your humor — it is too personal.

We notice improvement in each issue of "The Bulletin", published by the students of Watertown Senior High School. You have many unique columns in your paper. A calendar of coming events printed in each number is an accommodation to your readers. Your "Chuckles" strip does not fail to make us grin. The results of your athletic combats are well written up; they are informal and yet do not lack the amount of dignity necessary for a successful report. Every month "The Bulletin" presents a brief account of the activities of the numerous organizations in the school. We do regret that you can spare no more room for your literary department.

Again may we comment on the exceptional quality of "The Hebronian" as a school newspaper. The large amount of space which you grant to literary attempts pleases us. You seem to have an Exchange Editor, but his department — where is it? Optimism as is expressed in your editorials is a much needed factor in many other school papers.

The boys of St. Joseph's Prep in Philadelphia have shown ability in the publication, "The Saint Joseph's Prep Chronicle". We wish to congratulate the valedictorian and salutatorian on their graduation addresses which were published in the fall issue of the "Chronicle". We like the description in the essay, "The Angler". "What Price Glory", resembling O. Henry's style, calls forth our admiration. The Gleanings section contains essays similar to the ten minute themes which are frequently assigned to Miss Butler's English class. These articles are informal as compared to those in the regular literary department. The magazine is made complete by Alumni and Exchange Departments, a Forum, and sections containing school news. We wonder if you feel that humor would detract from the dignified style of your magazine.

"The Brown and Gold" from Haverhill heralds the coming of a new member into the Exchange Circle. We are expecting an unusual magazine in the "Trade Winds" from the Haverhill Trade School.

Staring in our faces on the front page of "The Sagamore" is the news of Brookline's victory on the gridiron over C. H. L. S. In spite of this fact, we shall try to be broad-minded and unprejudiced in our comments on this paper. The November issue contains a great many write-ups about former teachers and pupils. It is interesting to note the various methods for study, suggested by teachers in the Guidance Column. We spent several breathless moments reading the one piece of literature in the paper, "Clutching Fingers", a mystery story, of course. The "Review" wishes you success on the literary as well as the athletic field.

And now we come to the prize magazine, which has created such a demand among those

who frequent the Review Office. The students of Oak Park and River Forest High Schools have been most successful in their publication of "Tabula". This is a purely literary magazine reminding one of the "Forum". Among the large collection of essays, poems, and stories, there are sure to be several articles which will please the most eccentric reader. It was interesting to note the difference in treatment by two authors of the same newspaper clipping, IT'S PECULIAR, THE WAYS OF THESE CHINESE. "The Probation of Hong Ming" and "Funny these Chinese" were the titles resulting from the quoted headlines; "The Probation of Hong Ming" was, however, far below the literary standard of the majority of the articles. The editors of this paper have conceived the plan of dividing their literature into five sections. The first department consists of comparatively long essays and stories. The next section called "Vignettes" is given over to short thought-provoking essays or word-pictures, some of which do not exceed three lines. Freshman Quill Quivers, that part of the paper devoted to Freshmen alone, affords a fine opportunity to develop and encourage the underclassmen in literary lines. The Nut Bowl contains the facetious masterpieces in the form of both poems and essays. We are certain that the Open Pages section with its wealth of book reports would arouse envy in the hearts of the "Review" literary editors who are attempting to start such a department in their paper. The most commendable part of "Tabula" is the Personal Section which corresponds with the Contributor's Column in the "Forum". This department is especially interesting to those readers who are not acquainted with the geniuses of Oak Park and River Forest. Scattered through the magazine are several poems which we feel do not match the quality of your prose. Your art department plays no small part in maintaining the attractive appearance of your magazine. May we conclude by congratulating the staff of "Tabula" and by expressing a sincere wish that such an outstanding publication will develop an Exchange?

We presume that after you, our readers, completed your Christmas shopping, you wrapped your gifts in gay paper and tagged them with Christmas greeting cards. And so after having searched the Exchange Counter and shown our best purchases to you, we shall tag our remarks with a wish for the Merriest Christmas and the Happiest New Year ever to all of our readers.

Business Courses

FOR YOUNG MEN—
Business Administration and Accounting Courses as preparation for sales, credit, financial and accounting positions. College grade instruction. Highly specialized technical training in two years.

FOR YOUNG WOMEN—
Executive Secretarial, Stenographic Secretarial, Stenographic, and Finishing Courses as preparation for attractive secretarial positions. Individual advancement.

FOR BOTH Young Men and Young Women—
Business and Bookkeeping Courses as preparation for general business and office positions.

For new illustrated catalogue, sent without obligation, address
F. H. BURDETT, President

Burdett Training

—whether secured before or after college, is helpful throughout life. It is an essential part of the equipment of every young person in seeking employment or in building a career. Courses include basic subjects with several distinct opportunities for specialization. Instruction intensely practical. Close attention paid to individual needs. Separate courses for men and women.

Burdett students last year came from 70 universities and colleges, 356 high schools, 114 academies, and 165 other business, normal, and special schools. Graduates of Burdett College receive the assistance of a well-organized placement service. School facilities are unsurpassed. Students are trained by an able and experienced faculty. Previous business training is not required for entrance. Correspondence is invited.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 6th

BURDETT COLLEGE

A Professional Business School of College Grade

156 STUART STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

"Bushway Ice Cream Is Good Ice Cream Everybody Likes It!"

NEW TUXEDOS FOR HIRE

Special College and High School Rates

Buy that growing boy a good, used Tuxedo for Christmas. Price as low as $15.00.

READ & WHITE

Tuxedos, Full Dress
Cutaways
Shirts, Shoes, etc.

111 SUMMER ST. and 93 MASS. AVE.
BOSTON

CLUBS

For High School Girls

PARTIES
DANCES
DRAMATICS
HANDICRAFT
DISCUSSIONS

Cambridge Y. W. C. A.

7 Temple Street University 1102
PHYLLIS RODENHISER, *Director*

Compliments of

Puritan Cake Co., Inc.

1166 - 1168 CAMBRIDGE ST.
TEL., PORTER 1833

TENNIS AND SQUASH SHOP

Tennis Racquets of All Makes

Restringing a Specialty

67a MT. AUBURN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HARRY COWLES, Proprietor
University 5417

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

Civil Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Industrial Engineering

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

Accounting
Banking and Finance
Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training combines theory with two years of practice. It enables the student to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

EVENING DIVISION

(Coeducational)

An effective university education is available in the evening for high school graduates who for financial or other reasons cannot enter day colleges but must go to work following graduation:

School of Business

Grants B.B.A. and M.B.A. degrees.

Specializes in accounting and business administration.

Only 24.9% of graduates held executive positions on entering school; 71.9% now in major executive positions.

Graduates outstandingly successful in C.P.A. examinations.

Actual business problems the basis of instruction.

School of Law

Four-year course.

LL.B. degree.

Prepares for bar examination and practice.

Case method of instruction similar to that in best day law schools.

A School of high standards adapted to the needs of employed men and women.

Alumni outstandingly successful as lawyers, judges, business executives.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School admitted without examinations

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

BILLINGS & STOVER

EST. 1863

Apothecaries

HARVARD SQUARE CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE ACADEMY SHOP
Offers a variety of

Fruit, Candy, Tonics, Smokes, Periodicals, Hot Buttered Pop Corn

THE ACADEMY SHOP
(Cor. Church Street and Mass. Avenue)
Harvard Square

Compliments of

CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC MARKET

6 PLEASANT STREET
CAMBRIDGE MASS.

TUTORING

Spanish, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry

MARY MOULTON, A.B., A.M., ED. M.
27 Ellery Street
Porter 0225-W

Horace Partridge Co.
"EVERYTHING FOR SPORT"
49 Franklin St. Near Washington Street
BOSTON

DISCOUNT PRICES TO C. H. L. S. STUDENTS

Ask Mr. Foley for Discount Card

Telephone: University 7349 Bonded Member Florists' Telegraph Delivery, Inc.

Galgay
The Florist

When you want quality flowers we are as near as your telephone.

PROSPECT AND HARVARD STREETS CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

ICE CREAM "DE LUXE"

For All Occasions

FANCY INDIVIDUAL ICES, MELON MOLDS, FRAPPES
PARFAITS, AND EVERYTHING IN ICE CREAM
NEOPOLITAN CHARLOTTE RUSSE FRUIT PUNCH

Your Inquiry Solicited *Send for Detailed Price List*

NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAM CO.

TEL. UNIVERSITY 7460 CAMBRIDGE

Quality — Service — Courtesy

FRATERNITY, COLLEGE
and
CLASS JEWELRY

Commencement Announcements
and Invitations

Jeweler to the Senior Class of
Cambridge High and Latin School

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY
Manufacturing Jewelers and Stationers
ATTLEBORO, MASS.

THE REVIEW

Extends to

Its Readers and Advertisers

Its Sincere Wishes for a

Merry Christmas

and

Happy New Year

In the long run

you and your friends will prize the portrait that looks like you—your truest self, free from stage effects and little conceits. It is in this "long run" Photography that PURDY success has been won.

Portraiture by the camera that one cannot laugh at or cry over in later years.

For present pleasure and future pride protect your photographic self by having PURDY make the portraits.

PURDY

160 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

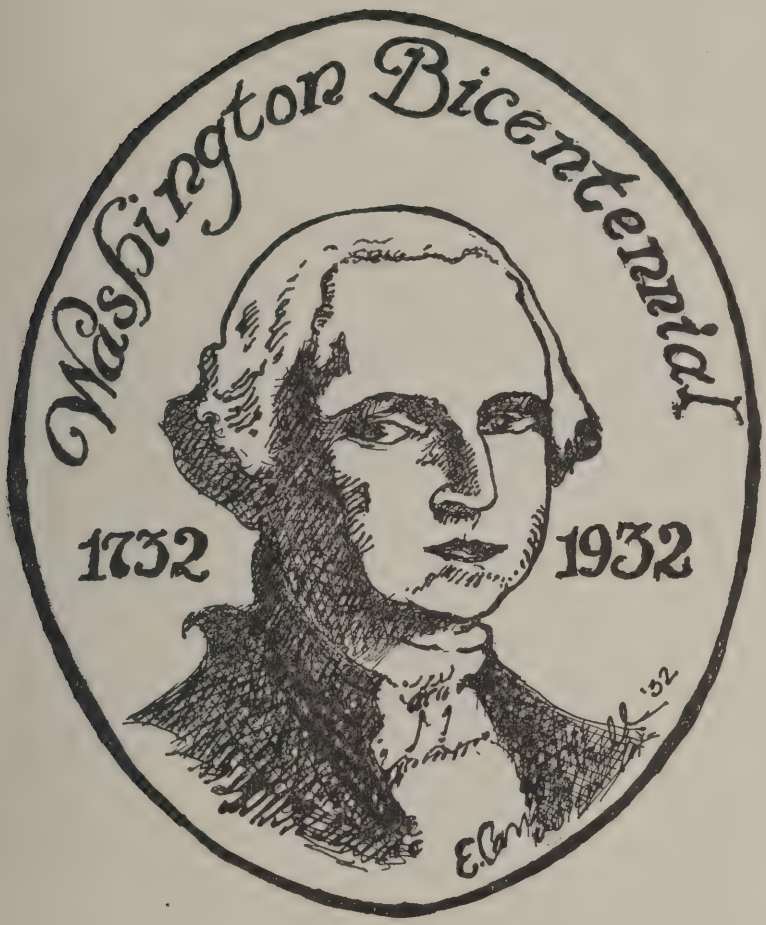
Official Photographer

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

Class of 1932

Special Discount Rates to all Students of C. H. L. S.

THE REVIEW



February Number

1932

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

- Civil Engineering
- Mechanical Engineering
- Electrical Engineering
- Chemical Engineering
- Industrial Engineering

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

- Accounting
- Banking and Finance
- Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training combines theory with two years of practice. It enables the student to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School may be admitted without examinations if grades are satisfactory to the Department of Admissions.

EVENING DIVISION

(Coeducational)

An effective university education is available in the evening for high school graduates who for financial or other reasons cannot enter day colleges but must go to work following graduation:

School of Business

Grants B.B.A. and M.B.A. degrees.

Specializes in accounting and business administration.

Only 24.9% of graduates held executive positions on entering school; 71.9% now in major executive positions.

Graduates outstandingly successful in C.P.A. examinations.

Actual business problems the basis of instruction.

School of Law

Four-year course.

LL.B. degree.

Prepares for bar examination and practice.

Case method of instruction similar to that in best day law schools.

A School of high standards adapted to the needs of employed men and women.

Alumni outstandingly successful as lawyers, judges, business executives.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School admitted without examinations

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Athletic Editor
MANES SPECTER

Alumni Editor
PHYLLIS GRACE

Exchange Editor
EMILY FETTER

Art Editors
ARNOLD HELLER
DORIS MABEY
ANNE CONLEY
ELEANOR CAMPBELL
PHILOMENA DiLALLO

G. A. A. Editor
GERTRUDE LANCASTER

Faculty Adviser
MISS MARY P. BLIGH

Editor-in-Chief
JOSEPH PALMER

Assistant Editor
JOHN TYNAN

Literary Editors
EMILY WHITMAN
CATHERINE SANDERS
JEANNETTE EYRE

Business Manager
BERNARD KAMINS

Assistant Business Manager
MAURICE CALLUM

Typists
MARY OWIRKA
HEDWIG DOBROWOLSKA

Advertising Manager
CONSTANTINE CULOLIAS

Assistant Advertising Managers
JAMES TOWERS
JOSEPH RICKER
PAUL BARENBERG
FRANKLIN COLEMAN

Class Notes Editors
FRANCES CARR
CONSTANCE OVERLOCK

Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

Vita sine litteris mors est.

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 3

CONTENTS

PAGE

The Reviewer 2
Nightmare 5
Kensington 7
Memories 9
The Decision 10
Paris in Midsummer 11
Hockey Game 12
On Opening Bureau Drawers 12
A Visit to a Museum 13
Clouds 13
Reflections 14
Self-Expression in the Art of Hairdressing 14
Gilbert and Sullivan 15
Sonata 15
Sunset 16
Class Notes 17
G. A. A. 20
Alumni 21
Athletics 22
Debating 24
Exchanges 25
Advertising 16, 19, 24, 27, 28

The Reviewer

LINCOLN'S ESTIMATE OF WASHINGTON

"WASHINGTON'S is the mightiest name of earth — long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington, is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe we pronounce the name, and in its naked deathless splendor leave it shining on."

WASHINGTON

IF George Washington were alive for his birthday this year, he would light two hundred candles on his cake. What a lot of gifts he would receive, too, from a grateful nation which realizes more and more, the invaluable services rendered by Washington in the capacities of general, statesman, and president! Washington had his times of depression too — that heart-rending winter at Valley Forge alone would have discouraged any ordinary man, but Washington was far above the common run of the people. That indomitable and unflagging spirit which cheered his army, which guided his actions as head of the new nation, and which characterized his every step, can be traced throughout his career. During the darkest days of the war, he continued to persevere with the conviction of the righteousness of the cause and of the final independence of the Colonies. Washington will always be respected as a man devoted to the best interests of his country. He certainly lived up to his own standards thus set forth: "I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of An Honest Man."

J. T.

PATRIOTISM

FEBRUARY is, indeed, an appropriate month in which to ponder over the subject of "Patriotism". Two men who could be called America's greatest patriots, first saw the light of day in this month. This year we celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the "Father of Our Country" and the one hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the birth of the "Saviour of Our Country".

What is patriotism? This question has been asked down through the ages, grandfather to father, father to son. Yet never has it been satisfactorily answered. Is a person who stands on a little platform and absently waves a flag at a squad of passing soldiers a patriot? Decidedly not! Patriotism lies deeper than mere material display.

If a man cannot watch the "stars and stripes" pass by, if he cannot do something for the good old U. S. A., if he cannot uphold her rights, if he is unable to do all these things without feeling an undefinable pulling at his heartstrings, that man is no true American patriot.

However, every man may find beautiful examples of enduring, and heartfelt patriotism in the careers of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Let us all endeavor to follow their doctrine and to make ourselves the finest Americans possible.

J. P.

OPPORTUNITY CALLS

DID you know that there are eighteen teachers in this school who are all capably prepared to teach us a total of six foreign languages, and these figures do not include the many English teachers? We think that every student should take up the study of another language besides English, if for no other reason than pure pleasure. All the advantages of studying foreign tongues, however, are too numerous to be mentioned here.

French is without doubt the best-known and most studied of the foreign languages, and it is likewise one of the most beautiful tongues. Our French department is especially fine, and we read the works of many great men, including Dumas and Molière. Spanish is another language which is quite popular in our school. There are also several classes in Italian, a fact which we think is fairly unknown to most of us.

The German department is a comparatively new undertaking, for the demand for German has arisen only within the past few years. However, there are several classes now, including one in advanced German.

The Latin department, which is very fine in our school, is probably too well-known to be more

than mentioned here. However, Latin is really a very valuable subject to have studied, for once learned it always comes back again. Within the past few years there has arisen a demand for Greek classes, accordingly, one was started last year. Years ago, Greek was a very popular subject here, but it suffered a relapse. There is only one class in Greek; last year it was first-year Greek, and this year the same pupils continued in second-year Greek. Next year, the class will be first-year Greek again. Both Latin and Greek are very worth-while, we think, for while they are the so-called "dead" languages, one continually meets references to them. Thackeray fills his well-loved novels with quotations from the Latin authors, for example.

Therefore, one can see that there is no lack of opportunity to study foreign languages under the guidance of competent teachers, and we strongly advise taking advantage of these opportunities. You will never regret a year or two of some other language besides our own.

E.W.

THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

WE wonder if many students in this school ever stop to realize how much work is spent upon the assemblies, and upon the pageants which are presented to the whole school. It takes a great deal of time and energy to work up the fine effects which we see. Some of us are inclined to take all the entertainment for granted, without stopping to realize how much care has been spent on it.

The Christmas pageant this year was an example of the very lovely results which hard work will accomplish. We wish to express our sincere gratitude for making the pageant possible, to Miss Hartigan and the other elocution teachers, Mr. FitzGerald and Miss Wait, the Art Department, especially Miss Willoughby and Miss Brann, and the Sewing Department. We just discovered the other day that the Sewing Department did a great deal of work on the sumptuous costumes which the actors wore. Great credit is due them, for we think one is sometimes inclined to forget the relatively unimportant parts.

The pageant was very striking this year, we thought. It seemed to us much the best one which we have seen in our four years in this school. The actors had been well-trained, and they showed the results of this training. The red-robed angels in front of the curtain lent the necessary touch of the proper atmosphere. We are still wondering where the robes were found; nobody has seemed willing to divulge the secret. Anne Conley recited with her usual grace and charm, and the singing, both on and off-stage was very pleasing. (We always have liked to hear Joe Eisner sing.)

The Nativity scene was very lovely with the gorgeous colors of the costumes, and the scene in which King Wencelas and his page figured was well done. Again we wish to express our thanks to the many people whose industrious efforts made this pageant such a great success in every way.

THE SENIOR DRAMA

BY the aid of charmingly realistic scenery, Brattle Hall was transformed into a delightful garden in New Orleans, to serve as a setting for the Senior Drama this February. The play, "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans", a comedy in three acts, ran for a long while on Broadway when it was first presented.

The story centers around Nelly Daventry, a woman who is no longer young, and around her niece, Delphine Falaise. Miss Nelly has just returned from a long stay in Paris when the play opens, and finds her niece, who has just returned from a convent, engaged to marry Felix Durand, the son of Georges Durand, an old lover of Miss Nelly. Because of old memories, this marriage seems repulsive to her at first. She calls Andre Clement, another old lover, into consultation, and together they devise plots and counter-plots.

The elder Durand, with the help of Melanie Cardanne, tries to spread scandal which will prevent his son's marriage. The plots and scandal succeed so well, that at the end of the second act one is almost sure that Georges is going to marry Delphine, and Felix will wed Nelly, a surprising reversal of proceedings.

However, the third act disentangles everything, and the end of the play finds Felix about to marry Delphine, and Miss Nelly accepting Georges. We were rather disappointed that provision was not made for Andre's future, also. Miss Nelly's three colored servants provide a delightful bit of comedy.

The main parts were all very well acted. Eleanor Campbell, as Miss Nelly, again proved that she is really quite a genius. She should make a name for herself among actresses. Mary Jordan, taking the part of Delphine, gave a delightfully realistic performance of a young girl in love. Anne Provost, playing Melanie Cardanne, had more of an opportunity for emotional acting than did the others, and she made the most of her chances. She did the part in a very convincing

way, and deserves much credit, for emotional parts are always difficult.

Edwin Packard played the part of Felix, the lover, very well. His love-making was very natural. Bill Baker covered himself with glory in the part of Felix's father, a middle-aged gentleman. Paul Brennan also did very well in the part of Andre Clement, another older gentleman. We had never realized that Victor Gatto could turn somersaults, but he turned several as the naughty urchin. Packard sang well, and some excellent singing was done by the serenader, Lawrence Gibson, a graduate of C. H. L. S. in the class of '26. The three character parts were well done, especially Bernard Kamins, as Unc' Boz, and Mary Falvey as Zephyrine. Cecelia Holt was very good as Angelique, also. Bernard's accent and walk combined to make his disguise complete. The dancing of the revellers, Rita Cassidy, Ida Donavan, Helen Geary, Charles Demurjian, Charles Parker, and Al Wilson, made Act II the gayest of the play.

Miss Hartigan, aided by Miss Sampson, Mrs. Dunn, Miss Hogan, Mr. Donovan and Mr. Foley, picked a very capable cast, and trained them well, with the assistance of Miss Mildred Ford, Miss Connelly and Miss Breau. The orchestra, directed by Miss Wait, played Southern melodies between the acts. Great credit goes to the actors not only for their acting, but also for their speaking, for most of them had to learn dialects. Miss Hartigan always gets marvelous results, and this year's drama was no exception. To Miss Hartigan we owe a great deal.

K. B. CLUB

NEWS! And so very much of it that we hardly know where to begin! First place should be given to the list of our new members, so here goes: Dorothy Falvey, Lilwen Lewis, Muriel Piper, Virginia Adams, Eleanor Draper, Marie Mottla, and Mae Mahoney. Our new method of initiation was a big success. As we told you last time, it was a candle-light service at Anne Conley's home. Our advisers were present, as were all the members except one. The old members were formally dressed, and the initiates were in white. After taking the oath of membership, they received the light of membership from Anne Conley, our president. Afterwards, delicious refreshments were served, and as a slight change from former initiations, everyone was able to enjoy her food!

An account of our dance comes next. What a dance! It was perfect! Everything went off beautifully, and we made millions! Well, — not exactly millions, but we really did make a lot of money. As everyone no doubt knows, it was held at the Cantabrigia Club, on Friday evening, the twenty-second of January. In our receiving line, we were fortunate to have Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, Miss McElroy, Mrs. Conley, and Mrs. Carr. Everyone was busy craning his and her neck to see who was there, and of course, all the girls were much interested in the various dresses. Everyone did look charming, and what is better, they all seemed to have a delightful time. Here's to more dances!

Our next activity is the selling of candy at the drama, which is only a week off. That is always fun, and we hope to be as fortunate in a financial way as we have been before. Judging by the dance, there is no depression!

Time flies, and your studious (?) scribe must get to work! Till we meet again, the best of luck for you all!

LOUISE MAGILL, *Secretary*

THE SHORT STORY CONTEST

AFTER much deliberation, the judges of the "Review" short story contest finally reached an agreement as to the prize winners. In all, seventeen manuscripts were submitted, seven from the upper classes and ten from the lower classes. The "Review" wishes to extend its heartiest congratulations to the following winners:

First Prize for Upper Classes

"Nightmare" .....by Theodora L. Hubbard, '31

Honorable Mention

"Memories" .....by Mary Rankin, '33
"Pride Goeth" .....by Ruth Freeman, '33

First Prize for Lower Classes

"Kensington" .....by Harry Johnson, '35

Honorable Mention

"The Decision" .....by Marion Finkel, '34
"Only an Alien" .....by Martha McGoff, '35

CHESS AND CHECKERS

THE chess team has come to a sad and ignominious death. Its members ever pursued by that dread villain, Time, and its roster of players decimated by the depression, it expired at last in peaceful dignity, far from the tumult of the common herd. To the very last, chess held a warm place in the hearts of the players.

Let us not say, however, "requiescat in pace". Who knows — perhaps some future day chess

(*Continued on page 16*)

NIGHTMARE

First Prize Story

I AM writing this narrative in the darkness of the subterranean caves which were once copper mines in the American Province. All about me are the great masses of deserted machines, built in that prehistoric civilization when the separate Provinces of the World Republic were petty nations, fighting and distrusting one another. In a few days, at the most, the end must come; for I have no food, and the pain in my broken leg is becoming unbearable. To think that I, who loved The World Republic so much, should have done this; yet, as God is my Judge, I meant no harm. Let him who finds this manuscript judge me.

Only a few months ago, I was the happiest man in the world; I was young, strong, one of the foremost scientists in the American Province, and was engaged to Julie Durand, the daughter of the Governor of America. My special work was with explosives of all kinds, from the clumsy T. N. T. of the ancients to the more modern problem of the energy produced by hastening the atomic disintegration of radium. My work also included research into the old science of poisonous gases, and I had only recently evolved a gas which would kill or maim every living creature within ten kilometres of the place where it was set free.

One evening, late in January, a rather elderly man, stooped, with a curiously pallid, unhealthy complexion, and untidy, graying hair, called at my laboratory. I remember now that I was rather abrupt with him because I was going to a theatre with Julie, and did not wish to be late. He explained that he was interested in high explosives, and had lately come across a new formula for making a terribly dangerous explosive by means of very rapid atomic disintegration of copper. A young German scientist had discovered a new element, velasarium, one milligram of which, it was thought, would hasten the disintegration of copper so much that a terrible explosion would be produced, capable of devastating completely an area of twelve square kilometres.

Herr Schmidt, for so he called himself, admitted that neither he nor his young friend possessed the equipment or the technical skill to experiment further. So he had come to me, one of the greatest living experts on high explosives, to see if I would continue the work for a small sum. The "small sum" which he named was immense — about $100,000.

"Look here," I said, "that's too much. My work isn't worth it, unless you plan to use it for some illegal means. Anyway, I've got to know more about the matter."

"What am I going to do with it?" he asked. "Why, I really haven't decided yet. Probably I shall give the formula to the Chemistry Board of the Republic. As a matter of fact, I will tell you the name of one of my colleagues. He is Miles Deeping, the Republic's foremost scientist. If you doubt me, radiograph him; he will confirm my statement."

The mere mention of Mr. Deeping's name convinced me; I know I was a fool to be so duped, but I consented.

It was one of the most ticklish experiments I had ever conducted. My colleague's friend had done nothing in actual experimentation besides the discovery of velasarium. It was dangerous work, but yet it had for me a certain thrill which could not be equalled. At seven in the morning, I got up, breakfasted, and went into my laboratory. There I worked till nine at night, well aware that in the experiment I was conducting, the slightest jar, the smallest trembling of my hand might cause a terrific explosion. Moreover, I had an added incentive to carefulness; I think I have mentioned that life was very dear to me just then because of Julie Durand.

How can I describe Julie — I, who am her murderer? She is, or rather was, tall, slender, perfectly formed, with a pale lovely face, framed by masses of curling chestnut hair. She was well-read, educated, and highly intelligent; indeed, she was supposed to know more than most men on the subject of aeronautics.

Well, about a month after I first began my researches with velasarium, I waited on Mr. Durand to see if he would give his consent to my marriage with Julie. Although with us, marriage is a civil form, and no consent of any but the parties concerned is needed, still I felt that her father's wishes should be obeyed.

I found him in his office, seated at his desk, a small, wiry, dark man, with oddly large and intent black eyes. He looked up and smiled as I entered — a strangely gay and charming smile.

"Ah, good evening, Jack, my boy," he remarked. "You have not been here lately. I trust you have not been ill."

"No," I answered," but I have been engrossed in a new problem. Sir," I added "may I ask if you are willing that Julie and I should be married?"

"Surely," he replied, "but I am afraid that your wedding will have to be postponed."

"Till when?" I asked, in a slightly lugubrious tone.

Mr. Durand smiled again. "In five months," he replied, "will be the Convention of the Provinces of the World Republic. I do not think it wise that any private affairs should occur before then, but on the very day after, if you wish, you and Julie shall be married."

My head in a whirl, I made my adieux, and left to tell Julie the news. The time till my wedding seemed like centuries, but, on the other hand, I recognized Mr. Durand's kindness in actually fixing the date.

* * * * * *

In less than four months after that, one damp, foggy morning, I stumbled upon the desired formula. Like many other facts, it was simplicity itself once I had mastered it, and I was appalled at the deadly ease with which this terrible explosive could be manufactured.

Copper was purified by treating it with chloroplatinic acid to produce copper-platinate. Then the copper in the solution was replaced by iron, thus setting free a very pure form of copper, which was then melted. While in a molten state, a few grams of pure sodium chloride were added, and then a very tiny fraction of a grain of velasarium. Naturally, my experiments were carried on with very minute quantities, but once, when I used a slightly larger proportion, the resulting explosion blew the roof from my laboratory. Fortunately, or rather unfortunately, I escaped.

I notified my employer of my discovery, and he arrived at my laboratory one sultry June evening as I was bending over a vat of molten copper.

"Is it done?" he asked, somewhat nervously.

For reply, I pointed toward the vat, and then toward a tiny box of velasarium. "If those two ingredients were mixed," I answered, "the force of the explosion would scoop out a hole here a mile deep, and send us flying toward the moon."

His color changed from its normal pallid hue to a greenish yellow, as he leaped back toward the door.

"You have done your task well," he quavered. "Now give me the formulae and the velasarium."

"Not so quickly," I replied. "First, where is my payment?"

"Here it is! Here it is!" and he thrust a check into my hand in his haste to get away from so dangerous a neighborhood.

Laughing at his fears, I gave him what he wanted. Had I known what was to happen, I think I would have flung the cursed stuff into the vat, and have welcomed death by the explosion; but I was unforeseeing; my acquaintance seized what I gave him and fled.

* * * * * *

A month later, on the day before the Convention, I received a message from my chief to be in charge of a group of scientists in a ship a mile above the festivities in order to test out a new television apparatus connected with a new miniature radio. I remember now how annoyed I was; I had secured fine seats on the grand-stand for Julie and myself, but my superior's orders must be obeyed.

On the following day, I climbed into a luxurious air-yacht, and with my companions slowly floated up to a position directly above historic Boston Common. Then we connected the apparatus, and pulled away the coverings from the immense sheet of glass which served as the television reflector. The device was a great success; every sound was clearly audible; every face, visible. I could see Julie as clearly as if she were sitting beside me.

The sight was a wonderful one — thousands, millions of men, women, and children from all over the world crowded together in peace and amity. A Chinese man, in flowing silken robes was beside a delicately-gowned, perfumed Parisian lady; on her other side was a brawny African, clad only in a leopard-skin. In another part of the crowd, a rotund Eskimo in fur garments smiled and gesticulated to a stately Hindu ascetic in loin-cloth and turban.

As we "tuned in", the President of the World Republic, John Anson, was speaking,

"Friends, fellow-citizens, I am pleased to say that on this day, *all* nations will be represented here at last. As you remember, when the Republic was formed a thousand years ago, one little nation held aloof; and ever since then, it has refused to join us. Today, they have sent us this message:

'To the World Republic;

On the day of the World Convention, at eleven o'clock, you will receive a messenger from us which will forever join us.'

"It is now five minutes to eleven," added the

President. "Let us wait for our friends."

I can still see that scene — the shifting, yet silent crowd in its many-colored finery — the blue, intense sky, with a hot sun blazing down — the old, old buildings — the green foliage — the kindly, honest face of the President — Mr. Durand, with his wide, charming smile — Julie, with her exquisite, gay, vivid face. I could tell what she wore that day — but I must not; it would drive me mad, and I must not become mad till I have finished my story.

At eleven o'clock, I saw a great, oval shell hurtling down through the sky. As it reached the distance of about three hundred feet above the earth, it turned slowly over. Then the thing happened. Even now, it seems an awful nightmare; there was a roar as if the whole earth were going up in flame and smoke. As if in a flash, I saw the faces of the crowd change from peace and happiness to idiotic terror. The expression of the President lost its benevolence and simple kindliness and turned to fear incarnate. Thank God, I could not see Julie; her at least I shall always remember as happy and unafraid.

Almost as I looked, our ship was swept upward by a terrific blast. Fully thirty miles we shot upwards into space; then we fell. When the explosion came, it was eleven o'clock of a clear, hot day; we came down in a cold, drizzling rain eight hours later. Why I was not killed by all that had happened to me, I do not know. I must have been mad with fear; I wandered about until I came to a deserted mine-shaft with a rotten rope hanging in it. I was afraid that I might be pursued, and let myself down by the rope. When I was near the bottom, I fell, breaking my leg. The end is near —.

* * * * * *

Two Days Later: My head is clear now; I see what must have happened. My employer who made me his dupe in manufacturing the hellish compound was an emissary of that one small nation. They secured my services through a trick, and so made me the weapon that destroyed the rest of the world. They must be in power now — our dream of peace and good-will is shattered — by me. Yet God knows I meant no harm —.

THEODORA LOUISE HUBBARD, '31

KENSINGTON

First Prize Story

AT the first sign of war between England and America, Martin Kensington had seen his opportunity to serve the newly independent nation. He had set sail for London as soon as his affairs could be cleared up.

Since his voyage, much time had elapsed and he had become a famous American spy — so famous in fact that Washington himself spoke of him as "Kensington". On his return from that first voyage he had brought back such explicit knowledge of the enemy's plans that he had embarked on another trip. Our story is of this second exploit.

In the barracks at London, he was whipping a large company of His Majesty's men into shape. He was just the man for these London positions, for he spoke like an Englishman, having been educated in language and military science in England. His military science included swordsmanship, of which he was a master, having been taught by both French and English tutors, and infantry routine which he was teaching his English pupils.

He had trained his men according to the English custom, until he was ready to lead them across the water to re-enforce Gage in his seige of Boston. The ship was being prepared to leave in a week. During this week the preparations for the voyage were not all official, however. The spy's cabin contained some things that if discovered might cause him some embarrassing moments.

At last everything was in readiness and the vessel weighed anchor. Although Martin was leader of the soldiers, he was not captain of the ship for he knew nothing of navigation. I should not have said that he did not captain the ship; I should have said rather that the captaincy was divided. As captain of the sailors, the navigator's business was to pilot the ship to Boston safely. As captain of the soldiers, Kensington had the greater power, but did not need it.

On the second day of the crossing the captains called an assembly on the deck. It was to be an inspection of the soldiers and the smaller group of sailors. Kensington examined each man separately. When he started on the line of sailors, he was shaken, but his nerve served him well. Why was he shaken? The very first seaman was a man whom Kensington had seen and heard of in Boston. Like Kensington he had sailed to England at the first sign of war — but for a very different purpose. He was a Tory and his sympathies were so strong for George III that he had joined his navy, for his earlier career had been on the sea. Kensington's uneasiness may well be imagined, but he was cool and prudent. Likewise was the Tory, for he showed

not the slightest recognition, although a keen eye might have detected a malicious gleam in his eyes. His control was due to his having seen and recognized Martin on the first day of the voyage.

From then on, Kensington was ever alert, although he expected no action from Sam Stickner (the Tory) until they were near their destination — Martin wondered whether he recognized him at all. However, he took every precaution, wearing a long, slender rapier at all times, and bolting the door of his cabin every night.

They arrived in Boston Harbor at night, and decided to remain on board ship until the morning; that is, all but Kensington. He was in his cabin putting all his belongings in a light suitcase. With his sword at his side, his pistol hidden in his coat, his uniform on his frame, and the satchel in his hand he was touching all his belongings.

He had hardly set his satchel in a corner of the cabin when the door, which had not yet been locked, opened quietly to admit Stickner with drawn sword. Although Kensington had excellent ears, he did not hear the trespasser until the door clicked shut again. Kensington wheeled instantly to face his enemy, who rushed at him furiously. As his mind grasped the situation, Martin calmy waited the brief second before the charger thrust. But as he saw Stickner's arm beyond control in the fraction before the thrust, Kensington fell to his knees and quickly regained a standing posture out of reach for the moment. In a flash his blade was bare and he stood ready, his position exchanged with that of his opponent. He did not hold the advantage long, however, for Stickner rushed, and the two were soon clashing, each intent on killing the other. Kensington pressed the match, but he found a worthy opponent. As they measured their opponents, they grew cooler and fought more on the defensive. When they came to this stage, Stickner began to talk as he fought.

"Damned rebel! call yourself Bixby now, eh? When I knew you, you were Martin Kensington. I recognized you instantly. And now I'm going to carve you!"

"Fools can boast," said Kensington, alias Bixby, calmly. "Don't get excited. Keep cool as I am," he taunted exasperatingly.

This had the desired effect. Stickner raged and felt an overwhelming passion to end the fight. With a cry of "Take that, rebel!" he lunged his sword with terrible power and swiftness. But as Kensington was expecting this, he merely sidestepped and while his attacker was momentarily off balance, he leaned forward and with a carefully aimed stroke, pierced Stickner's body in the region of the heart until the blade showed through the back of his shirt.

Swiftly Martin cleaned his rapier, and having thrust it in its scabbard, he turned his attention to the pockets of the loser. He found a few English coins, a covered dagger, a small package of tobacco, a clay pipe, an identification card, a portrait of the King of England, and a handkerchief. Of Stickner's possessions Martin kept the sword and dagger, the money, and the identification card, which, he thought, might come in handy some time. He left the body where it had fallen, and waited to ascertain whether the other soldiers had heard the disturbance. He heard footsteps swiftly approaching his cabin. With great presence of mind he opened the door and spoke as if he were in haste.

"Come quickly, whoever you are."

The unknown came into the circle of light, and Kensington recognized a half-clad soldier.

"Yes, sir," said he respectfully. "I heard a noise — " he began with an embarrassed air.

"Yes! Yes!" said Martin, "Quick! Wake the men. Everybody! This man," indicating Stickner, "is a spy. He tried to kill me and when he thought he had me, he said that a clock bomb is hidden in the hold. Order all hands in my name to go below and find that bomb!"

In a moment the excited dupe had everyone on board but Kensington looking for the mythical bomb. The spy took advantage of the situation and really did set a time bomb in his cabin. It was set to go off in half an hour.

Martin took his satchel and went with it to the stern of the dark vessel. He swung himself over the rail and climbed down the rope ladder and seated himself in the rowboat which he had stationed there while the men were eating supper. He untied the rope and rowed vigorously for the Boston shore. Beaching the boat, he was startled by a sentinel:

"Who goes there?"

"Don't you recognize a superior officer when you see one?" said the spy boldly.

"How do I know you're a superior officer?" dubiously.

"Do you not see my uniform? How do I know that you are a sentinel? Come, enough of this. Quick, if you can not say the countersign, I shall report you."

The sentinel determined to test the stranger.

"God only before the King," said he.

Kensington was not sure whether this reply was a trap or not. He determined to find out before he committed himself.

"You don't want to change that?" he asked.

The tone of voice in which this was spoken

was confusing. The sentry did not know whether he meant:

Is that your final word? If so you are doomed; of whether he meant:

Are you telling me the truth? Is this a trick?; or — well he didn't know; it was indeed very confusing.

This sentry was rather a "greenhorn", so he looked disconcerted.

Kensington read all this in his face, and thus knew he had caught him in a trick. He quickly said:

"Come. Do you want me to judge you on that?"

This settled the matter. Surely, thought the sentry, he is testing me! "No, I lied. The password is 'Get the Rebels, capital R.' "

Kensington was convinced. "Very good. Now take me to General Gage."

"Yes, sir," said the rookie, also convinced.

Kensington grew uneasy. Why didn't the bomb explode? Suppose he should fail? Oh, what a thought! All his work for nothing, and a precarious position in the bargain — that is what he would have.

Just then Kensington's thoughts were interrupted. Meanwhile, from his position on Dorchester Heights, Washington saw Boston Harbor rise up amid a deafening roar, and thus he knew that his able Kensington had succeeded.

Taking advantage of the guard's astonishment, the wary spy plunged his dagger into his heart, killing him instantly. He lifted him up and put him in the rowboat. He exchanged his identification card with that of Stickner and then he placed the dead man's hand on the dagger to make the death appear a suicide.

Then he ran into the heart of Boston to mingle with the fast collecting crowd of redcoats who wanted to see the cause of the explosion. Finding the dead sentry, they concluded he had set the bomb and, repenting his action, had committed suicide. Later, when they looked up Stickner's record in England, they learned that he had served on the sunken ship. This convinced them that it was he who had escaped from the ship.

The loss was tremendous to the British and helped Washington to drive them from Boston.

Two days later, Kensington borrowed a horse from a subordinate and rode to Washington's camp. Now that he knew the British countersign he could come and go as he wished. When he was well out of sight of the English, he turned his brilliant coat inside out so that an American sentry would not shoot hastily.

He gave the one password that would open the gates of any American camp and went to the great man's presence. After he was cordially welcomed and congratulated, he received a raise in rank from George Washington himself.

HARRY JOHNSON, '35

MEMORIES

Honorable Mention

IT was about four o'clock of a slushy winter day. In a cozy apartment in one of New York's finest hotels, a famous actress, the foremost tragedienne of the American stage, was serving tea to some of her friends. She sat by the crackling fire, quietly but tastefully dressed, her dark hair in a simple knot, her low, rich voice greeting her guests warmly.

In a sudden lull in the conversation, the voice of a young French artist of growing reputation was heard. He seemed to be telling a story. "Yes, she used to come to the gardens in Paris every day, always alone, always watching the children. She was rather like a fairy princess to them; one day she would buy a toy or cakes for a ragged urchin, another day she would hire a boat for a wistful urchin boy. She told stories, too, in her lovely voice. Her dragons were always fiercer than those of anyone else, her enchanted woods more gloomy, her fairy princesses more gloriously beautiful. There was a rumor, I know not how started, perhaps from one of her stories, that she had lost a child.

"One day she found a little boy weeping alone. Bit by bit she drew the story from him. There was to be a contest for home-made boats on the pond; although he had a boat, he had not money enough to enter. Through the magic of her voice she persuaded the lad (for he was proud) that he was doing her a favor in letting her enter his boat. A few days before the contest the boy approached her. 'Madame,' he said, 'the ship has no name. Will you name it?' There was silence for a moment, then the lady said wistfully, 'Her name was Jane.' The boy nodded; it *was* the little lost daughter, then.

"A few days after the 'Jane' had won the contest, our fairy princess left Paris and never returned." The young painter paused; the other guests, sensing that the story was yet unfinished, urged him to go on. Only his hostess was silent, her eyes gazing at the opposite wall, where hung

a picture of a little girl of about five years. The story-teller continued, "When her little protegé was older, he entered another contest. This one was to encourage young artists. The boy, who was very fond of painting, chose as his subject the lovely, lonely woman whom he had never forgotten. Although his drawing won no prizes, it interested a visitor who sent him to the best art schools in the country. I have that picture," the young Frenchman ended suddenly. The drawing was passed around. It was a sketch of a woman about twenty-eight, simply dressed, her hair in a knot at the nape of her neck. She was seated on a bench, her eyes fastened on a group of children sailing boats. One arm was about a baby boy, who was playing with the necklace around her throat; the other arm was outstretched, the hand cupped to receive the pebbles a little girl was gleefully pouring into it. Although the sketch was crude it was alive, and showed the talent which was later to become famous.

The young artist spoke again. "I have called the picture 'The Madonna Who Has Lost Her Child'."

The hostess stirred. "A charming story, Armand," she said. "More tea?"

MARY RANKIN, '33

THE DECISION

Honorable Mention

HE could not sleep. All night long he had tossed restlessly on his narrow cot, fighting with himself. His was not a new problem, but one as old as civilization itself. How many more before him had been confronted with the same situation!

Through his tortured mind his thoughts ran. Why could not he bring himself to do the job before it was too late? What if it was wrong to steal? Once over, if he were not caught, they would be freed from this kind of life, this wretched, miserable poverty, away from his good-for-nothing father. But, no, he could not do it. It was not honest. He laughed but without mirth. Who said, "Honesty is the best policy?" — the opulent? — of course. What did they know of hunger, of misery, of living in a dark, gloomy hovel where sunshine and fresh air were alien, of cold, of want, of everything that he and thousands of others had endured? Nothing. What right then had the rich, who squandered money without a thought, to say, "Be honest"? He choked back a sob. "Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's." How could one help envying in his circumstances? It was against human nature not to. . . .

Finally it was over; he had decided. Whatever happened, he, for one, would stick to the straight and narrow path. Perhaps it was the influence in his younger days of his gentle mother, of whom he had but a memory, which made him decide as he had. Perhaps it was fear, fear of the consequences. Already in his half-distorted mind he could picture himself before the hostile eyes of a court. And, if he were not caught, for years he would go through life like a hunted creature dreading discovery. In his heart the boy knew that even if he had not been found out, and had done what had been so long contemplated, he would have contempt for himself, his conscience would never allow him to respect himself. Yes, cost what it would, he would be honest.

Although he was then too young to realize it, at sixteen he had fought the greatest battle of his life, and had made the decision which had moulded his character from then on.

Twenty-five Years Later

Morning had come in the secluded study of an old colonial mansion. It was an impressive room, one that soon revealed to the keen observer the likes and dislikes of its occupant. In the swivel chair before a huge desk, a man sat. His visage showed that life had not dealt leniently with him, but he possessed that quiet serenity and acquired philosophy which comes to those who have lived, and learned by experience.

A servant, treading noiselessly on the richly carpeted floor, entered. He informed his master that outside he had a boy who had attempted to break through the previous night and steal. For a moment the man was silent. At the servant's words something stirred within him. A memory long forgotten had been brought to life again. Then, recovering, he ordered the lad to come in. In the talk that followed, the older, whose practised eye had seen at a glance the true nature of the boy, spoke to him not as man to man, but as equal to equal. Here was a boy whose circumstances had been even harder than his to bear. He had chosen the other path.

Finally the boy left with a new sincere outlook on life, an honest job, and a will to do right.

That is the way life goes! Our own determination to defy temptation often in the end moulds not only our own lives, but often helps others to see the right way.

MARIAN FINKEL, '34

PARIS IN MID-SUMMER

THE thrills, the feelings, the sensations experienced by an American tourist in Europe are so many and varied that many pages would be used to give an accurate account of one's trip. Even then I doubt if every noteworthy incident could be recorded. However, having spent the summer of 1931 in Europe, I shall attempt to give a few brief descriptions which to me make a trip to Europe interesting.

To an experienced traveler, the crossing of the Atlantic is no more of a thrill than the crossing of the harbor is to a Bostonian. To me, though, making the voyage for the first time, there was not an idle moment from the minute the liner left the New York pier to the docking at Havre. There was always something to do — games, swimming, movies, or if nothing else, one might find a disputant companion and discuss the relative merits of Will Rogers and Mahatma Gandhi.

In the evening there was no lessening of activities. To make a description more vivid, fair reader, spend an evening with me out there on the Atlantic. Will you? Fine.

Well, here we are on the S. S. "Lafayette", one thousand miles east of Nantucket lightship, with time on our hands. You're not quite sure of my last name, but I've forgotten yours, so what difference does it make? Look around! The moon has flooded the wake of the ship for miles back, turning each white cap into a silvery petal, and now it has bathed the whole ship in its soft, white light. Pretty, isn't it? The upper deck has been turned into a dance floor, with flood lights strung overhead. The orchestra, now on deck, is playing one of those irresistible Viennese waltzes. Shall we dance? Let's! What a night! The ship, that moon, that waltz, and you, fair reader, all combine to make ship travelling risky for a man with a weak heart. We dance, we go below to play ping-pong, and then dance again. So the night passes all too quickly. (Perhaps we've waited up to see the dawn, who knows?) Now we must part. Thank you, reader, for accompanying me. I enjoyed it, too.

Paris — gay, lively, colorful, and, at times, sombre, is one of the most fascinating and interesting cities on the earth. Having lived a month in its Latin quarter, I had some opportunity to see why Paris is so famous, and I certainly believe it fulfills the description of Montaigne who called it "the glory of France and one of the most noble ornaments of the world."

I shall not elaborate on its innumerable monuments, cathedrals, and museums; you have all read of their fame. However, I must mention a few of those sights which make Paris memorable, like the bookstalls on the Seine; the Arabs who sell furs and trinkets at the sidewalk cafés; the smart looking "agents", defenders of the law; the honking taxis; and last, but certainly not least, those nonchalant, languid "pêcheurs" who, seated on the quays with legs dangling over the edge, hope that some unfortunate "poisson" will fall victim to their bait.

However, one must not associate Paris altogether with bright lights, music, and gayety. He must remember the historical import of this exotic city. Many lives have been lost during the past centuries in defense of it; kings and other rulers have come and gone in its buildings; bloody revolutions have been waged in its streets. Indeed, it can truly be said that the history of Paris is the history of France.

Last summer this famous city was especially noted for its International Colonial Exposition. This was a collection of expositions from almost every country in the world, with emphasis, naturally, on France and French possessions. To see the exhibit correctly one had to spend days in the Bois de Vincennes, where it was held. All sorts of people were represented there. One saw small Manchurian soldiers, guarding the imitation of the Temple of Angkor Vat, and huge black men of Morocco, dressed in colorful robes, parading past the replica of our own Mount Vernon. This exposition cost a million dollars to complete; it was a clever and well done piece of work.

One of the most interesting weeks of my life was spent at the tiny village of Montsec, in the heart of the battlefield section. At this place, wearing a heavy peasant suit and hobnailed boots, I had an exceptional opportunity of seeing the battlefields in practically the same condition as in November, 1918. The fields were covered with shrubs and poppies, but everywhere one found grim reminders of the Great War. Trenches and dugouts, for the most part caved in, were abundant throughout the region. Lanterns, bayonets, a few helmets, canteens, all rusty and old, were strewn about. In every level field were seen the famed German "pill boxes", those small, garage-like affairs, made of cement and stone, from which a few machine guns could sweep the surrounding fields. Practically all these block houses were in excellent condition, some being put to use by the thrifty French peasants as storage places.

Montsec, itself, as the name implies, is a large hill. The center of this huge mound is honeycombed with tunnels and galleries, made by the Germans in 1914. The hill being used as a lookout, Montsec was well guarded and considered very important, in fact so important that electricity and running water were installed and the hill made a veritable fort. Being considered impregnable by the French, it was taken by American soldiers in 1918 after a loss of several thousand lives.

These battlefields, so interesting yet so horrible, are a great factor in averting future wars by showing the grim and deadly effect of the last war.

Pages more could be written on the sights of a European trip, for one could never forget the sight of Munich at dawn; the beauty and grandeur of the Swiss Alps; the magnificence of the Italian cathedrals. However, there is no space. Let me conclude by stating that a European trip is more than a vacation; it is an education in itself, and anyone who can possibly arrange one should make every attempt at so doing. We all dream of travelling some day; may your dreams become a reality!

STEPHEN J. MCCORMICK, '31

HOCKEY GAME

I saw the game;
Although I still can't tell who won —
I think the teams both looked the same
To anyone.
But it was worth admission price
To see them trip and hit the ice!

I couldn't say
Which goal our team stormed gallantly,
And as for all the points of play,
I'm still at sea.
And yet, it gave me quite a thrill
To see the players take a spill!

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33

ON OPENING BUREAU DRAWERS

OPENING a bureau drawer is one of the simplest things in the world to do, and yet it is one of the hardest; it is one of the easiest things to attempt, and one of the most difficult to accomplish successfully; and it is a thing one could expect a child to do, yet many adults annually fail to accomplish this task. With this Chestertonianism let me preface my remarks upon this subject.

Many a bureau drawer, after having slid in and out along the appointed grooves for years and years, suddenly takes upon itself a grudge against its owner, and manifests this feeling by a refusal to budge at some critical minute. One never finds a bureau drawer becoming obstinate when one has time to spend cajoling it into good behavior. Oh no! A drawer will never stick except when it is absolutely imperative that it be opened immediately.

There are three well-known ways of attempting to open a stubborn drawer, all of which are guaranteed to be ineffectual. First there is pulling, which is sure to break even the best of handles, no matter how well attached it may be. Then there is pushing, which is equally sure to wedge the drawer in even more tightly. The third method is the most complicated, and consequently the least likely to meet with the slightest degree of success. This consists of first pulling, then pushing, third, aiming a few well-directed blows of the foot at any convenient object, and fourth, going off in a rage. If the drawer is the top drawer, nothing can be done, but if it is any other than the upper drawer, some well-meaning member of the family will come up and sweetly inquire why one does not remove the drawer above and reach down until the desired object comes within one's grasp. However, it must be admitted that all people are not sufficiently double-jointed to do this.

Show me a lady or a gentleman trying to open a fractious bureau drawer, and I will promise to tell you truthfully whether or not such a person is fit to be a friend of yours, for by their actions shall they be judged.

EMILY WHITMAN, '32

A VISIT TO A MUSEUM

WE have just stepped onto the portico surrounding the court at Mrs. Gardner's Palace. We stand spellbound, overwhelmed by the beauty facing us: the garden full of gorgeous living color, perfect with its simplicity of arrangement and choice of flowers and shrubs. The walls of the Palace, rising on all four sides are tinted with soft, rosy shades which seem to vary as dusk falls.

Turning to the left, we entered the Spanish cloisters from which the garden is still visible. At one end is Sargent's dancer, a whirl of black and white motion. She has a happy, thrilling expression on her face, lighted up with the excitement of her dance. Her coal-black shining hair falls loosely about her face, making her eyes seem incredibly dark, flaming with the life of another world. Looking at this portrait one felt as if he were watching a real dancer who may vanish from the stage at any second. We were as intent on this wondrous figure as were the people actually painted to appreciate her. I felt a shiver of excitement as I turned from the painting only to see her again, moving, swaying, still dancing! At the other end of the cloister there is a mirror located, which reflects Sargent's masterpiece.

Mrs. Gardner was an extremely religious woman, who loved and prized the symbols of any religions, either Pagan or Christian. In the Buddha Chapel the most striking arrangement is that of three Buddhas which represent the Past, the Present, and the Future. In this Chapel there is but one window which gives very little light. But the three idols are placed so that the Buddha of the Past is completely seen; the one of the Present is only half visible. The image representing the Future is entirely in the dark. We knew he was there because we had a flashlight. This chapel is down in the bowels of the earth, and as we mounted again into daylight it was refreshing to breathe fresh air. Also we were thankful to escape the wiles of Buddha; he has a queer effect on one. To reassure her guests Mrs. Gardner has placed, directly opposite the entrance to the Chapel and at the end of a walk through green plants, one of her loveliest pieces, a statue of the Virgin Mary and her Son.

But hark! Music reached our ears and following the strains we arrived at a beautiful long, low room. At one end a man played the piano while a girl sang. They were in semi-darkness, yet outlined against the twilight behind them, coming through an arched, woodcarved window. The music seemed mysterious and far away in the great depth of the room. Mrs. Gardner always liked to have music there for her friends. In this room there are several pieces of extraordinary furniture, two or three portraits, one of a king reigning still, over the huge carved fireplace at one extreme of the room. The outstanding tapestries, Fleming, 16th Century, which line the walls all around, seem to dominate the scene.

In the room with her three best Rembrandts there is a portrait of the Duke of Monmouth which Mrs. Gardner had some trouble getting because Princess Frederick wanted it at the time. The Princess wrote to Mrs. Gardner saying that she had more claim to the portrait as she was a Stuart and one of his family. Mrs. Gardner replied that she too was a Stuart. (That was her maiden name.) As Mrs. Gardner could go higher than the Princess, she won the painting.

Oh! but her home is filled with wonderful things! Several portraits of her show how she herself looked: not beautiful, but striking and magnetic, powerful and erect. From one of her upper windows the illuminated cross on the Mission Church in Roxbury can be seen. One night she and a friend were looking out to the cross, uplifting and glorious against the black winter sky. Mrs. Gardner told her friend that was her inspiration and her ideal which she had tried to carry out in her home — and surely she succeeded.

ANNE CLEVELAND, '32

CLOUDS

Fleecy little things, floating here and there
Like a fairy kingdom sailing through the air.
Forming misty pictures — e'en angels oft sail by!
Oh, I wonder if they could be,
With their bewitching imagery,
The forms of earth's departed looking
downward from the sky!

RUTH M. FREEMAN, '33

REFLECTIONS

The snow
Comes floating down,
To rest upon the land
Like tear-drops which the angels shed
O'er man;

For man,
In all his pomp,
Is but a wilful child
Who must be shown compassion kind
And mild;

And we
So plague our guards,
That they in turn must weep
O'er all our foolish errors, while
We sleep.

EMILY WHITMAN, '32

SELF-EXPRESSION IN THE ART OF HAIRDRESSING

SLAVERY has returned. It has crept upon us so gradually that most, even those whose bonds are tightest, fail to recognize the familiar state of servitude. I refer to the gentle art of hairdressing. In this modern age, a lady's coiffeur is one of her most important considerations. Once again, hair pins are scattered gaily about, and beauty parlors take the place of curling irons. A few years ago, bobbed hair revolutionized the world of fair ladies, and long flowing locks were but tales of the past. Now the women have used their ever famous right, the privilege of changing their minds, and women's crowning glory is again coming into its own. Each woman and girl is striving for self expression and individuality with, as a whole, very disastrous results.

In olden times, grandma had the same trials and tribulations. Many styles were fashioned to please grandpa and to make other masculine breasts heave with sighs of emotion. The "pug", a mysterious arrangement of the hair, always had a roving spirit. In it was exemplified the true character of a vagabond. Once, in a moment of glory, the "pug" was perched aloft on woman's head. The "pug" was then truly worth its weight in wire for it required numberless tormenting hairpins to keep it in place. Next, it wandered to the left, and soon to the right, vainly seeking repose, while a tasty curl, resembling a watch spring, adorned the opposite cheek. Sometimes, the "pug", literally, went "over the top" and stood saucily on a lady's brow. "Rats" soon joined the "pug" and together they romped merrily over women's heads.

Psyche set the prevailing mode for one period with a twist and a loop that took the female world by storm. Women toiled unceasingly to gain the proper touch and air. A Japanese style next was in vogue, which spread the hair in such a fan-shaped mass that a girl, coming head-on, resembled a sail boat running before the wind, with her spinnaker set. This style soon passed in favor of "snarling". This was very convenient, for a wind storm only added to one's beauty. However, this coiffeur caused so much pain and loss of temper that it retired into the back-ground.

American women were finally exhausted by the endless race for self-expression. They flocked from one style to another like woolly sheep until they ended by having their locks shorn. Peace came for a few years, but, recently, desire for more self-expression, or, perhaps, a freak turn of mind has led women to appear again in weird styles of hairdressing. School girls try to copy Greta Garbo and Ann Harding; young ladies assume queer aspects, and young men smilingly tell them how fascinating they are. Fortunately, a few still hope in women's fickleness and trust that "this, too, shall pass away".

GERTRUDE LANCASTER, '32

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

WHEN I say "Gilbert and Sullivan", I do not mean W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan; I mean their light operas which entertained England for so many years at the Savoy Theatre in London. All these comic operas make fun of some part of the British Government or of some English custom, but their fun is not bitter. It brings enjoyment, not wrath. 'The Mikado", although it takes place in Japan, certainly pertains just as much to the English governmental system. In "Iolanthe" one of the peers confesses frankly, "I have a great respect for brains; I often wish I had some myself." In "Princess Ida", a parody on Tennyson's "The Princess", the leaders of the women's University explain the superiority of women by Darwin's theory: *man* is descended from the ape; *woman* — is not!

The characters in Gilbert and Sullivan are charmingly artless and frank. Yum-Yum, the heroine of the "Mikado", exclaims, "I often wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am the most attractive person in the whole world!" When Katisha (a most unattractive old thing, tra la, with a caricature of a face) responds to Ko-Ko's courting (which he has done only to save his life) with "Oh, I'm a silly little goose!", Ko-Ko agrees, "You are." When the stout Fairy Queen informs us that Iolanthe taught her how to curl up in a buttercup, one of the fairies remarks, "She certainly did surprising things!"

The music of Gilbert and Sullivan is even more contagious than the words are. I now quote Gilbert continuously, and just as often I sing, hum, or whistle Sullivan. After the ominous tones of the "Witches' Curse" from "Ruddigore" had been going through my head all day, I once tried to work it off by humming it very, very softly sixth period, but my neighbor gazed at me with astonished eyes and raised brows, so that I was forced to let that tune continue unhummed for another forty-five minutes. If, when I am walking, I suddenly start singing softly to myself, and skip a little now and then, instead of skipping continuously, Sullivan is to blame. If I do a great deal of skipping in the house, Sullivan is to blame. That I have played the piano very much this fall is the fault of Gilbert and Sullivan. That I expected my enthusiasm to abate after a few weeks shows how little I knew one of Gilbert and Sullivan's strongest qualities, endurance. Gilbert and Sullivan operas are a disease; not the kind that wears one down, but the kind that builds one up and makes one more healthily happy. I hope that I shall never get over loving Gilbert and Sullivan.

CATHERINE SANDERS, '32

SONATA

I sit at the piano —
I make deep, mellow chords.
I dream —
I am a great musician,
Moving people,
Holding them spellbound.
I am a poet.
I write enchanting verse.
Wrapped in a dark blue cloak,
In a moon-lit forest
I await my lover.
My finger slips —
The chord is spoiled,
The spell is broken —
I am again only
A silly girl,
Practising.

CHARLOTTE STOREK, '34

CHESS AND CHECKERS

(*Continued from page 4*)

may yet be renewed in this school. In sooth, such glorious resurrections have been. But for the present it is gone, with fond farewells, but gone.

Checkers, however, is still alive, very much so, too. Mr. Fougère yet has herds of freshmen and sophomores cluttering up his room. What experts they are at cluttering!

The team has not procured any games yet, and the prospects of playing seem very remote. Nevertheless, it is comforting to know that should our school receive a challenge, it would not be found unprepared. Its valiant checker team would courageously march to the fore, to do or die for Cambridge Latin. The members of the team are waiting eagerly to prove this a fact.

M. Specter, '32

DURRELL DEBATING SOCIETY

IT is indeed gratifying to see the membership of the Durrell Debating Society increase rapidly within the past month. Parliamentary law, court trials, and debates constitute the greater part of the activities, but in addition the members of the society will attend the State Legislative Assemblies, City Council meetings, as well as political and college debates. In short, this organization will study all branches and types of argumentation. All those who are interested in debating should make an effort to join the Durrell Debating Society immediately. Students who wish to enroll will please communicate with Miss Breau in Room 45A.

Martin Tagerman - John Moran, '32

A NIGHT SCHOOL CONTRIBUTION

WE were very much pleased the other day to receive the following contribution from a student in one of the evening classes of the High School. We wish that more Night School pupils would contribute, for we think that every section of the school should be represented in the *Review*.

SUNSET

Sunset with your gorgeous splendor way off in the western skies,
Your beauties are so wondrous, I love to feast mine eyes;
Aflame with burnished, coppery gold, and rose of vivid hue,
Streaks of palest green, and violet, and lovely turquoise blue.
As I scan these flitting glories, scenes are being born,
Clouds shape up like mountains, and fleecy angels form;
A little village in a valley, a bit of sky, a lake,
And the floating, purplish clouds, palaces do make.

Wonderful, golden panorama of plateau and plain,
Softly gliding into view, and fading out again,
Changing scenes of wonder, which are old, yet new,
Make us think of Him, who fashioned this, our view.

Mary J. Duffy

PORTIA LAW SCHOOL

ESTABLISHED 1908

The only law school exclusively for women in the world. Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School are admitted without entrance examinations.

Four year course, granting degree of Bachelor of Laws. Two separate divisions, Day or Evening. Attend either Division.

Two year graduate course, granting degree of Master of Laws. Send for catalog.

ARTHUR W. MacLEAN, A. B., LL.B., J. M., Dean
45 MT. VERNON STREET, BOSTON **Capitol 5725**

Hanson: "Three of those apples you sent me were rotten. I am bringing them back."

Storekeeper: "That's all right, sir. You needn't bring them back. Your word is just as good as the apples."

Dr. Pillmix: Has your son had any lucid intervals since I was here last?

Mrs. Hopkins: He hasn't had anything, Doctor, but what you ordered.

Towers: What is the difference between vision and sight?

Ritzau: Well, one can flatter a girl by calling her a vision, but don't call her a sight.

Miss Getchell: Blum, why are you not writing?

Blum: I ain't got no pen.

Miss Getchell: Where's your grammar?

Blum: She's dead.

Mr. Fougère wrote upon the blackboard, "LXXXX." Then, peering over the rims of his spectacles at a girl in the front row, he said:

"I'd like you to tell me what that means?"

"Love and kisses," the girl replied.

Drysdale: How shall I book the amount with which the cashier absconded?

Mr. Foley: Put it down to running expenses.

Mr. Sullivan: What made the tower of Pisa lean?

Robert Burns: It was built in the time of a famine.

Kay G.: Do you like fish balls?

Muriel P.: I don't know. I never have attended one.

Visitor: Do you like reciting?

Oh, no, I hate it, really. But mother makes me do it when she wants people to go.

A builder who was called upon to respond to a toast at a big public dinner felt very nervous. He simply said: "I am unaccustomed to public speaking. My proper place is on the scaffold."

Doctor: "Your son is suffering from voluntary inertia."

Mrs. La Ronde: "Poor, dear Oliver! And I accused him all along of being lazy."

Miss Lynch: What was the greatest thing about George Washington?

N. Dexter: His memory. They erected a monument to it.

C. Gadsby: May I go home, sir? I've got a very bad bilious attack and feel faint and weak.

Mr. Downey: Certainly, my boy. But if you'll wait a minute I'll give you a lift in my car — I'm going to the game myself.

She: "Oh, Mr. Bartlett, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses! How sweet they are, and how fresh! I do believe there is a little dew on them yet!"

Kent: "W-well, yes, there is; but I'll pay it tomorrow."

"My father," said Lawrence Mullins, "is familiar with many tongues."

"Oh, a linguist?" inquired Hogan.

"No, a dentist," was the answer.

Harney: The word 'with' is a very bad word to end a sentence with. I — ah — that is to say — ah — unless you have nothing else to end it with!

A woman whose acquaintance with the English language was formed through Shakespeare and Tennyson, was on a street car. As she neared her stop she stood up in the middle of the car and cried out "Sir, cease the vehicle, I wish to dismount!"

John Moran: What keeps the moon from falling?

Sugarman: It must be the beams.

Gately: "What makes you order ice cream for the first course and soup for the last?"

Ricker: "Well, my stomach is upset, so I eat my meals backwards."

Miss Ruggli: What do you know about nitrates?

Jones: Well, — er. They're a lot cheaper than day rates.

A school paper's a great invention —
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.

I haven't seen Ruth for a month.
How ruthless!

Miss Wait: Mr. Doyle, did you graduate in cap and gown?

Mr. Doyle: No, I graduated in smock, paintbrush, and pallette.

Heard in Latin III

Miss Baldwin: And what was the Saturnalia?

B. Berger: A feast in honor of Satan.

In the Departmental Test in Civics

Test Sheet: What is an alien?

Pupil: A person who is not a resident of where he lives.

It has been said that owing to the depression, failure slips should be abolished. How about report cards?

So you are the sole survivor of the airplane crash. How did you come to be saved?

Well, you see, I changed my mind about going up.

It's nothing much to think of —
But every now and then,
I wonder where Mr. Ghandi
Carries his fountain pen.

Every Freshman's Ambition (Feminine)

To be as cute as Martha Meade
To smile like Mary Jordan
To be as popular as Anne Conley
To act like Eleanor Campbell
To draw like Constance Overlock.

An Austin is just a Ford with an inferiority complex.

Every Freshman's Ambition (Masculine)

To be as popular as Al Wilson
To be an athlete like Oliver La Ronde
To draw like Arnold Heller
To be as interesting as Duke Emerson
To act like Bill Baker

More Boners

The lady of the Lake was King Arthur's sister.
Gibraltar was King Arthur's sword.

Teacher: With what measure do you judge thickness?

Smartie: By the report card.

Judge: Have you ever been up before me?

Heller: I don't know — what time do you get up?

Current Movies

Tonight or Never
The night before the departs.
The Front Page
When our hockey team wins a game
Are These Our Children?
Our football team after a game
Heaven on Earth ..... *Week-ends*
The Yellow Ticket ..... *Nurse's Card*
The Beloved Bachelor ..... *Mr. Cunningham*
The Age for Love ..... *The Seniors*
Expensive Women ..... *K. B.'s*
The Ruling Voice ..... *Mr. Bramhall*

Popular Song Hits

River Stay 'Way From My Door
The Gym During a Rainstorm
When I'm the President ..... *John Moran*
Concentratin' ..... *Freshmen*
Two Loves ..... *Lunch period and 1:45*
Why did it have to be me?
Waiting for Mr. Cleveland
It means so little to you ..... *Our poor E's*
You Rascal, You ..... *Dick Shine*
With a Song in My Heart
All E's on the Report Card
Strike Up the Band ..... *Mr. FitzGerald*
I Got a Co'd in By Doze ..... *Bernie Kamins*
Sing Another Chorus, Please ..... *Miss Wait*
The PENULT Vender ..... *Mr. Derry*
You Try Somebody Else
Anyone in the History class
Too Late ..... *Eight thirty-five*
How Long Will It Last? ..... *Seventh Period*

Goldwasser: "You are wasting your voice singing here in vaudeville. You ought to be singing in grand opera or some place like that. I tell you, you ought to be singing with that great artist, Caruso."

Sandler: "Why, he's dead."

Goldwasser: "I know it!"

Mr. Derry: What is the dative of "hic"?

V. Gately: Hui.

Mr. Derry: Right; I think it's a lot of hooey too.

Scully: "I've lost my pocketbook".

Gatto: "Have you looked in all your pockets?"

Scully: "All but the left-hand hip pocket".

Gatto: "Well, why don't you look there?"

Scully: "Because if it ain't there I'll drop dead."

"Mother," cried little Mary as she rushed into the farmhouse they were visiting, "Johnny wants the Listerine. He's caught the cutest little black and white animal, but he thinks it's got halitosis."

Boy: "Pa, how can I find the Greatest Common Divisor?"

Father: "Haven't they found it yet? They were looking for it when I was a boy."

A little Freshman Girl to Miss Hagerty: Did you have a seventh period last night?

Miss Hagerty: Yes, where were you?

Little Girl: Well, I came up and you weren't here. I asked a big tall boy if you were going to have a seventh, and he said, "No". Then I asked him what was his name, so that I could tell you, and he answered, "Thomas Bramhall". Then I went home.

ICE CREAM "DE LUXE"

For All Occasions

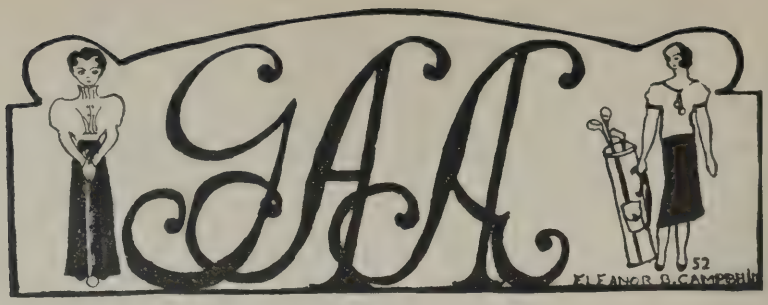
FANCY INDIVIDUAL ICES, MELON MOLDS, FRAPPES
PARFAITS, AND EVERYTHING IN ICE CREAM
NEOPOLITAN CHARLOTTE RUSSE FRUIT PUNCH

Your Inquiry Solicited *Send for Detailed Price List*

NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAM CO.

TEL. UNIVERSITY 7460 CAMBRIDGE

Quality — Service — Courtesy



THE Annual Girl Dance is the first of the many interesting events which has taken place during the last two months. As is the custom for this occasion, half of the girls came dressed as boys. A few appeared in tuxedos into which we imagine they spent many an hour struggling. The dancing lasted from 7:30 to 10:30. Music, which was very good, was under the direction of Max Rubin and his orchestra. The patronesses included Miss Sullivan, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Keyes, Miss Sampson, Miss Butler, Miss Russell, and Miss Brown. The committees which worked to put this affair over are to be congratulated on their very fine work.

On December 21 a Christmas party was given in the Hall. A short play "A Real Christmas" was presented by the following cast:

An Angel ..... *Mary Rankin*
A Rich Girl ..... *Florence Tanner*
A Poor Girl ..... *Caroline Roorbach*
A Poor Boy ..... *Dorothy Cummings*

Basketball has been the outstanding feature of the month. The second senior-junior game on December 17, ended in a tie score of 22 - 22; the third game, January 20, was won by the seniors with a score of 30 - 28. The sophomores were the victors in two games against the freshmen. The first game ended with a score of 14 - 8, and the second with a score of 34 - 7. The championship now lies between the seniors and the sophomores. The seniors have one point to the good, having won the first game with a score of 27 - 17. It will take much hard playing on the part of the seniors before they can defeat the sophomores. The seniors, however, feel that they will come out on top. Miss Brown, as we all know, is rooting for the sophomores. Perhaps they will need her support before they finish the task ahead of them.

It is only right that we remark upon the very fine playing of both the junior and freshmen teams. Although they were both defeated, they did not give up without a fight.

The first outside game of the year was played when Arlington came here on January 7. Arlington won all three games. Our sidelines were filled with enthusiastic supporters who constantly led cheers to spur their team on. This support is greatly appreciated, and we hope that the pupils will keep it up throughout the year.

On January 15, Belmont played here, and went away the loser after a hard battle. We cannot let this opportunity go by without commenting on the senior game. Both teams were evenly matched, and throughout the game the score remained practically the same for both sides. Finally, in the last half, with but a few minutes left in which to play, Belmont gained a one point lead against Cambridge. Those on the sidelines yelled and screamed themselves hoarse with excitement. The Cambridge seniors gave everything they had and gained the basket that saved the game. The senior score was 15 - 14; the junior score 56 - 5; and the sophomore score 20 - 9.

The Cambridge teams caused the most disastrous defeat, thus far this season, on the Medford teams when they played here on January 22.

While the senior team was unsuccessful in winning the close game against Wellesley on January 29, both the junior and sophomore teams were victorious. The final scores were: sophomores 17 - 10, juniors 22 - 16 and seniors 24 - 26.

The most delightful, certainly the most picturesque G. A. A. event of the year was the Boy Dance held in the gym, January 29. Under the direction of Peggy Hudson, the gym was decorated in a delightful and novel fashion.

Lest I forget I'm writing about the dance, a committee under Rose Jacobson, took care of the checking and we might add that they did a fine piece of work. Everyone was introduced by an usher to the patrons and patronesses, who were Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Murray, Miss McLaughlin, Miss McElroy, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Cleveland and Miss Brown. During intermission refreshments were sold by a committee of which Edith Nason was chairman. At the close of the evening, the orchestra played "Good-Night, Sweetheart" at which time a line was formed to bid the guests of honor good-night. Our dance is now but a pleasant memory.

Swimming practice will begin January 30, 1932 under the chairmanship of Clara Cormier and Mary Marshall. Practices will be held every Saturday morning at ten o'clock, in the Y. M. C. A. The instructor will be Ruth Fennesy, an old G. A. A. member.

Rita Doneski, '32

Alumni

1923

George Fram graduated from B. U. Law in 1927. He now conducts the Bell Linen System.

John Kelleher is now teaching at Rindge and is also officiating as basketball referee.

Warren Coté is a substitute teacher at C. H. L. S.

Walter Gautreau is a professional baseball player with the Montreal Team. His home is now in Marblehead.

1926

Marion Evers is a clerk in the First National Bank, Boston.

Priscilla Sage is a student in the Simmons School of Social Work.

1928

Harriet Johnson is a senior at Emerson.

Joseph Kelly is a freshman at M. I. T.

William Hogan is a junior at Boston College.

Bob Carr is studying for the priesthood.

Hermann Field is studying architecture at Harvard. During the past year he was secretary of the Harvard Liberal Club. In July he is to marry Jean Clark, '29, and then enter the Harvard Graduate School of Architecture in the fall.

1929

Catherine O'Hearn is filing clerk at the Cambridge Industrial Association at Kendall Square.

Maurice Green is a junior at M. I. T.

Sally Roche is in her junior year at Simmons.

Albert Olsen entered Tufts this fall.

Helen Gately is a junior at Emmanuel.

Margaret Dyer is a sophomore at Framingham Normal.

Ethel Hedman is a substitute teacher in the Cambridge schools.

Bud St. Pierre is at the Boston Institute of Advertising.

Jean Ainslie Clark, a sophomore at Vassar, plans to transfer to the Cambridge School of Architecture next year. She is to marry Hermann Field this summer.

1930

Frank Tansey is a freshman at Boston College.

Mary Rita Phelan is a sophomore at Worcester Normal.

Helen Wilkie is a freshman at Smith College in Northampton.

Marjorie Leighton and Dorothy Jones are both sophomores at Massachusetts Normal Art School.

Jerome Buckley is at St. John's Prep. School.

Tom Charnley, Ed Christopher, George Lovett, Vincent Mooney and Fred O'Brien are freshmen at M. I. T.

Phillip Clapp, Richard Elms, Lester Hershon and Ed Hurley are freshmen at Harvard.

Frank Vieira is a freshman at Tufts.

Anna Locke is a freshman at Smith.

Harold Borjeson is in his sophomore year at B. U.

Milton Segel is a freshman at B. U.

Ed O'Callahan is a sophomore at Boston College.

Ruth Dillon is at home.

Sara Muldoon is working at the Cora Chandler Shop.

John Scully now has an orchestra with George McGinnes as Manager.

Margot Clark, after a year of study in Italy, is a freshman at Radcliffe.

Isabelle Saint is working at Harvard as stenographer in University Hall.

Stanley Wyman is a freshman at Harvard. He is on the swimming team.

1931

The following are freshmen:

Max Wasserman, Bernard Whitman and Robert Clark at Tech.

Edmund Greene, Manuel Mellow and Ed Washken at Harvard.

Robert Gregson at Northeastern.

Michael Harmantas and Jacob Factor at Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

Kenneth Daly at Boston Institute of Advertising.

Frances Doneski at Burdette.

Nicholas Forziati at Tufts.

Frank Simpson at Hebron.

Mary Sheridan at Miss Perry's Kindergarten School.

Fred Caty at Lawrence Academy.

Edward H. Barry and Joseph P. Barry at B. C.

John Navarro is working for his father in the plumbing business.

Warren Stuart is working for the Noyes Buick Co.

James Pray is working for J. J. Crimmings and Company, dental supply dealers.

Eleanor Navarro is in training at the St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

John MacDonough is employed by the Hood Rubber Company in Watertown.

BASKETBALL

CAMBRIDGE 24 WOBURN 19

Cambridge Latin's basketball team opened its season with a hard-won victory over Woburn. Woburn's team was vastly inferior, but Latin was unable to hit its stride throughout the game, and had difficulty in winning. Latin led at the half, 9 to 7. Captain Rogert was Latin's high scorer, while Klevis was effective.

Fletcher was excellent for Woburn, and through his speed scored nine points.

For an opening game the showing was not bad, but the Cantabs were very ragged in their shooting and lacked experience. A little running would help in their scoring.

The Cambridge Latin second team won 23 to 22.

CAMBRIDGE 26 SOMERVILLE 38

Despite the fact that Latin led throughout most of the first half, Somerville had little difficulty in winning.

Captain Rogert was again Latin's high scorer, but the Latin machine did not click at all during the second half, scoring only eight points, while Somerville scored eighteen. The score at the half was Somerville 20, Latin 18.

Wilson, although a guard, managed to score ten of Somerville's points. Duggan and Buckley were also good for Somerville. Latin seemed tired during the last half, and as a result could not keep up with the Somerville team.

Latin seconds won, 24 to 21.

CAMBRIDGE 25 ARLINGTON 11

Cambridge Latin displayed magnificent teamwork, winning this game very handily. The Latin guards, Klevis and Mahoney, were very successful in their passes, and no small share of the glory should go to them, though Rogert was again spectacular with ten points. Maguire and Walsh, too, were in good form.

The Arlington team was very poor in comparison to a Cambridge team that was working very well. Seretto was the only boy who did any scoring at all against the tight defence our boys put up, and his two baskets were made on very sensational shots.

Cambridge seconds lost, 25 to 20.

CAMBRIDGE 25 KEITH ACADEMY 29

Lack of consistent offense cost Cambridge Latin this game. Our team was unable to work its plays on the small Lowell floor, while the Keith boys managed to score repeatedly on Latin. Too, Latin fell asleep on several occasions and presented their opponents with points. Rogert scored fifteen points for Latin.

The Cantabs seemed unable to get started on the very small floor. They were forced to take hurried shots most of the time, while their opponents pulled away rapidly during the last few moments. O'Melia, Nestor, and McGuane were best for Keith. McGuane especially was good. The score at the half was 13 - 13.

CAMBRIDGE 11 MILTON 19

Latin School met a down in its series of ups and downs when Milton won this basketball game quite handily. The score at the quarter was 7 to 0 in favor of Milton, but Latin tied up the game by the half and then proceeded to throw it away very neatly. Latin seemed lost on the capacious Milton floor, and its dislike to run cost the game.

For Milton, Pierce was the most effective, but Keyes was the high scorer. Milton managed to pierce the Latin defence for nineteen points, while Latin had great difficulty in getting anywhere near the basket.

Young played very well for Latin school. He was in there fighting all the way.

CAMBRIDGE 32 REVERE 21

With the return of Katz to the line-up, Latin once more went in high. Katz and Young started the game and were very good. Plausky took Mahoney's place at guard. The new combination was much better than the old in every way. Katz especially stood out, getting the taps and scoring eight points. Klevis, right guard, was our high scorer. By his fast work he managed to garner 11 points; Rogert was not far behind with ten.

For Revere, Sochat was accurate in his shooting, sinking five baskets, several of which were very sensational. Latin's seconds lost, 27 to 12.

HOCKEY

CAMBRIDGE 2 ARLINGTON 2

Cambridge Latin and Arlington tied their first league game at the Boston Garden.

Hicks of Arlington scored the first goal when he knocked the puck into the nets after a furious melee near the Latin goal. Shortly after, White of Arlington took a rebound and shot the puck past Hopkins. The Cantabs cut the lead to one goal when Desrosiers made a nice pass to B. Gurry, who scored. Latin tied the game in the third period on a penalty face-off. Rooney hit the puck in, immediately Hopkins scintillated at goal. Joe "Decoy" Powers was a constant threat at the defense, while Desrosiers and Rooney played well. Penalties were instrumental in all the goals.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	ARLINGTON
Rooney, Shine, w	w, Merrill, Aker
Fleming, B. Gurry, c	c, Hicks, Mee
Desrosiers, Dube, w	w, Austin, White
Dzendolet, Rutgis, d	d, Lane, Bullock
Powers, J. Gurry, d	d, A. Lane
Hopkins, g	g, Saklonian

Scoring: Latin, B. Gurry (Desrosiers). Rooney. Arlington - Hicks, White (Mee). *Officials:* Cleary and Haley.

CAMBRIDGE 1 BELMONT 3

In this game Belmont scored twice in the first period for a winning margin. Both teams scored in the second, but neither scored in the third.

Ford and Ecker were Belmont's most effective players. Ford scored twice and Ecker once. Latin scored in the second period when Powers, our brilliant defence man, made a fast break down the ice and managed to pass out from the corner to Desrosiers, who was waiting near the goal-mouth. Desrosiers flipped the puck past Pounder. However, this play was the only bright spot in our defeat. Hampered by the absence of McFadden and Dzendolet, the Cantabs made a very poor showing. Perhaps the ice, which was very, very bad was at fault. Desrosiers and Powers were our best players.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	BELMONT
Crowley, Dube, Campbell, w	w, Devlin, Garrett
Rooney, Gurry, c	c, Ford, Jamieson
Desrosiers, Skinner, Shine, w	w, Ecker, Tast
J. Gurry, Fleming, d	d, Roach, Elliott
Powers, d	d, Gardner, Moran
Hopkins, g	g, Pounder

Scoring: Latin - Desrosiers. Belmont - Ford 2, Ecker. *Official:* Jackson.

CAMBRIDGE 0 RINDGE 4

Cambridge Latin was unable to show any attack in this game, while Rindge was able to score four times.

Burgess and Chapman were responsible for all Rindge's scoring, but Burgess was the boy who scored the goals, while Johnson was credited with two assists. Burgess scored twice in the first period on fairly long shots that were hard enough to slip by Hopkins in the Latin goal. He scored in the third period on a very long shot, and in the third period he shot the puck past Gomes, Latin's rookie goalie for the last score.

Rossio in the Rindge nets had hardly any stops to make.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	RINDGE
Crowley, Anderson, Shine, w	w, McDonald, Bhenke, Averett
Rooney, Dube, c	c, Johnson, Ciccole
Desrosiers, B. Gurry, Fleming, Skinner, w	w, Burgess, Maderios, Kallajean, McCarthy
Dzendolet, McArthur, J. Gurry, d	d, Fratto, Maloney, Lawrence
Powers, Sawichi, d	d, Sparttachino, Donabed, Ananis
Hopkins, Gomes, g	g, Rossio, Crowley

Goals: Burgess 4. *Assists:* Johnson 2. *Officials:* Gautreau and Kelley.

CAMBRIDGE 0 NEWTON 6

Cambridge Latin had very little success against the Newton defence in this game, and was unable to score.

Sostillio and Houghton were Newton's best threats, while Kelley made two unassisted scores. In fact, all the goals excepting the last were made without teamwork. Newton scored three times in the first period, once in the second, and three times in the third.

Powers, Desrosiers, and Rooney were best for Latin's losing cause, while Kelley was the skating star for Newton. The score is no indication of the game.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	NEWTON
Desrosiers, Campbell, Dube, w	w, Carvelli, Manning, McKay
Rooney, B. Gurry, c	c, Duane, DeGeorge, Blackler
Crowley, Guthrie, Shine, w	w, Kelley, Champagne, Guild
Powers, d	d, Houghton, Kevorkian
McFadden, Sawichi, d	d, Sostillio
Hopkins, g	g, Skillings

Goals: Sostillio 2, Houghton 1, Kelley 2, Kevorkian (Guild) 1. *Officials:* Kelleher and Mooney.

CAMBRIDGE 0 MELROSE 4

Latin did well to hold the score so low, for Melrose had a very powerful team.

Guibord was Melrose's best threat, and he was credited with two goals and an assist, while O'Neil and J. Spadafora accounted for the other two goals. The Latin team showed great improvement, and the line, composed of Desrosiers,

Rooney, and Allt, looked good at times. Anderson and McFadden were aggressive on the defence, especially the former. Cambridge Latin threatened several times during the second period, but didn't have the luck to score, for the Melrose defence was just a little too tight.

MELROSE	CAMBRIDGE LATIN
J. Spadafora, Lacey, DeCoste, w	w, Desrosiers, Campbell, Kontowski
O'Neil, Carpenter, Connolly, Johnson, c	c, Rooney, J. Gurry, Allt
Guibone, Bernayes, w	w, Crowley, Guthrie
Foley, Woodland, d	d, Anderson
P. Spadafora, d	d, McFadden
Steer, g	g, Hopkins

Goals: O'Neil (Gailvord), Guibord 2, J. Spadafora. *Officials:* Gautreau and Kelley.

CAMBRIDGE 1 BELMONT 2

Despite the fact that Belmont was outplayed throughout the game, it managed to win because of the efforts of Ford and Pounder. Ford made two goals, while Pounder made almost impossible saves to win the game. Ford scored twice, both times on long, hard shots after brilliant saving. Powers scored for Latin in the last second of play after taking a pass from Desrosiers. Powers, Rooney, and Desrosiers were very effective for Latin. All three were robbed time and again. The second line of Gurry, Campbell and Crowley was also good. Latin looked better in this game than it has since the beginning of the year.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN	BELMONT
Desrosiers, Campbell, Gurry, w	w, Ecker, Taft
Rooney, J. Gurry, Fleming, c	c, Ford, Jamieson
Allt, Crowley, Horgan, w	w, Devlin, Ingersoll
Powers, McFadden, d	d, Gardner
Anderson, d	d, Elliott, Morey
Hopkins, g	g, Pounder

Goals: Ford (Devlin), Ford for Belmont. Powers, Desrosiers for Latin. *Officials:* Hughes and Kelley.

M. LEO LOONEY, JR.

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law

SUITE 710-712

148 STATE ST. BOSTON, MASS.

Telephone, Capitol 3145-3146

DEBATING

THE debating season of Cambridge High and Latin School began December 20, 1931, when the two teams representing Cambridge clashed with teams representing the ever formidable Swampscott High School. The question was — Resolved: "That the Jury System should be Abolished." This was the first time in Cambridge Latin history that our teams have participated in a double debate.

The affirmative team proposing the abolishment of the Jury System was composed of the following C. H. L. S. debaters: John Moran, Paul Wallens, Joseph Hogan, John Whoriskey — alternative.

The opposing Swampscott team was represented by: Andrew Quinstock, Virginia Lewis, Margaret Melzard.

Thus we see that C. H. L. S. was opposed, for the first time also, by feminine debaters.

John Moran, first speaker for C. H. L. S. and the opening speaker of the debate, welcomed the Swampscott High School debaters, and proceeded at once to prove his point, that the Jury System is obsolete. He proved his argument in his usual brilliant and fiery manner that would do credit to the most skilled debater. The argument of the negative was opened by Andrew Quinstock who contended that the major criticisms pitted against this system were unfounded. By his convincing manner of address, he proved himself to be a polished and mature speaker. The second argument for the affirmative was presented by Paul Wallens, who claimed that the Jury System is inefficient in trials. He argued well, stating his arguments boldly and in a clear, effective style. Virginia Lewis continued for the negative and charmed the audience with her rich store of convincing proof. The affirmative closed their arguments at the conclusion of the third affirmative speaker, Joseph Hogan. He expounded his arguments in a forceful manner which was pleasing to the large audience. Margaret Melzard then concluded for the negative and further strengthened the points of her colleagues.

Two brilliant and experienced rebuttalists, represented in the persons of Joseph Hogan and Andrew Quinstock, frequently clashed. Despite Joseph Hogan's fine rebuttal, the decision was rendered in favor of Swampscott High School. Mr. Cleveland acted in the capacity of chairman with Messrs. Philip Corcoran, Thomas Sullivan, and Martin O'Connor as judges.

MARTIN TAGERMAN - JOHN MORAN, '32

THE depression is over — in the Exchange Department at any rate. Schools from Maine to Florida and as far west as Chicago seem interested in exchanging publications with us. Our near neighbors have not forgotten us either. So, business is brisk; and we regret that neither time nor space allows us to review all of our mail, but we shall endeavor to remark upon the outstanding magazines which we have received since the last issue of the "Review".

An Indian aiming his bow and arrow on the cover of the "Sachem" from Middleboro, Mass. catches our eye first. Your literature is well-written but lacks depth of thought. "Winter Night", a descriptive poem, is indeed picturesque. An unusual feature of your literary department is the dramatization of a section from "The Man Without A Country". You certainly have succeeded in publishing a compact, attractive magazine.

There is a pleasant atmosphere pervading "The Aegis", which causes its readers to emerge from its pages feeling quite at peace with the world. Each story, satire, or joke in the Beverly High School magazine, even though it be a bit sarcastic, is written in such a good-natured spirit that no one could possibly feel offended by it. Even the most devoted follower of Empress Eugenie is amused at the ironic essay on the latest creations of Dame Fashion. Your essayists seem to stress research work rather than improvement of style (literary); however we appreciate the interesting results of your research. "Windy Days and Nights" is your best developed essay. At last we've found a magazine which contains a few "different" jokes. Would it be possible to enlarge your Exchange Department?

The November issue of "The Student's Pen" published by Pittsfield High students is superior to their December number, which perhaps was a product of the Christmas rush; therefore we shall review the former. "The Prodigal Son", although a bit improbable, contains a beautiful thought. We sympathized deeply with the indignant youth who so freely expressed his sentiments on "Rubbers". "The Surf", a poem, represented original ideas and offered relief from the sing-songy rhyme which is a bit too prominent in your poetry. "Penpoints", the humor column, contains real wit. Your well ordered and neatly arranged departments merit praise.

The quaint charm of Nantucket is present throughout the "Sea Chest" published by the High School on Nantucket Island. A jolly Jack Tar adorns the cover and the entire magazine is filled with the atmosphere of the sea. On the first page we find The Log of the school, a diary of important events which have taken place since the school opened. The literature, among which are found several historical essays on Nantucket, is very serious and worth-while. "Is Latin Worth While?" showed deep thought on the part of the author. The atmosphere peculiar to Nantucket was well expressed in a poem by Helen Tice. Your business manager is to be congratulated on having obtained the many advertisements which are neatly arranged in your publication. Is it necessary to crowd some of your poetry into the athletic section? Best wishes to the class of 1932 for success in carrying out the plans for a trip to Washington.

Among the outstanding magazines which we have received this year is the "Mirror", published by our contemporaries in Waltham. You are very fortunate in having such an able staff and so many talented contributors. The numerous articles in your Literary Section are worthy of commendation. "Old Franz" and "Mister Antonio" are character sketches which are true to life. "Landscapes" is written in picturesque and imaginative words, and in a very pleasing style. We chuckled many times over "An Infernal Visit". "Looking Back" is a clever way to call to memory the members of the class of 1931. A Music Department is a worthy addition to your paper. The Exchange Editor should win a prize for the unique presentation of her Exchanges; she took an aeroplane trip in which she visited the schools from which she had received papers. "The Mirror" has adopted the plan of placing their jokes among their wealth of "ads"; this is done as a courtesy to the advertisers, we

imagine. Cunning kewpies make fascinating headings for your departments. We shall look forward to seeing you again.

Perhaps we were in a serious mood when we read "The Racquet" from Portland, Maine, but we do feel that at times you could use your literary ability to a more worthy purpose. However, the plots of your stories are well worked out. The descriptions of Christmas celebrations in several foreign countries were very educational. The idea of writing the Exchanges in verse is novel although we doubt the practicability of the plan for constant use. Your alumni editors must have been very alert to have gathered so many interesting comments on the activities of the alumni. If no hard feelings were aroused by the cracks made about class pictures, your pupils must possess unusually good natures. We suggest that you move the Poet's Page further into the magazine and publish the names of the members of the staff and the table of contents on the first page. Your unique Christmas cover was in keeping with the holiday season.

A truly masculine publication is "The Artisan", from Mechanic Arts High in Boston. "Modern History" with its unexpected conclusion was well developed. The reports of your athletic activities contain just enough details to be interesting, but not enough to be boring. Science and Invention Column is an unusual and educational feature of your paper. "Smiles" produced smiles. Would it be possible to enlarge your literary department?

From another of our rivals on the gridiron, Peabody High, we received "The Observer". Many pupils have contributed to the success of the Christmas number, especially to the literary department where we are confronted with literature of varying types. "The Singing Goblet" was a true portrayal of unhappy homes. The beginning of the essay on "Music" was far superior to its ending. We were interested in reading the story of the discovery of the Great Stone Face as told from the view-point of an ancestor of the first white man to look upon the great piece of natural sculpture. Your abundance of school news and personal items such as the publication of honor rolls and faculty changes furnishes an impetus for school spirit. The personal touch in your athletic write-ups is also a commendable feature. Haven't you an artist who would be willing to make the appearance of the outside of your paper as attractive as the inside?

So we bring to a close this short review of school publications. May we acknowledge the receipt of the many magazines which have found their way to our office during the past few months, and express a desire that our friends will continue to exchange papers with us?

As Others See Us —

"The Students' Pen" — Pittsfield, Mass.

The French column is interesting. Class notes are full of pep. More poetry would add to the attractiveness of your publication.

"The Sea Chest" — Nantucket, Mass.

You should feel proud of your magazine. We find it full of educational and amusing articles.

"Artisan" — Mechanic Arts High — Boston.

Your magazine is complete in every detail. "Quips and Quirks" are very humorous.

Compliments of Alumnus

1923

Honey Bee Candy Shop

Home Made Candy

Delicious Sandwiches

Soda and Luncheonette

700 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge

BILLINGS & STOVER

EST. 1863

Apothecaries

HARVARD SQUARE CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE ACADEMY SHOP
Offers a variety of

Fruit, Candy, Tonics, Smokes, Periodicals, Hot Buttered Pop Corn

THE ACADEMY SHOP
(Cor. Church Street and Mass. Avenue)
Harvard Square

Compliments of

CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC MARKET

6 PLEASANT STREET
CAMBRIDGE MASS.

TUTORING

Spanish, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry

MARY MOULTON, A.B., A.M., ED. M.
27 Ellery Street
Porter 0225-W

Horace Partridge Co.
EVERYTHING FOR SPORT
49 Franklin St. Near Washington Street
BOSTON
DISCOUNT PRICES TO C. H. L. S. STUDENTS

Ask Mr. Foley for Discount Card

Telephone: University 7349 Bonded Member Florists' Telegraph Delivery, Inc.

Galgay
The Florist

When you want quality flowers we are as near as your telephone.

PROSPECT AND HARVARD STREETS CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Bushway Ice Cream Is Good Ice Cream Everybody Likes It!"

NEW TUXEDOS FOR HIRE

Special College and High School Rates

Buy that growing boy a good, used Tuxedo
Price as low as $15.00.

READ & WHITE
Tuxedos, Full Dress
Cutaways
Shirts, Shoes, etc.

111 SUMMER ST. and 93 MASS. AVE.
BOSTON

SHEA BROS. PRINTERS

33 CHURCH ST. CAMBRIDGE
At Harvard Square

CLUBS
For High School Girls
PARTIES
DANCES
DRAMATICS
HANDICRAFT
DISCUSSIONS

Cambridge Y. W. C. A.
7 Temple Street University 1102
PHYLLIS RODENHISER, *Director*

PLEASE NOTE THAT OUR NEW TELEPHONE NUMBERS ARE
UNIversity 7515 and 7516

GEORGE H. STOCKWELL
Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork
Groceries and Provisions

No Change in Location and We Are Pleased to Continue to Serve You

36 BRATTLE ST. CAMBRIDGE

TENNIS AND SQUASH SHOP
Tennis Racquets of All Makes
Restringing a Specialty

67a MT. AUBURN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HARRY COWLES, Proprietor
University 5417

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Highest in Quality

WARD'S BREAD
and
WARD'S CAKE

Made by
Ward Baking Company

The Brownie Kitchen

A. A. Young

179 BENT STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Fine Home-Made

CAKES and PASTRIES

for

TEA ROOMS
FOOD SHOPS
RESTAURANTS
COLLEGES
SCHOOLS
CLUBS

Edith Goodell's Shops

1676 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE

Attractive Apparel at Reasonable Prices

Shops also at:

BELMONT FALMOUTH

HICKOX
SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

Full Secretarial and Intensive Short Courses

GREGG PITMAN
SPEEDWRITING

12 Huntington Ave., Boston

Kenmore 6040

In the long run

you and your friends will prize the portrait that looks like you—your truest self, free from stage effects and little conceits. It is in this "long run" Photography that PURDY success has been won.

Portraiture by the camera that one cannot laugh at or cry over in later years.

For present pleasure and future pride protect your photographic self by having PURDY make the portraits.

PURDY

160 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Official Photographer

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

Class of 1932

Special Discount Rates to all Students of C. H. L. S.

THE REVIEW

APRIL NUMBER

1932

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

- Civil Engineering
- Mechanical Engineering
- Electrical Engineering
- Chemical Engineering
- Industrial Engineering

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

- Accounting
- Banking and Finance
- Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training combines theory with two years of practice. It enables the student to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School may be admitted without examinations if grades are satisfactory to the Department of Admissions.

EVENING DIVISION

(Coeducational)

An effective university education is available in the evening for high school graduates who for financial or other reasons cannot enter day colleges but must go to work following graduation:

School of Business

Grants B.B.A. and M.B.A. degrees.

Specializes in accounting and business administration.

Only 24.9% of graduates held executive positions on entering school; 71.9% now in major executive positions.

Graduates outstandingly successful in C.P.A. examinations.

Actual business problems the basis of instruction.

School of Law

Four-year course.

LL.B. degree.

Prepares for bar examinations and practice.

Case method of instruction similar to that in best day law schools.

A School of high standards adapted to the needs of employed men and women.

Alumni outstandingly successful as lawyers, judges, business executives.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School admitted without examinations

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Athletic Editor
MANES SPECTER

Alumni Editor
PHYLLIS GRACE

Exchange Editor
EMILY FETTER

Art Editors
ARNOLD HELLER
DORIS MABEY
ELEANOR CAMPBELL

G. A. A. Editor
RITA DONESKI

Faculty Adviser
MISS MARY P. BLIGH

Editor-in-Chief
JOSEPH PALMER

Assistant Editor
JOHN TYNAN

Literary Editors
EMILY WHITMAN
CATHERINE SANDERS
JEANNETTE EYRE

Business Manager
BERNARD KAMINS

Assistant Business Manager
MAURICE CALLUM

Typists
MARY OWIRKA
HEDWIG DOBROWOLSKA

Advertising Manager
CONSTANTINE CULOLIAS

Assistant Advertising Managers
JAMES TOWERS
JOSEPH RICKER
PAUL BARENBERG
FRANKLIN COLEMAN

Class Notes Editors
FRANCES CARR
CONSTANCE OVERLOCK

Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

Vita sine litteris mors est.

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 4

CONTENTS

PAGE

The Reviewer 2
What Happens When I Make a Budget 6
Bismarck 6
April 7
Dramatic Monologues 8
Fraternity 9
A Lament 10
The Joys of a Collector 11
On My Inability to Versify 11
Barbara's Bet 12
Naivete 12
The Lure of Gloucester 13
The Light That Has Never Failed 13
Class Notes 14
Cartoons 17
G. A. A. 18
Alumni 19
Letters from Abroad 20
Athletics 21
Exchanges 24
Advertisements 25, 26, 27, 28

The Reviewer

BOOKS

THE attitude which various pupils take towards books is queer. Many of them believe that because a book is mentioned in the English Class but not required, nothing may be gained by reading it. Some believe that because a book is written by an author mentioned in their History of Literature outline, it is apt to be dry and thus does not satisfy their desire for Romance, or for Adventure. Few books can supply more adventure and romance than Scott's "Talisman" or than Kingsley's "Westward Ho!". Few books can supply more real life and human appeal than Dickens's "Oliver Twist" or than Jane Austen's "Emma". And these are but four out of hundreds!

Not only may we go back in history, but right among our own contemporaries are innumerable books of merit and of interest. Your English teachers will be more than glad to acquaint you with the names of works that they deem worth while.

In an age in which there is so much fine literature, it seems a pity that we should not take advantage of the good which is available. You would not buy paste if you could buy diamonds for the same amount of money. Why read trash?

J. P.

SPRING FEVERS

SPRING has come, dear reader, and we must admit that we are feeling it in our bones, so much so in fact, that the other day we took our annual dose of sulphur and molasses. We do not recommend the above-mentioned tonic as a cure for spring fever, but sometimes it does help.

Spring is apt to find itself blamed for innumerable things, and not the least of these is a general decline in our studying. Everyone realizes how hard it is to study when there is a something in the air which Carl Sandburg might have meant when he spoke of "the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuit."

However, our studies must not be allowed to suffer too much, for it is imperative that we seniors leave a pleasant impression in the minds of our teachers when we graduate, for at some time one may want a letter of recommendation from a former teacher.

Spring fever may lead one to do strange things, but we should advise you not to let if affect you the way it did us. We actually descended to the level of geting out our roller skates which we have not worn since freshman days. Not only did we get them out, but we wore them. It certainly seemed as if we saw more teachers that day than we ever had before, and we have discovered that one's dignity suffers when a teacher meets a senior on skates.

E. W.

CORRECTION

WE are very sorry that through an oversight on our part, the name of the G. A. A. Editor was given the last time as Gertrude Lancaster. This should have been changed to Rita Doneski. We hope she will pardon our error.

THE WELFARE FUND ENTERTAINMENT

A LARGE and most enthusiastic audience, composed mainly of C. H. L. S. students, turned out at the benefit entertainment, sponsored by the High and Latin teachers, which was held at the Longfellow School, Tuesday evening, March 15. Through the support of the teachers and students who volunteered their aid and talent, the entertainment has realized a sum of over a thousand dollars for the Children's Welfare Fund.

The performance was opened by a short speech by the Head Master, Mr. Leslie L. Cleveland, after the orchestra under Miss Waite had rendered a few selections. The ever-popular Arthur Frechette was the first to perform in a piano solo of Liszt's "Liebestraum", followed by an attractive soft-shoe dance by Rita Scott and Jessie Maver. Next came Frances Navien in a skillful whistling number, "Glow Worm", then Tim Kirby, star trombone player, favored us with a

solo. Ann Bartlett next presented the most striking number of the evening with the marionettes which she put through several clever dances, much to everyone's amusement. Jimmie Conlon was as usual, very well received in his trumpet solo, accompanied by Mrs. Madeline Conlon. Next, two readings, in Down-East and French Canadian dialect, were given by a guest artist, Miss Harriet Johnson, a senior at Emerson.

After a short intermission, during which candy was sold, the Choir sang two numbers, Miss Waite directing and Mr. FitzGerald at the piano. We should like to commend the improvement this organization has made during the past year. Olga Samson then gave a picturesque Cossack dance, followed by a duet by two of our favorite vocalists, Helen Geary and Anna Sedorchuk. Next came a pleasant rhythm dance by Frances Croake. The customary thunderous applause greeted Mr. Thomas Quinn, the next performer, who was accompanied by Mr. FitzGerald. Robert Walker then performed startling feats of magic, with the help of two small but earnest volunteers from the audience. The end and fitting climax of the evening was a one-act play, "How Obvious", written by Miss Connolly of the Elocution Department. The cast included Mary Falvey, Anne Conley, William Scully, John Sweeney, Benedict Lo Voi, Hubert Walsh, and Constance Overlock. The humorous action in the play kept the audience in much merriment. Further selections by the orchestra concluded one of the most successful enterprises of the School in recent years.

J. E.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

ON Thursday and Friday, March 3 and 4, a Washington Bicentennial Commemoration play was presented in the assembly hall. Following Martha McCarthy's excellently delivered prologue, the curtain was drawn, revealing three couples dancing the stately minuet. This sextet consisted of Rosemary Brooks and Stephen McCormick; Constance Overlock and Hubert Walsh; and Martha McCarthy and Frank J. Harney.

The play itself took place in the living room of Mt. Vernon. Rosemary Brooks was a very charming Martha Washington, while Stephen McCormick was very convincing in his role of the "Father of Our Country". Richard Ruggles as the boy, Robert Burns as the father, and George Manousos as the grandfather, played their roles very well and depicted a striking "Spirit of '76".

The entire program was exceedingly well presented. Thanks and congratulations are proffered to the participants and to the Misses Breau, Connolly, Ford, and Hartigan.

THE YEAR BOOK

THE Staff of the Year Book has been chosen, and now the members are flying around looking dreadfully important. May we extend our best wishes for a successful Year Book to the staff which is composed of the following:

Editor-in-Chief ..... John Sweeney

Advertising Manager ..... Victor Gatto

Assistant ..... Aaron Bedrosian

Subscription Manager ..... James Towers

Faculty Advisers:

Miss Bligh, Mrs. Dunn, Miss McCaffrey, Miss Young.

Literary Staff:

Elaine Goodell, Chairman; Barbara Hickey, Rita Long, Margaret Hyland, Constance Overlock, Flora McLean, Angeline Marshall, George La Bossiere, Adele Vaugauskas, Mary Mahoney, Ruth Golder, Eleanor Verrill, Muriel Piper, Joseph Rudgis, Manes Specter.

Art Staff:

Miss Brann and Miss Foss, Advisers. Marie Lofgren, Chairman; Eleanor Campbell, Clarence Church, Anne Conley, Philomena Di Lallo, Arnold Heller, Dorothea Hodgson, Doris Mabey, Rita Snyder, Alvira Souza.

K. B. CLUB

THE last report mentioned the fact that we were going to sell candy at the Senior Drama. Well, we did, and thanks be, we were very successful financially. Everyone was very generous, and the candy soon disappeared. The members of the club donated most of the candy, and the remainder was given by several merchants of Cambridge.

Our activities have been limited for the past few weeks, due to the fact that there was so much going on, but at a very recent business meeting, discussion was started on the subject of a week-end party. All those members who were fortunate enough to go to Marblehead last year

can vouch for a good time. We are hoping very much to have another dance, but so far we don't feel that we can count on having one, since there is very little time left in which to do all the things which are first on the program. Perhaps a tea dance will be the culmination of our discussion. Hope springs eternal!

At our last meeting, we talked of pins. We haven't had K. B. pins for several years, and of course it would be rather nice to wear one. Perhaps we'll startle everyone sometime by blossoming out in some fascinating creation designed by our very competent pin committee.

So long!

L. MAGILL, *Secretary.*

THROUGH an error the following rooms were not mentioned in the advertisement in the program for the Children's Welfare Fund: Rooms 40, 47, and 92.

CHECKERS

ON April 5 the Cambridge Latin checker team played a tournament with the East End Union of Cambridge. Our team won easily, scoring twenty-two points to their opponents' two. Only one game was lost by Latin.

The boys who did so well for their team were M. Stern, H. Jozwicki, S. Kaufman, M. Rubin, A. Covino, and M. Specter. The Review hopes that they win all their tournaments as easily as they did this one.

MANES SPECTER, '32.

CHESS

It seems that the reports that chess was ended were greatly exaggerated. Far from what had been reported in the last issue of the Review, the chess team is not only in existence, but *mirabile dictu,* it has finally played a tournament.

Our opponents in this tournament were from Groton Academy. Our team, composed of five boys, made a long and arduous trip into the wilds of Massachusetts to Groton. The Latinites, as had been expected, lost, but the defeat, as the score indicates, was by no means inglorious. We lost three games and won two. Following are the results:

1. Specter lost to Robertson
2. Callan lost to Bundy
3. Jones lost to Resor
4. Livingstone defeated Green
5. Valois defeated Kennel

We hope to have the pleasure of returning the hospitality which we received at Groton Academy, and it is possible that a return match will be played at Cambridge at some later date. Our team would like to even up the score with the Grotonites though it would be impossible to find opponents to whom we would rather lose. Our losers are anxious to atone for their defeats, while Livingstone and Valois are by no means willing to rest upon the laurels they so manfully won in the first tournament of this year.

M. SPECTER, '32.

IN OUR SCHOOL

IN 1848, how many graduates do you think the graduating class contained? Guess again. Just one!

It appears that in 1845 there was opposition to having boys and girls of high school age attend the same school. The following quotation is from the report of 1851: "They (the pupils) learn to appreciate and respect each other, and the tone of manners on both sides is made purer and more refined by the beneficial intercourse. Candor, however, must admit that the chief benefit is received by the boys; their ruder natures more need the softening and refining process than the gentle and delicate natures of girls". My Pilgrim Fathers! How times have changed!

On March 1, 1886 the classical and English Departments were made two separate schools, named the Cambridge Latin School and the Cambridge High School. They occupied buildings on Lee and Fayette Streets respectively. In 1892 the English High School moved to the present building. Forty years ago there was a total of 875 pupils in both schools. At present the number is about 2854, and have we grown expensive! It now costs $116.91 a year for instruction per pupil instead of about $41.04 in the gay nineties.

1886 is also the anniversary of the establishment of the "Review". The paper was then organized with a president and board of directors, and published monthly. It is forty-six years old and one glance at the first numbers shows us how times have changed.

The dignified gentleman whose portrait we see at the back of the stage in the Hall is Mr. Bradbury, once principal of Cambridge Latin School, and father of Miss Bradbury, teacher of Latin.

Probably the most often used theme title of freshman English teachers is "My First Day in High School."

Most of our teachers have a regular alphabet of degrees after their names, but Miss Butler is the only one who has a Ph. D. We have such a hard time making the grade now; how many of us will ever go that far?

An aviator in our midst! Bud Walsh attends the Curtiss-Wright Flying School and holds a student's license. We think he is the only one who can fly a plane in the school.

Old Man Depression has driven many of the P. G.'s back this year. 150 of last year's graduates returned.

DEBATING NEWS

A LARGE audience witnessed the annual Durrell Prize Debate in the auditorium of the Latin Building, Wednesday, March 30. The question debated was Resolved: "That all the states should adopt Compulsory Unemployment Insurance." It was indeed timely in the face of the present unemployment and economic distress which the country is experiencing. The question was vigorously argued pro and con by the opposing teams, and great credit is due them for their splendid and masterful handling of the difficult problem.

At the conclusion of Mr. Cleveland's address in which he briefly related the origin and history of the Durrell Debates, the first speaker of the affirmative, Paul Wallins, was introduced. After outlining the history of the question, he set about to prove that it was necessary to adopt this plan if the several states desired to prevent suffering and misery. He advocated this idea as the only logical and humane one so far proposed.

Everett Babcock, the first negative speaker, argued that Unemployment Insurance was merely a dole as is used by some governments of Europe in an endeavor to alleviate the sufferings therein. He declared it, moreover, as not consistent with American principles.

The next affirmative speaker, Morris Rabinovitz, showed the benefits afforded by the adoption of such a plan and declared that it would enable the people to obtain the necessities of life. Continuing, he further stated that nineteen countries of the world had already incorporated some form of it in their constitutions. His plan would be an improvement over previous ones submitted for adoption.

Martin Tagerman, the second negative speaker, scoffed at what he termed, "too theoretical and too uncertain a plan." As proof of this, he showed the great failure of England and Germany in employing insurance as a solution for the problem of labor difficulties. "Disregard this European system and adopt a real Yankee system applicable to the needs of our own country" was his eloquent plea. The brilliant management of his arguments undoubtedly will long be remembered by his audience. His contentions were logical and forceful creating most a favorable impression.

The last affirmative supporter completed the contentions of the previous orators. Jeannette Eyre vigorously upheld and maintained the fact that the Unemployment Insurance Plan was sound and practicable. She said that since many companies in the United States used it to good effect, it might well be adopted by the several states.

Helen Mack then concluded the arguments of the negative by submitting a plan embodying the abolition of child labor and a shorter working week which she believed aided greatly in bringing about this present distress. She was of the opinion that if these laws were enforced, unemployment would cease to be a menace to the country. For so young a debator she showed unusual skill as a speaker.

At the close of a ten minute recess, during which time the audience was entertained by several musical numbers by the school orchestra under the direction of Miss Waite, the arguments were resumed in the rebuttal opened by Martin Tagerman of the negative. Once again the audience was charmed and greatly impressed by his logical and convincing arguments. He shattered his opponent's contentions by his strong refutation.

Next Morris Rabinovitz was introduced and loquaciously pleaded his cause, but alas, it was in vain and the unanimous decision of the judges was given in favor of the negative side.

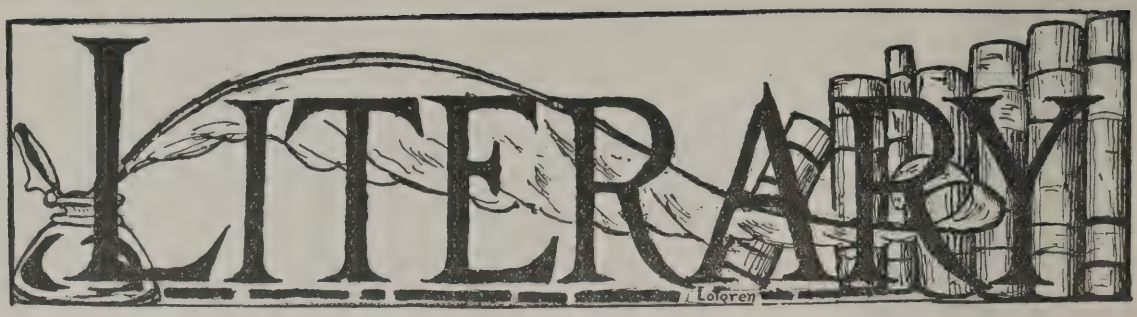
The judges who so wisely rendered the decision were: Mr. Jeremiah F. Downey, Mrs. George B. Roorbach, and Mr. Frederick B. Thompson. May we congratulate them on their selection, and thank them for giving their time.

JOHN F. MORAN, '32.

ELECTION OF CAPTAINS

AT a meeting of the football letter-men, Daniel Johnson, our regular right guard, was elected Captain for the season of 1932. Johnson played a consistently good game the entire year, alternating at the positions of guard and tackle. He was mentioned for all-scholastic honors by several newspapers. The Review confidently predicts a fine football season next year, as there are many veterans returning.

(*Continued on Page 23*)



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I MAKE A BUDGET

TO begin with, why is a budget? The general purpose of a budget is to keep the expenses of an individual or of an organization within a specified sum, limited by income or desire. In other words, a budget is intended to encourage thriftiness by discouraging excessive expenditure. As an impersonal definition, the preceding statement is excellent, but does a budget succeed in its purpose? That is another question, and I can only relate to you my own sad personal experience.

For the past several years, my entire income has been limited to one dollar a week, my allowance. However, I soon discovered that I was spending nearly two dollars a week. By concentrating all my faculties on this discovery, I came to the conclusion that something had to be done. To solve the perplexing problem of stopping this extravagance, I was seized with the brilliant idea of making a budget.

We now have the question, what is a budget? To a person who has never used one, a budget is sort of a magic wand, whereby a person may secure all the necessities and comforts of life at the least possible expense, without ever having any financial worries whatsoever. But to its keeper, a budget is a nagging, ever-present sword of Damocles, which hangs over one's head, saying, "Don't buy this; you can't afford that!" until one is on the verge of insanity. However, I, in my simple ignorance, believed in the former theory. What a delusion! Immediately I went to work to prepare a budget, appropriating a certain amount each week for school, amusement, and general expense. I then, figuratively, leaned back to contemplate the results of my handiwork.

What were these results? As my budget took effect, calamity, dire, deep disaster, fingernail biting, a trembling hand and a haunted look followed in its wake. The reason for these sad phenomena is simple: it is one thing to make a budget and far another to keep within its limits, as I found out, to my intense sorrow and deep regret. It is well-known that forbidden fruit is the most tempting, and I was now seized with the overwhelming desire to buy everything that took my fancy; but with a blind faith in my budget, I strove manfully to curb these desires. I became a penny-pinching miser, a re-incarnation of Scrooge; while slowly but surely there evolved the nervous, fearful wretch you see today. I lost, first my rosy cheek, then my iron nerves, my whole system crumbled gradually, until now my body is a shadow and my mind a ruin. There you have the tale of how a budget wrecked a promising young life; if you believe it is exaggerated, look at the condition of the United States today, and watch the frantic efforts of Congress to wipe out our billion dollar deficit.

FRANKLIN COLEMAN, '33.

BISMARCK

OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK was born in 1815, the scion of a noble but undistinguished family which had lived for centuries on the estate of Schonhausen, in Brandenburg. Brought up in the narrow, intensely Prussian atmosphere of conservatism and state loyalty, he was imbued from birth with the aristocratic feelings of his class. According to family custom, he received his early education at the hands of a tutor who probably aggravated that stubborn resistance and intolerance so exemplified in his career in the university in Berlin. Contrary to what might be considered the false standards of pride and dignity prevalent among his associates, Bismarck gained notoriety as a wild young student, a reputation cultivated by his unconscious desire for public notice. Even when he was graduated from the university, where he had been noted for his escapades rather than distinguished for his proficiency in law, he consistently maintained that questionable fame.

In appearance this extraordinary man was as Teutonic as in manners. Blond, with a large, square, jovial face, enormous hands and feet, his whole frame built in the same huge proportions, his physical qualities were as powerful as his ges-

tures were awkward, and his voice shrill and sharp.

But the government service, where he was employed, disgusted his lively temperament, and, before he could be disgraced by a discharge, the result of his scornful but well-deserved criticism of the service, he resigned his commission and retired to Schonhausen to live, for a time, the most peaceful years of his hectic life. Clever upon application, Bismarck soon set himself to the task of studying the cause of the political unrest in Europe; then he devoted his time to this serious pursuit, and deserted his erstwhile friends and "fellow boisterers".

In the course of his study, he became familiar with the struggles going on between Austria and Prussia, between France and Germany and between the king and Parliament. To him, then, German nationalism was as hateful as democracy, and as scornfully to be deplored.

After years of preparation; Bismarck entered politics in 1847. As a member of the United Diet, he soon won distinction by his bitter denunciation of Parliament, which he called a "government by phrases, leading inevitably to chaos, corruption, and incompetency".

His royal appointment, in 1851, to the enviable position of Prussian delegate to the Diet came as a result of his outspoken opposition to Parliament and its scheme for unification. It was now that he adopted the doctrine of the historian, Treitschise, who averred that "the Germans are the best of all people, and the Prussians, the best of all Germans".

At this juncture, William and Parliament finally came to blows, and, but for the intervention of "the man of the hour", the king would have here been forced to abdicate. Appointed Prime Minister of Prussia, the new dictator (for dictator he was) soon established an enviable reputation as a strong, intensely German statesman, extremely royalist in his beliefs. Though narrow-minded, and opposed to the strict construction of the constitution, he was essentially a man of principle. His belief in himself and his ideas was actuated by the success of his undertakings, and even when he became a convert to the idea of German unification, he steadfastly refused to tolerate criticism or reproof. But always his harsh dealings with the revolutionists were the product of natural prejudice, probably, and unnatural conservation, certainly, and it was not until after his term as Minister to Prussia that his views broadened and his political knowledge reached the peak of keen judgment. It was during this time that his characteristic frankness became tempered with the cunning, forceful deception so masterfully exercised in his dealings with the enemies of the State. Before he had been Bismarck, the statesman; now he became Bismarck, the diplomat.

"Necessity alone is authoritative." This was his doctrine, and this his creed until the day of his retirement. Just as the period of Napoleon's supremacy is called the Napoleonic era, because of his vital connection with every phase of history at that time, so is the period of which we speak so largely the biography of Bismarck, that to think of the formation of the German Empire is to remember its one outstanding figure.

Through the turbulent time of the struggle of the king and Parliament, Bismarck impartially distributed advice and command. His daring insolence won him the name of "the political rowdy", but derision and royal chastisement did little to soften his hard, but basically honest spirit. From 1842 to 1866 Bismarck was supreme, but by 1870 the "Iron Man" had tired of the relentless struggle, and by 1880 he virtually retired from public life.

Proud, autocratic, aristocratic, intolerant, insolent, harshly critical, stubborn, vindictively ambitious, and domineering though he was, the other side of his nature was kind, loyal, subtly humorous and entirely honest in personal dealings. The life given to the building of the power Germany came to be, did not end until 1898, when he died secure in his belief that, if he had established an evil tradition of arbitrary government, he had only done what he considered best for his beloved Vaterland.

RITA L. LONG, '32.

APRIL

The rain!
Myriad umbrellas bob up in the street;
The woods and paths are smelling sweet
Again.

The sun!
Oh what a wealth of crystal dew it brings—
The fresh-washed world is glad that Spring's
Begun.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33.

MISS BUTLER'S class in English IV has been studying Browning's "My Last Duchess". Some of the members of the class have attempted to write dramatic monologues in imitation of his, with vastly different results. Here we are giving three which present the same story from different view points.

AFTER-GLOW

You ask what means this festival array,
And why the noble folk from miles around
Are gathered here? You are a stranger, sure,
Or else you'd know the Duke Ferrara takes
A bride today. So blithe is she and young,
I almost fear—but hush, I must not speak
What I may rue. She, lovely child of wealth
And proud descent, is not the first to grace
These halls with beauty and the light, quick step
Of joyous youth. Nay, not a twelvemonth since,
Another such, but, as I think, more fair
His duchess was. Her happy laughter clear
Resounded through the still and somber rooms,
As when a bubbling stream pursues its course
Through the dark woodlands; and her presence was
A glowing candle mid the gloom. How oft
She rode throughout these gardens here to gaze
Upon the flowers, colorful and sweet,
Herself a flower! 'T was a pleasant task
Each morn to pick the best and freshest buds
For her delight. No minted gold could e'er
Repay this humble gard'ner half so well
As her bright smile. What of her lord, you say?
Ah, she was never made for such as he,
A heartless man and proud, whose noble blood
Runs cold throughout his veins. Perchance he loved?
Her beauty, aye, but not herself. One time—
'T was at the harvest and the ripened fruit
Hung heavy on the boughs—they rode about
The grounds surveying all the bounty of
The earth, he pleased that he could call it his,
But she rejoicing that the world could hold
So much of loveliness to be enjoyed. For her,
I plucked from yonder cherry tree a branch
Laden with ruby drops of luscious fruit,
A humble gift, 'tis true, but 'twas the best
Of all our crop that year. Pleased as a child,
She thanked me with her smile. Ah, how shall I
Describe to you that winsome smile? 'Twas like
A thousand twinkling sunbeams pouring forth
To warm one's heart. Impatient was her lord;
With frowning mien he said, "Enough of this,"
And bade her come away. I watched them go
Until the garden wall hid them from view.
She walked no more amid the flowers bright.
Rumors are whispered here and there — but peace—
'Tis not for me to say. He is the duke;
I, but a peasant. 'Tis no matter how,
The candle was snuffed out; the merry brook
Had ceased to flow. But see, the dusk comes on.
Behold the sunset glow! How fast it fades!
Such beauty is not of this earth alone.
Why there! The thing is clearer to me now.
Such beauty is not of this earth alone.

FLORA MCLEAN, '32.

L'ENTREMETTEUR

You say you want to find a wife among
The gentry-folk? What's that? You wish that I
Should find a wife for you, and then should spend
My time in wooing her? And I suppose
That when she's smilingly agreed, why then
I'll give her o'er to you without a word.
Why man, a woman who would countenance
Such things, would never make a faithful wife.
Besides, just once I did that thing, and then
I firmly vowed to never interfere,
For Love will play such sorry pranks on men —
You wish to hear? Not much to tell, 'twas just
The same old story, Lancelot and his
Fair Guinevere. The Duke Ferrara me
Had sent to bring his second Duchess to
Her doom, although he did not say that word,
You may be sure. I found her good as she
Was beautiful, and promptly fell in love
With her, and she with me, so she did say.
But I did turn her over to my lord
Without a murmur, though it seemed as if
My heart would break to see the sacrifice
Of such a fair young girl to such as he.
I went away to parts unknown, but once
I did go back; I felt that she had need
Of me, and so it seemed. I waited till
She came into the garden, then I climbed
The cherry-tree and dropped inside the wall.
We met, we kissed, and then she begged
Me fly, for she did say my lord the Duke
Would soon be out, and 'twould be best that he
Should find me not. And so I disappeared.
And that was the last time that I saw her.
'Twas three days later that I heard the bells,
And found that they were tolling for my love.
I left that night for good, but it does seem
That in the grave with that fair maid, I left
The better part of me. Enough, and so
You see I will not do the thing for you.
And that was ten long years ago that I
Did leave my country never to go back.
And shall we enter now, for still the world
Goes on, and we must have our supper soon.

EMILY WHITMAN, '32.

HIS NEXT DUCHESS

Come, dear Maria, come and rest with me.
The packing is not finished? Let it be.
Tomorrow I must leave this happy home,
And you go with me. What? I could not get
Along without you? No, I could not. Come,
Let us go out here on the balcony
And watch the sun go down behind the hills.
Sit down beside me. How mysterious
The hills are, how serene and distant they
Appear upon the far horizon. Look!
How quickly the sun sinks upon my last
Day here. It is too bright. I cannot look
At it. — Now it is gone. The sky is all
A-light. What coloring! Do you not think
The colors are more beautiful than e'er
Before? The rosy tint that lies along
The clouds, the blending from the blue into
The green, to yellow, orange, then the red,
That glows behind the purple hills, and shows
Their rugged contours which seemed soft before,
Are exquisite. Let us sit here and drink
In nature's loveliness, the greyness which
Envelops all as sunset fades, the soft
Refreshing evening breeze that whispers through
The garden here below, the twitter of
The birds, the scent of these pink roses I
Have tended here so long. Let me put this
One in your hair, Maria. — I'm not cold;
Don't get my shawl. I have been happy here.
I love this garden where I used to play,
That tree, that fountain, and that shaded seat,
Those quiet hills. I love this home, to me,
So beautiful, my silken chamber just
Within, the paintings father brought from Rome,
The great hall filled with rusty arms, then, too,
The chapel where I learned to pray. I have
Been happy here. Tomorrow I go to
Another home. I shall be happy there,
For I am easily made happy, am
I not? The Duke is old and very proud
Of his fine home and ancient lineage,
Appears quite pleasant, but he seems to me
To be all rock within, implacable
And firm. However he is pleasant. I,
I also, must be pleasant. Then we shall
Be happy. I am glad that you will go
With me. Pray, wait another moment yet.
Behold the stars; it is lovely night!
See the new moon, now sailing 'cross the heav'n
So like a slender golden boat. — Yes, yes,
I come. — I'm loath to leave thee, lovely night.
Farewell, farewell! — I come, Maria, dear.

CATHERINE SANDERS, '32.

FRATERNITY

NO, gentle reader, here is no story of college and its alluring charms. Here are no gay and dashing swains running hither and thither, no amorous maidens or frustrated love. Complicated emotions or schemes will not seize your attention in ruthless grasp, nor will you be forced to listen to tiresome tirades or satiric sermons. My theme is simple — that of two brothers.

Family ties could sometimes be called more suitably strains. They are powers whose strength is little suspected, whose very existence is sometimes clouded, especially among boys; but they play a very large part in our lives. Almost all our actions are governed by consideration for somebody else; almost all our good actions are done for the benefit of someone in our immediate family.

Don and Esky were twins, but, as often happens, they were more unlike than many brothers. They had spent their lives together, and even at the very adult age of fifteen, they visualized no possible change in their situation. They had been toddlers together and had quarreled over their toys. Grown older, they had argued about their books and their gloves, their bats, their balls, and their skates. Periodically they would have an unusually ardent discussion and sometimes they didn't speak to each other for as much as two hours. In appearance they were remarkably similar, so similar in fact, that often they were greatly embarrassed by receiving greetings from persons whom they had never previously seen. A description of Don would serve for Esky, too. Don you can see a hundred times a day. He could stand for a portrait, "A Typical American Boy". His hair was chestnut in color and unruly in constitution. His eyes were brown, a color he greatly disliked because neither his father nor his mother had brown eyes, and he felt somewhat cheated at resembling a long-dead grandfather, who couldn't possibly do him any good. Like Esky he was long of face and limb, but his complexion was somewhat fresher. Everyone thought that his manners were, too.

By common consent, Don was always considered the older, and as such he received most of the censure after every escapade he and Esky indulged themselves in; nor were these escapades few. Don was always given credit for more "horse-sense", a matter which Esky, who fancied himself a wit, always explained by proclaiming that Don looked like a horse anyway. Where-

upon they would begin scuffling and fighting until they were tired. Esky, as the younger and more irresponsible, received most of his father's attention. Their mother had died when they were very young. Don was always considered a good plow-horse, while Esky was looked upon as a very good but temperamental colt. Though they differed much, they had one characteristic in common: both had a superstitious fear of the other sex. This may be attributed to the fact that they had no mother and no sisters, and hardly any "female relations" at all. The older brother had perhaps the nobler character.

It is probable that the two didn't speak more than three words of affection or even of friendliness during a whole year.

Don and Esky had one bad vice. They were addicted to petty bets. They bet on anything, football games, baseball games, whether the Gulf Stream flowed north or south, or whether jellyfish had ears. Don always won on the football games, but Esky was more fortunate in the other matters. However, on one occasion Esky was not so fortunate, and by a series of bets he lost all his lunch money for a week in advance. Neither of the twins was a good loser and both were very bad winners. To be sure, they often "neglected" to collect bets. Don was quite willing to give back the money he had won, but he wanted to have the satisfaction of *giving* it. Esky, on the other hand, was full of pride and rage. He mentally determined that before he, Esky, would ask anything from that all too lucky villain Don, he, Esky, would rob the nearest defenceless person. Each knew what the other wanted, and each was adamant. "Always a stubborn fool," said Don inwardly. "Always a selfish swine," thought Esky to himself.

With these thoughts in mind, they laid themselves down to sleep, and when they awoke, the *status quo* had not changed. Accordingly, they set out stiffly for school the next morning, each stealing glances at the other in the hope that he had weakened. So strong-minded were they that neither had, and they strode along, seemingly oblivious of each other. Alas, Fate had made her plans. At a corner near the school a taxi, that is to say a highly efficient weapon for killing people, swept close to the curb from which Esky was just stepping off. No doubt it was a "P. G." riding to school lest he be late. As swiftly as lightning Esky stepped back, and just as swiftly he was hit from behind by Don, who had the entirely laudable intention of saving his brother. Esky had always been a poor blocker in football, and his weakness stood him in very bad stead now. Both boys went down in the destructive path of the juggernaut. There ensued the usual commotion and shrieks; the twins were surrounded by a crowd of blood-thirsty and callous thrill-seekers. In the very flower of their youth, in what should have been the happiest time of their lives, the twins were sacrificed to the demon, Speed.

Don and Esky were both conscious, and the fact that they did not feel any pain surprised even themselves. In the emergency they forgot their "enmity" and grinned at each other.

"You mad fool," said Esky, "why didn't you let me alone? I would have been safe."

"So you would; but I wanted to be a hero!" was Don's amazing answer.

Silent rivers run the deepest, and wounds that you do not feel are the most dangerous. In the hospital Don and Esky died. And much as they would have wished, they died at the same time. "Nor in death were they parted."

MANES SPECTER, '32.

A LAMENT
With Certain Gallic Touches

I'd always longed to make the trip
Aboard a train:
I'd made it time and time again
Upon a ship —
(Though I was always prone to share
The universal *mal de mer.*)

I saw myself in leisured ease
Peruse the scenes
Of sun, and waving grain that leans
In summer breeze —
(But then the sad *dénouement* came:
I had to take the midnight train!)

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33.

THE JOYS OF A COLLECTOR

IN the past when you were opening a bottle of tonic, did you ever pause to admire the stopper? I did, and now I collect all sorts of caps. A bottle-cap is a work of art; notice the delicate printing, the beauty of design, the firmness of the rough clamps, and the streamline appearance when fastened to the bottle. Then reflect a moment over a collection of tops. George Washington might have removed this old beercork; this champagne stopper may have covered the bottle used in christening a great ship; while Mr. Volstead may have slyly removed this cap from a beer bottle a few months after the beginning of the noble experiment. A whole afternoon might be spent thus, idly conjecturing the story of each cap.

In addition to the rumination, there are also the keen excitement of obtaining caps, the sense of elation when a hard bargain is driven, and sundry other emotions. A business sixth sense is developed while collecting, and a restful hobby occupies the idle hours (if you have any during school terms). A collector casually picks up stoppers as he goes along, adds to his handsome collection, and exchanges his new finds for several interesting caps of another enthusiast. But the best part of this fascinating hobby is that is keeps one busy, for otherwise "The devil finds work for idle hands to do!"

The importance of his collection to the collector cannot be overestimated. A true collector would scoff at a suggestion to sell his so-called "junk" to a junkman, although this suggestion has been offered by domestic heads who dislike to see the house "cluttered" by a good collection. The safety of a collection in such a house depends on the constant vigilance of the owner. Although this hobby and its followers have been oppressed by unsympathizing parents especially, its popularity increases. Vivat!

JOHN TYNAN, '33.

ON MY INABILITY TO VERSIFY

SOME few of us can write good poetry; a much larger number of us can write bad poetry; but the great majority of us give birth to such anemic verse that it seems sacrilegious to allow it to rejoice in that illustrious family name, "Poetry"; and we, therefore, call it "No-Poetry" and regard it much in the light of a poor relation. I, myself, am included in that cast of literary untouchables who are unable to compose even a single verse.

There are, I believe, several important requisites — in all of which I am lamentably deficient — for being a good poet; they are notably: inspiration, extraordinary power of observation, and the faculty of converting one's feelings into words which in turn are capable of reproducing like feelings in others.

To begin with, I have never experienced the pleasurable feelings of one inspired, being a thoroughly prosaic creature, satisfied with the concrete and immediate rather than aspiring to the doubtful, less intrinsic things of life — I am, in a word, a cold, hard commercialist and I am, therefore, a failure as a poet from the outset; for, indeed, what does it avail a man who gains preeminence in observation and style, if he lacks true inspiration? At his best, lacking a true artist's soul, he could be only such a poet as Andrea Del Sarto was a painter. Therefore, I consider it well that I foreswore this art early in life.

I tried, of course, and even succeeded in having my first attempt published in a school paper; but I lost interest, when the printer either through carelessness or a sense of pity failed to attach my name to the poem, and I thenceforth regarded poetry as a valueless means of expending energy.

That was in the thirteenth year of my life, and I have since attempted no further courtship of the haughty Muse. Instead, I have adopted, in full, the attitude of the young Disraeli who, when confronted at the courts with another young Englishman, James Clay, who aspiring to Disraeli's place in the sun in the society of Malta had beaten the garrison at racquets, the Russian legation at écarté, and Prince Pignatelli at billiards, remarked when a ball hit by that young worthy fell at his feet, "I have never touched a ball in my life." He requested a stiff young soldier to forward its passage into the courts, thus delicately diminishing his rival's prestige and increasing his own by his open avowal of such an extraordinary total abstinence from sport in an Englishman. There, in a word, is my attiture towards poetry, dear reader, and I assure you there is none of the feeling of the fox in that old fable of the grapes in my sentiments toward this greatest gift of the gods to man.

WALTER W. DWYER, '32.

Here we present a freshman contribution which we received. We wish that more freshmen would realize that we like to receive contributions for the Review from them. Any kind of prose or poetry is welcome.

BARBARA'S BET

MY!" cried Barbara. "Dad, you sure are a peach. Oh, I'm so thrilled. Imagine me, Barbara Wingate above all people going to the horse races with you next week." Rushing over she hugged her father with enthusiasm.

"As I was saying," continued her father, "I am going to let you place a small bet on any horse you may choose." When he finished speaking, he steeled himself for more kisses and hugging.

As the eventful day drew near, Babs deliberated on which horse she would place the wager.

If one could hear her debating with herself on which horse she would choose, it would surely be like this:

"Black Beauty? No, I don't think that sounds so nice as Baby Winsom! Why that's what Uncle Joe used to call me when I was a baby. I guess I'll put my bet on that horse."

Babs thought the time would never pass, but at the appointed hour she heard her father's car come up the drive-way. When she heard the reassuring honk, she excitedly pulled her tam over her dark brown curls.

The party, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Wingate and Babs, started out in high spirits, but their hopes were somewhat crushed. On the way a tire blew out. Barbara's father's patience, too, had given way.

After a delay the tire was changed and the trip resumed.

"Ooo Dad!" cried Babs, "There's a traffic officer behind you!"

Suddenly out of nowhere came gruff tones which only a motorcycle policeman can utter.

"Hey, you there, pull over to the curb."

With many more insults, Mr. Wingate was given a ticket for speeding.

When they reached the race tracks, the horses were beginning to line up for the start. Babs nervously pushed her father towards the bookmakers who take the money for the bets. Then she hurried away and gave her full attention to the race.

While Mr. Wingate strolled towards the bookmakers, he suddenly remembered to his dismay that Babs in the excitement had not told him the name of the horse.

"Confound it! If I go to ask her what the name is, it will be too late. I guess I'll put the bet on Black Beauty."

Just as he was taking his seat he heard the crowd shouting, "They're off! They're off!"

The finish was close at hand. Black Beauty and Baby Winsom were racing neck to neck. Suddenly Black Beauty forged ahead and won the race.

Crestfallen Barbara turned away, trying hard not to cry.

Her father exclaimed, "Babs, your horse won!"

"My horse won? Why I don't understand you, Dad."

"Well, Babs, I put the wager on Black Beauty because you forgot to tell me the name of the horse you had picked out."

GERTRUDE KARSH, '35.

NAIVETE

A kiss is such a fragile thing,
It seems as if a single word
Might be the means of spoiling it
If 'twere inopportunely heard.

In spite of its fragility,
It can be such a lasting thing,
It makes a hole deep in one's soul,
And then one's heart begins to sing.

Don't ask me how I know all this,
Because I really cannot tell;
I must confess I never have
Been kissed; it may be just as well.

THE LURE OF GLOUCESTER

My body may be here,
I won't deny that's true,
But oh, my mind has gone
Out to the ocean blue.

The sight of one small fish
A-flopping in the store,
Is enough to make me wish
That I were on the shore.

And if I were, I'd run
And swim, and play, and sing —
Indeed, in my free joy,
I'd stop at not a thing.

But here am I in form,
Although I must admit
The most important part
Is not content to sit.

EMILY WHITMAN, '32.

THE LIGHT THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

OFTEN, when life seems hardest, the light of understanding comes to illumine all the petty problems that seem to weary us. He who has not received the understanding smile, the clasp of a hand, the voluntary assistance, the sturdy courage, and cheerful companionship of a friend who understands truly has never tasted the sweetest part of life. Pessimists and cynics openly scoff at friendship, but they are merely disappointed foxes secretly yearning for the grapes they can never reach.

Many years ago, the light of understanding shone in a halo around the brow of that gentle Figure who moved with kindly intent among His fellow men. Never did that light fail to encompass all with a radiance pure and clear. Down through the ages its soft glow has passed in glorious splendor, blessing all whom it caresses and healing all wounds with its beneficial light.

Understanding erases mistakes, ends wars, dispels inharmony, and unites nations. It is the keynote of peace and love. Without understanding, all is chaos and confusion. So many unconsequential cares hover about our daily lives, struggling for recognition and attention, so many unimportant troubles constantly beset our paths each day, so many unkind remarks, hastily spoken, try to linger in memory, so many heedless acts cause lasting unhappiness, that it behooves us all to try to impart to ourselves a part of that gracious light of understanding, so that we may lay aside petty cares, overcome small disturbances, forgive and forget hasty remarks, cease to magnify unintentional wrongs, and may push forward with unwavering faith in our fellow men and with a full realization that understanding has never failed to clear the fogs of anger and terror.

Let us strive to understand the beauty and meaning in nature, the troubles and deprivations of our neighbors, the struggles of the world to grow better, the depth and sincerity of all good, the finer instincts in our fellow men, and, most important of all, our own place in the world. Then only shall "the voice of peace grow deeper in our souls".

GERTRUDE LANCASTER, '32.

Barber — "Your hair is getting very thin on top. Have you tried our new hair tonic?"
J. Eisner — "No, it isn't that."

"I have a cold or something in my head."
"A cold, undoubtedly."

Ted — "My feet burn like the dickens; do you think a mustard bath would help?"
Ned — "Sure! There's nothing better than mustard for hot dogs!"

Billy Baker — "I played my part so naturally that when I died, a man in the audience fainted."
Packard — "That's fine, but I don't see why the man should faint."
Baker — "Well, he was the man who had just written me a big life insurance policy."

"The study of the occult sciences interest me very much", remarked Bob Walker. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to — "
"Do you take Trig this year?" interrupted Tom Myles.

"I'll be delighted to call this evening. Are you sure you want me?"
"I really do, I've been so lonely since my little dog died."

"Yes," said Paul Brennan, "motoring is a great thing. I used to be sluggish before the motoring craze, but now I'm spry and energetic."
"I didn't know you drive a car."
"I don't — I dodge."

An ancient car chugged painfully up to the gates at the Marshfield fair. The gatekeeper demanding the usual fee for automobiles called "A dollar for the car." The owner looked up with a pathetic smile of relief.
"Sold," he said.

"I am satisfied on one thing at last; I found where my son spends his evenings," remarked Mrs. Wilson.
"You don't say so, dear; how did you find out?"
"I stayed at home one evening last week and found him there."

"The neighbors are complaining about your running the lawn mower at six o'clock in the morning."
"Which neighbors?"
"Those that play the radio till two a. m."

Mind Reader — "Now I have finished your reading — $2, please!"
J. Rainieri — "Sorry, but if you had correctly read my mind when I came in here, you would know I didn't have $2 with me."

Vertical Rhymes (*Read Down*)

Rich	Go	Baker
guy	green	calls
stocks	stop	apple
high	red	pie
stocks	no	Baker
die	cop	falls
poor	go	mince
guy	ahead	pie

"Are you sure that I shall recover?" an anxious patient once asked a physician. "I have heard that doctors sometimes make a wrong diagnosis and have treated patients for pneumonia who afterward died of typhoid fever."
"You've been woefully misinformed," replied Dr. Hill, indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."

Golfer — "They're all afraid to play me. What do you think my handicap is?"
She — "Oh, I don't know. It may be your face."

Teacher — "If you were going to Europe how would you get there?"

Hamblin — "I would take the boat; but the swimming is pretty good."

Heard in Physics I

Mr. Ritter — "Why is it that a knocking and hammering occurs in a radiator when there is condensed water in it?"

Senior — "Knocking and hammering rarely occurs in our pipes. It only occurs when we knock on the pipes to have the janitor send up more heat."

A student described the "frenzied rooters" at a basket ball game as a group of "frenzied roosters."

Fashion Notes

"We know, Mr. Weller, we, who are men of the world, that a good uniform must work its way with the women, sooner or later."

— *Charles Dickens*

"There's not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress."

— *Joseph Addison*

"While the world lasts, fashion will lead it by the nose."

— *William Cowper*

Zang — "Why is the milk so blue?"

Al Wilson — "Because it comes from discontented cows."

A teacher corrected a boy who had said, "I ain't going there."

"That's no way to talk. Listen: I am not going there; thou art not going there; he is not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there. Do you get the idea?"

"Yes, mam. They ain't nobody going."

"How's business?" Klashman asked the new barber.

"Boy," replied the barber, "it's so quiet here you can hear the notes drawing interest a block away at the First National Bank."

The family's exclamations after the purchase of a new car?

Father — "How many miles to a gallon?"

Mother — "What color is the upholstery?"

Son — "How fast will she go?"

Neighbors — "How can they afford it?"

Interior-decorator's song ....Just one more Chintz

Wrigley's song .....Gum to Me

Cribber's song .....Just A Little Closer

Culolias — "Well, did you find Mr. Bragg in?"

Ricker — "Physically, but not financially."

Packard — "What's the idea of stretching that awning between these two buildings?"

Conlon — "Oh, I'm just making a house to house canvas."

And Now It's the Pump

A letter allegedly received by a Cleveland firm read:

"I git da pump whitch I by from you, but why doan you send me no handle? Wats da use of da pump when she doan have no handle? I loose me my kustomer. Sur thing you doan treat me rite, I gote 10 days gone and my kustomer he holler for water from da pump. You no is hot summer and da win he no blow da pump. She got no handle so what I goan to do wid it? If you doan send me da handle quick I send da thing back and goan order some pump from Myres Companies.

Good by
Yors truely
ANTONIO DITTRA

Since I rite i find da handle in da box, skuse to me."

Customer — "You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy."

Minassian — "I'm out of practice, sir. You see, most of my customers say, 'Keep the change'."

A candidate was being heckled at one of his meetings. One fellow at the back of the hall thought to kill him by ridicule.

"Do you remember the time when your father used to drive a cart and donkey, collecting rags and bottles?"

"I'm afraid I've forgotten the cart," replied the speaker, looking fixedly at the questioner, "but I seem to recognize the donkey all right."

Mr. Shine — "Are you the man who came to tune our piano and left it so that not a note would sound on it?"

Piano Tuner (apprehensively) — "Y-y-yes, b-b-but — ".

Mr. Shine — "Say no more, my boy. Could you come around this evening and do something with the radio?"

Guide — "That's a skyscraper."
Ita McCarthy — "Oh my! I'd love to see it work."

Mr. Dinsmore — "Name three articles containing starch."
Freshman — "Two cuffs and a collar."

Mr. Kamins — "Your studies are suffering, son. Do you need a coach?"
Bernie — "No, Dad, a roadster will do."

The Movies

Explorers of The World ..... M. Meade and L. Magill
Tonight or Never ..... "How Obvious"
Disorderly Conduct ..... Welfare Audience
High Pressure ..... Dick Shine
Hell Divers ..... W. Scully and Bud Walsh
Grand Hotel ..... C. H. L. S.
Union Depot ..... Assembly Hall
The Big Shot ..... John Moran
What a Man! ..... Frank Harney

Paul Sullivan — "Don't tell me you didn't have a date with him last night. I saw you with my own eyes."
She — "Well, whom are you going to believe, me or your eyes?"

His mother calls him "Willie"
His sister calls him "Will"
But when he went to college
To dad, 'twas just bill, bill, bill.

A teacher who had asked her class to write a theme on "The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw" noticed that one boy finished very quickly. She asked for his paper and read: "The funniest thing I ever saw, was too funny for words."

Famous Sayings of Famous People

Mr. W. Foley — "These are your marks, not your home room numbers."
Miss Harrington — "Well, I'm here today, girls. I don't know where I'll be tomorrow."
Miss Keyes — "No talking in my class."
Miss Hagerty — "I never had another class like this."
Mr. Sheehan — "Get the idea?"
Miss Dolan — "You must study your history harder, if you ever expect to pass the College Boards."
Miss Sullivan — "I don't see why it takes you girls so long to get down from 77."
Miss Carr — "Now, I know from experience you will never be admitted to that college."
Mr. Cunningham — "I beg your pardon (pawdon)?"
Miss Hartigan — "You must impress before you express and do some arithmetic."
Miss Bligh — "Now, I don't think this is quite the thing for the 'Review'."

The son away at college wrote home to his father:

"No mon
No fun
Your son"

The father wrote back:

"Too bad
So sad
Your dad"

Said a friend to the proud father of a college graduate who had just been awarded the A. M. degree:
"I suppose Jack will be looking for a Ph. D. next."
"No, he will be looking for a J. O. B."

Can You Imagine?

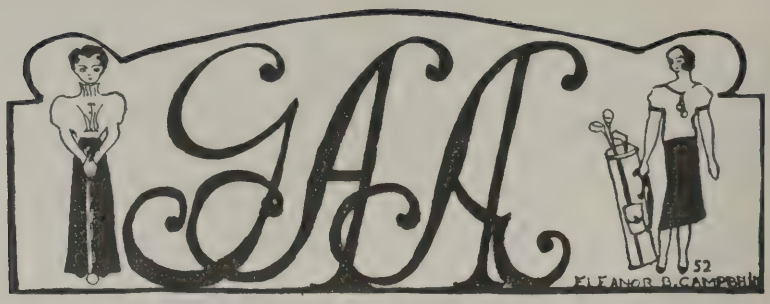
Mary Falvey being serious.
Manes Specter with straight hair.
Theodora Hubbard unprepared.
Miss Hagerty without a seventh.
Anne Conley without a smile.
Frances Carr being on time for school.
Grinnell Jones without his brief case.
Louise Magill without Martha Meade.
Ita McCarthy not taking a joke.
Bill McFadden having his own pen.
Rita Cassidy seven feet tall.
Ken Chase shrunk very small.

An American touring Europe sent back a picture post-card, bearing this message to his son:
Dear Son:
On the other side you will see a picture of the rock from which the Spartans used to throw their defective children. Wish you were here. — Your Dad.

"My niece," said Mrs. Parsons, "has had a splendid education. She speaks several languages quite flippantly."

Walsh — "Are you wearing spectacles, old man?"
Myles — "Yes. Through cross-word puzzles I've contracted an optical defect. One eye travels vertically and the other horizontally!"

ALL IN FUN
The Review Art Staff
SEEN ABOUT SCHOOL
"Muggsey" Kelley says, Baseball and Poetry are my favorite Pastimes."
P.G. of 1933 ?
MR. SHEEHAN
WALTER WINCHELL of CHLS
Miss McCaffrey sees things through her new Glasses as they are NOT. BEWARE!!
BILL SCULLY'S NEXT ROLE?
I didn't threaten 'im all I said was,
"Anyone wantin' a flock of loose teeth can have it."
L.R.
Spring Fever!
Peg Hudson
LOOKS NICE ON YOU, SENIOR, WHY NOT BUY IT?
WALT WINCHELL'S
KEY HOLE



ANOTHER two months have passed leaving behind a trail of interesting G. A. A. news.

The senior basketball team became the champions of the school, when, on February 4, they defeated the sophomore team by a score of 23 - 8.

In its opening game, the Varsity team defeated Wellesley by a score of 20 - 18. The Varsity won its second victory when it defeated Somerville with a score of 37 - 13. Finally, on Tuesday, March 22, they played the Alumnae team. Ruth Hibbard, whom we were very glad to have back with us if only for a short visit, acted as captain of the Alumnae team. The first team score was 37 -17 in our favor, and the second team score 34 - 28 in our favor. The Varsity, comprised of the senior team, played its three games undefeated.

The first team Varsity players were: Helen Kenney, Captain; Winifred Burns, forwards; Clara Cormier, Rita Doneski, centers; Louise Hodge, Gertrude Lancaster, guards. The second team Varsity players were: Marjorie O'Dell, captain; Jessie Maver, Mildred McNally, forwards; Mary Elizabeth Beaver, Jeannette Eyre, centers; Lila Larson, Eileen Fletcher, guards.

Although the basketball season has officially closed, the juniors and seniors will hold a topsy-turvy game at an early date. This game will be more than amusing and quite in contrast to the usual game played by the teams. Each girl will play in a different position from her regular one on the team, thereby making the game like "scrambled eggs". We might get a surprise and find that one of our best guards is an expert forward or vice-versa. Who knows?

Since the coach of the Everett team returned from her rather extended vacation, the freshmen were able to play one of their long postponed games. On Wednesday, March 30, they played Everett here and we are glad to say that we won. On April 6 we shall play Everett again, and we hope that they will make as fine a showing as they made during their first game.

The elections of next year's sophomore and junior basketball captains have already been held. Alice Tibbets has been re-elected for next year as captain of the juniors, and Jeannette Eyre has been chosen as next year's senior captain. We wish the teams every success under their new captains.

Within the last month Edith Nason has been appointed a G. A. A. executive officer to take the place of Jean Branscombe.

On March 26 a basketball luncheon was held at the Riverbank Court Hotel. The idea, introduced last year, was carried out again this year with even better success. Mary Falvey was toast-mistress, while Jeannette Eyre as "Who's Who" did a very clever piece of work. This year we added a class will, duly written and read by Esther Flemming, in which the seniors willed away their most precious belongings. To the freshmen they bequeathed their beloved class song which we earnestly hope they will know how to sing by the time they become seniors. Between the many speeches, everyone managed to eat her share of food and felt much better for it afterwards. This year there was an increase in the number of Alumnae who attended the luncheon. We were pleased to have them with us, and hope that in the years to come we shall have an even larger gathering.

On April 15 the freshmen will give a return party to the upper classmen. The party is to be a complete surprise, and we know that those who come will thoroughly enjoy themselves.

A Masquerade Dance was held in the gym, on Friday, April 1. To begin with, the decorations were delightful. A committee under Philomena Di Lallo did an excellent job. Ribbons, bright colored papers, noise makers, gypsies, pirates — all helped to add to the fun and excitement. As honored patronesses we had: Miss Russell, Miss Hardy, Miss McLaughlin, Miss O'Neil, Miss Dennett and Miss Brown. A refreshment committee under Marion Leary served sizzling and popping root beer made by the officers. This, indeed, was a successful dance.

The grammar school basketball tournament, has been postponed, due to conditions outside the G. A. A. This will not give our seniors an opportunity to display their skill as referees, much to our regret.

Swimming is well under way, with practice

(*Continued on Page 23*)

Alumni

1925

Thomas T. McCormick, a graduate of Harvard in 1929, is now teaching French and Spanish at Georgetown.

1926

William Davy is a senior at Providence College.

Nan and Julie Nelligan were graduated from Radcliffe last June, and are now freshmen at the Catherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Mary Muldoon is working for the Shaw Sales Co., Newton, as clerk.

1927

Polly Stubbs and Lorraine Langley are seniors at Radcliffe.

Thomas O'Connell is a junior at Annapolis, and is First Battalion Representative on The Academy Paper, "Trident".

Erik Walz had the lead in the play, "The Other One" presented by the Cambridge School of the Drama.

Lillian Munson is assistant director to Mr. Lovejoy of the Cambridge School of the Drama.

1928

Francis Murphy is a freshman at Boston College.

Eleanor Daley will graduate in June from the Portia Law School.

1929

James Duggan is a sophomore at Bryant - Stratton.

Mary Rooney is private secretary to Mr. Walter Joy of the Cambridge Rubber Company.

Mary Deegan is assistant office manager of J. E. Purdy & Co. of Boston.

Ned McKenney is a freshman at the Theological School in Bangor, Me.

Helen Mohan entered training at St. Elizabeth's Hospital on February 1.

Thomas Walsh is enrolled at the Y. M. C. A. college in Springfield.

1930

Thomas Nelligan is at Chauncy Hall School, Boston.

Marjorie Parker is a sophomore at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Evelyn Robinson was married on February 27 to Walker Crowell of Kittery, Maine.

1931

Joseph Olivo is employed by the St. Clair Co. of Boston.

Edward F. Sullivan is studying at the Curtiss-Wright Air School at the Boston Airport.

George Mullen is employed at the Cambridge Rubber Co.

Fred Donald is a P. G. at Rindge.

Ruth Hibbard is attending St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York.

Caribel Conant is a freshman at B. U.

Austin West is employed by the Hadsell Corp. of Needham.

Raymond McCaffrey is head of the Post Office Department of the Ayer Corporation of Boston.

The class of '31 will hold its first reunion at the Longfellow School, April 22.

The following undergraduate students have high scholastic standing at Massachusetts Institute of Technology for the first term of 1931 - 1932:—

Freshmen —
- Vincent John Mooney
- Bernard Whitman

Juniors —
- Newton Weber Berger
- Eugene Thomas Sullivan
- Edward Jerome Walsh

Seniors —
- Braveaux Worth Bender
- Rolf Valdemar Wallin

The following students are on the Dean's list at Harvard grouped according to their grades:—

Seniors —

Israel Kazis is on the first Honor Roll. This means that his total average is A.

Third Group
- Gilbert E. Mottla

Juniors —

Third Group
- A. J. De Vito
- Morris Shapiro
- Erik Walz
- Gration Yatsevitch

Sophomores —

Second Group
- Allan Thompson

Third Group
- F. P. Cahill
- H. G. Olken

Freshmen —

Second Group
- Israel Berkman

Third Group
- Solomon Isenstein

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

The following letters have been received by members of the school recently. We thought that you might be interested in seeing them. How many of us can write French with as few errors as Miss Cardieu has made in her English?

Dimanche 31 Janvier 1932

Ecole Normale Institutrice,
Angoulême,
Charente.

Dear Dorothy,

I was expecting your letter with a very great impatience. So, you can well imagine how merrily I have received it, this morning. I have not been disappointed in this letter. Not at all, to be sure. You are too modest in saying "I am not an artist." And I admire you to be an artist — Yes! Drawing is not my preferred occupation because I draw too bad. In school, I like French very much — then English (but I speak and read it rather bad) then history, geography. But, I have forgotten music which is, however, one of my greatest pleasures. I play violin, and you? Do you play an instrument? Poetry delights me deeply. Amidst our French poets I prefere V. Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, Samain, Gregh, and above all A. de Musset. I don't know the English poets very well. But I profess a great admiration for Shelley and Shakespeare. But I don't read only poems, I read many a novel. In fact, I read all sorts of books. Besides we have good writers just now. Every time I have not to work, I take a book — or a manual work, for I like that so; for instance, I have made myself several pull-overs.

During holidays I have different occupations. I live with my parents in a little town, Saint-Junien about 80 km. from Angoulême. Saint-Junien is built on the slope of a hill to the bottom of which a pretty river flows. This river is called the Glane. It has been painted by very good painters among who was Corot. Then, during holidays I go for long walkings on its banks with my friends. Sometimes I dance. Dancing is nearly a passion for me.

Now I am going to tell you about by portrait. I am twenty years old, also I am rather tall: un metre, cinquante huit centimetres, and weigh a little more than one hundred pounds. I have dark and curled hair with a clear complexion. But I have neither a fine nose (a too small nose, indeed) nor fine eyebrows. They have not a very classic form. It's a sad thing — for (I confess you in a low voice) I am a little coquettish. Are you not? that seems so natural for a young girl. What a bad opinion you will be about me! But, however, I have a few qualities. For instance, I work well at school and I am a good scholar.

Un peu de français maintenant. Je serais très contente d'avoir votre photographie. Pourrez-vous me l'envoyer dans une prochaine lettre je vous prie? Il me semble que je vous connaîtrai mieux ainsi. Chère Dorothée, vous me demander ce qui m'intéresse? Mais . . . tout m'intéressera. Dites-moi tout ce que vous voudrez sur les écoles (et en particulier sur "Art School"), les moeurs, la vie des ouvriers, des écoliers, des étudiants, des industriels. Les Etats-Unis sont pour moi un monde immense où l'on fait des choses extraordinaires et fort intéressantes. Vous me parlerez d'Arlington pour que j'aie idée très exacte de cette ville. Vous seriez bien aimable de m'envoyer des cartes postales. Vous me direz quel est votre emploi de temps. Vous me parlerez de vos amis. Dans ma prochaine lettre je vous parlerai d'Angoulême et de Saint-Junien. Je vous parlerai plus longuement de mes parents et de mon emploi du temps à l'école.

Aujourd'hui, je ne puis vous écrire plus longuement.

C'est avec grand plaisir que je me déclare votre nouvelle amie —

Ma pensée affectueuse,
Amélié Cardieu.

6 Calle Poniente No. 66
Guatemala City
February 8, 1932

Estimada Miss Mae:

He tenido mucho gusto al recibir su carta y tener correspondencia con Vd., pues, a mí me gusta muchísimo el Inglés. Mi professor es muy inteligente y sabe muy bién el Inglés, porque estudió en San Francisco Calif. Su nombre es Ismael Mendez Y.

Ha pensado Vd. alguna vez venir a conocer este país? No sabe como me gustaría que Vd. viniese aquí pues estoy segura que le gustaria. Guatemala es un país no muy grande como el suyo, tiene bellos paisajes, paseo muy bonito como el de la Aurora que es un parque Zoölogico y Botanico donde van a pasear todas las personas en las tardes, pues queda muy cerca de la cuidad;

(*Continued on Page 23*)

HOCKEY

CAMBRIDGE 4 STONEHAM 5

Despite the fact that Latin made four goals, well-earned, too, our usual hard luck was able to prevent a win.

Desrosiers and Rooney were as usual the Latin stars. Rooney was credited with two goals, both on passes from Desrosiers, and pressed constantly throughout the game. Desrosiers, however, was unusually brilliant on his wing, and his passing was responsible for all four Latin goals.

Latin went into the second period leading two to one and came out of the third with the score three to three. Good passing by the Stonehamites earned them two goals in the deciding period. Latin could score only one.

Allt and Powers scored Latin's other two goals. Both these boys were in every play.

CAMBRIDGE 1 ST. MARKS 0

Cambridge Latin won its first hockey victory of the season by defeating St. Marks at Southboro.

The Cantab goal was scored early in the first period when Powers took the puck at his own defence and accompanied by Allt and Desrosiers swept down the ice. At the blue line, he passed to Desrosiers whose long shot went into the nets for the only goal of the game. Latin was forced to play on the defensive all the third period, and only the miraculous goal tending of Hopkins saved the day.

For Cambridge Latin, Desrosiers, Powers, Allt, and Hopkins played well. Hallowell was the St. Marks star.

CAMBRIDGE 2 MEDFORD 5

Our hockey team lost a hard fought game to Medford.

The first period was fast and furious. The Cantab passing attack worked sufficiently well to give us a two to one lead at the end of the period. Both Latin goals were clean and well-deserved. Rooney scored our first goal on a pass from Desrosiers, and Desrosiers our second on a pass from Allt. Medford scored on Wilkins' long shot.

Medford, however, showed its superiority in the last two periods by making two goals in each. Chipman scored two, and Muench and Dinsmore the others.

Desrosiers and Rooney, along with Allt, were the Latin stars. Chipman and the Peckham twins were best for Medford.

CAMBRIDGE 5 POMFRET ACAD. 1

Cambridge Latin's hockey team took a long journey to Pomfret, Connecticut, and returned victoriously for its second win of the season. Desrosiers and Rooney were our best players, with both boys scoring twice. Powers and Allt played well.

BASKETBALL

CAMBRIDGE 23 NEWTON 17

Cambridge Latin won the first of its two game series with Newton by the score of 23 - 17.

The score at the half was twelve to eight in our favor, mostly because of Captain Rogert's fine shooting. The Latin teamwork was good throughout the game, and though Rogert scored most of the points, credit must be given to his team-mates for the opportune passes. Klevis and Maguire were especially effective. The Newton boys were practically unable to pierce the strong Latin defence.

CAMBRIDGE 20 WOBURN 26

Woburn took a slow Latin team into camp this game.

The teams went into the second half, tied, 12 - 12, but Latin tired rapidly and couldn't keep up the pace during the second half. They took long and hurried shots throughout the third and fourth quarters. Klevis was about the best of our players, while Rogert and Katz contributed to our scoring.

The contest was marked by twenty-one fouls, and by poor officiating.

CAMBRIDGE 12 REVERE 32

Though our boys previously defeated this team easily, in this game they were unable to put on a semblance of either attack or defense. The Cantabs were greatly weakened by the loss of their stellar guard, Klevis. Maguire was the best Latin player on the floor, his defensive play being especially good.

Pallotta scored fifteen points for Revere, while

Sochat made seven. The Revere defense was very hard to penetrate.

Cambridge seconds lost, 38 - 12.

CAMBRIDGE 26 KEITH ACADEMY 36

Keith Academy, led by its brilliant right guard, McGuane, was just a little too strong for the Latinites in this game. McGuane made four long shots. His eight points along with Nestor's twelve were sufficient to give Keith the edge over a Cambridge team that never stopped fighting but just didn't have the luck to win.

Maguire and Rogert were our best scorers, with Katz trailing but a little behind them in points. These three boys accounted for eighteen of our points.

Latin seconds won without any trouble.

CAMBRIDGE 36 NEWTON 24

Cambridge Latin made its best showing of the year heretofore when it took the strong Newton team into camp by a margin of twelve points. The game put our team into a tie with Rindge for first place in the suburban league.

Our sharp shooting center, Rogert, was unstoppable, scoring fourteen points. The Latin teamwork was superb. Klevis held the star Newton player, Huston, to three points, and he himself scored seven. The work of Rogert and Klevis was rounded out by the general good playing of Walsh, Mahoney, Katz and Maguire. Maguire and Walsh scored thirteen points between them.

Patterson, with eight points, was the best Newton player.

CAMBRIDGE 13 LAWRENCE 16

In this game Latin put up a good fight against a powerful Lawrence team, and lost by the narrow edge of three points. The defensive play of both teams was remarkable, as the score indicates.

The entire Latin team was strong on the defense. Klevis, Maguire, and Katz were especially good.

Wilkes stood out for Lawrence in the absence of Captain Barlow.

Cambridge seconds won, 29 - 28.

CAMBRIDGE 30 MASS. NAUTICAL 14

Latin easily defeated the Nantucket team in a game that was featured by the excellent Cantab teamwork.

Our team led all through the game. Walsh was our high scorer with eleven points, while Rogert and Klevis were as usual very effective. Rogert, especially, was in the game all the way, and his passing to Walsh accounted for many of our baskets. Besides this, he scored nine points himself. Klevis was fine at guard. Berry was the only Nautical man that could do anything against the strong Latin defense.

CAMBRIDGE 30 RINDGE 36

In what was the most exciting game of recent years, Rindge beat our team by six points in an overtime period.

Rindge acquired a small lead in the first half and played on it for the rest of the game. Stobo of Rindge was the best forward on the floor, and scored fifteen points. Klevis was the foremost guard, with thirteen points.

Latin crept up steadily during the second half, until with one second to play and the score 30 - 29 in favor of Rindge, Young was given a free shot, a shot which he sank with the coolness of a professional. Pandemonium reigned, and a riot almost ensued. A three-minute overtime was then played in which Stobo caged two more baskets, and Minehan, one, to give Rindge six points and the game.

Latin seconds won by a comeback in the second half.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Katz, rf	0	0	0
Young, rf	0	1	1
Walsh, lf	1	0	2
Maguire, lf	0	1	1
Rogert, c	4	2	10
Klevis, rg	4	5	13
Mahoney, lg	0	0	0
Frisoli, lg	1	1	3
Total	10	10	30

RINDGE

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Parker, lg	3	0	6
Dergay, lg	0	0	0
Spitzer, rg	0	1	1
Ananis, rg	0	0	0
Kishkis, c	1	0	2
Minehan, c	2	0	4
Stobo, lf	6	3	15
Ruggieri, lf	0	0	0
Byington, rf	3	2	8
Total	15	6	36

CAMBRIDGE 17 SOMERVILLE 24

Cambridge Latin lost whatever chance it had of winning the Suburban League championship when Somerville took it into camp by the score of 24 - 17.

Our boys played a fair game, but they had no luck with their shots. Fitzpatrick of Somerville was the high scorer of the game, with five baskets, while his teammate Bolster materially aided the Somerville cause. Katz and Walsh were best for Latin. Mahoney, too, was good.

Cambridge seconds won 29 - 28 in the last minute of play.

CAMBRIDGE 26 RINDGE 33

Cambridge Latin ended its basketball season by losing the championship of the city of Cambridge to its ancient rival, Rindge.

The game was even up to the third quarter, thanks to a brilliant exhibition of guard playing by Klevis, our right guard. He dominated the battle by his sensational playing. Besides scoring ten points, he played a fine all-around game. Sid Katz finished his basketball career in our school by playing a very creditable game at left forward. His passes were the causes of many a Latin basket.

Byington and Spitzer were Rindge's best players, and Parker, too, was good.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Walsh, rf	0	3	3
Maguire, rf	2	0	4
Katz, lf	1	1	3
Young, lf	1	0	2
Rogert, c	1	0	2
Klevis, rg	5	0	10
Mahoney, lg	1	0	2
Frisoli, lg	0	0	0
Total	11	4	26

RINDGE

	Gls.	Fls.	Pts.
Spitzer, lg	2	0	4
Minihan, lg	1	1	3
Parker, rg	3	0	6
Dergay, rg	0	0	0
Kishkis, c	3	0	6
Ananis, c	0	0	0
Stobo, lf	3	0	6
Byington, rf	4	0	8
Leary, rf	0	0	0
Total	16	1	33

ELECTION OF CAPTAINS

(*Continued from Page 5*)

Gerald Desrosiers, all-scholastic right wing, was picked by his mates as hockey leader for 1932. Desrosiers played a fine game at his wing position, and was picked for the all-scholastic team at the end of the season. He was the high scorer of the team, and its best player, too. There are enough veterans returning next year to fill almost all the positions, with the exception of the defense.

John Klevis, Latin's regular left guard, was unanimously chosen captain of next year's basketball team. Klevis played a splendid game throughout the entire season, and was probably the best guard in the Suburban League. His work in the Rindge games was especially good. During these two games he scored twenty-three points, a remarkable record for a guard. All the players on this year's team, with the exception of Katz, are returning next year.

G. A. A.

(*Continued from Page 18*)

every Saturday morning, under the instruction of Miss Ruth Fennessey. A meet with Somerville was held March 31, and we are sorry to say that we did not win. An interclass meet is planned for April 7.

As yet baseball practice has not started, but with the nice spring days coming it is certain that practice will be scheduled soon. We hope that a large number of girls will come out for this sport.

In the next issue, which is, by the way, the last, I trust that I shall have many more things about which to tell you.

RITA DONESKI, '32.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

(*Continued from Page 20*)

Amatithan ques es un bello lago donde van todos a remar y a banarse, también hay allí un salon de baile donde pasan muy contentos todos los jóvenes los dias domingos; Antigua, que antes era la capital de Guatemala por eso la llamar Antigua Guatemala, pero ésta fué arruinada por el terremoto del ano 1773, pero hoy dia ya esta construida, pero aun quedan maravillosas ruinas y objetos que recuerdan la arquitectura de los antiguos habitantes de este país. Le mandaré unas fotografías de todas estas ruinas para que se familiarise con mi país.

Yo vivo en una finca que se llama "Parga" queda muy cerce de la ciudad, allí paso la vida muy felíz voy a pasear a caballo, a pezcar a cazar palomas, y voy también mucho al lago de Amatithan que queda cerca.

Ahora que le escribo estoy en el Colegio pero creo que dentro de pronto yo me iré a la finca, solo espero hacer mi examen público previo a optar el título de Taquimecanografo y Secretario Comercial que creo que sera a mas tardar el 20 de esto mes.

Herewith I send you my fotograph, and I am 17 years old; I have brown hair, and green eyes. We are ten in my family. One of my brothers whose name is Oscar, studied in the City of New York. He wished to teach me English, but it was not possible because we played all the lesson's hour like little children.

I wish you correct the errors you find in this letter; I think you notice plenty, because I don't know the English language very well.

Without anything else to tell you, I send you my sincere affection.

Marina Padilla.

MATHEMATICALLY speaking, there is amidst all the variables of the present day, one constant; the one reliable force in the world is good old Mother Nature who can always be depended upon to banish the chill of winter, and usher in the warmth and flowers of Spring. As this joyous season approaches, we long to change our drab winter garbs for gay spring costumes. The Easter Parade has already acquainted us with the latest creations of Dame Fashion; so let's take a peek at the literary styles for the spring as the models march in review before our eyes.

The patriotic and unique cover on the "Taconic" is indeed the most striking figure in the fashion parade. The Williamstown publication never deviates from her vivid color scheme of black and white. Real humor brightens her costume. A few clever modernistic illustrations are her only adornments. Neatness perfects her ensemble. We cannot help observing that she is a talented miss, for her literary department contains several well-developed short stories. "Gas" and "A Midnight Escape" were our favorites. Just a few more essays like "The Americas" would raise the educational value of the magazine. Poetry of unusual quality appears in the "Taconic". "In the House of the Seven Gables" reproduces very well the atmosphere described in Hawthorne's novel. Both "A Promise" and "Evening" paint beautiful pictures of nature. In no other paper have we discovered so extensive a French Department as "Le Cercle Français". Miss Taconic is fortunate in not having to rely on advertisements for financial support.

In spite of the fact that gentlemen scorn the stress which the fair sex places on dress, "les messieurs" play an important rôle in the fashion parade. "St. John's Concordia" from the Prep School in Danvers has the appearance of a true aristocrat. His habit is complete in every detail. A goodly number of editorials and a collection of entertaining and educational literature are distinctively commendable characteristics of your publication. Your authors seem to be veterans at the art for the strained style which is so noticeable in many school papers is lacking in yours. "A Sermon In Stones" and "Seventy Times Seven", besides having apt titles, are well-written, clever stories. The one act comedy, "Deciding", makes for variety. The "Laugh Clown" column produced some hearty chuckles on our part and convinced us that you are a man of wit. The extensive Alumni, Exchange, Athletic, Debating, and Society Departments are interesting even to a foreign reader. Our only suggestion is a venture in a Foreign Language Department. Continue to maintain the cultured and aristocratic tone which now prevails throughout your magazine.

"The Courier" from Hyde Park has chosen a brilliant shade of green for her spring outfit. We think that a few cuts would make her costume more attractive. One cannot complain of the quantity of literature in this publication. You are fortunate in having so many contributors but would it not be wise to advise them to develop their style in writing. The ideas behind the stories and essays are ingenious, but at times they are not well expressed.

The bright orange cover of "The Tradesman" wins for its magazine the title of "the dandy" of the group. We find this gentleman from the Boston High School of Commerce to be a very bright fellow; his outlook on life is delightfully optimistic. The one essay in the paper, which deals with aviation is informal and entertaining as well as educational. Murder, mystery stories, and one mystery play compose the majority of the remainder of the literary department. For the sake of convenience to your readers, it would be better to keep your departments from overlapping each other. We were surprised that your humor column was not longer, although we enjoyed what wit you did display. Our search for your Exchange Department was fruitless.

A great many other participants in the fashion parade are trying to find a place in this picture, which is merely a small extract from a large panorama formed by the many publications which we have received from our contemporaries. We regret that our photographic equipment is not extensive enough to include any more contestants in the picture, but we can express our appreciation to our many friends for their kindness in exchanging magazines with us.

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL, WHAT?

Each year, high school seniors are confronted with the serious and sometimes perplexing question — "After High School, What?" Those who choose to enter college, soon find themselves facing a similar question — "After College, What?"

For many years the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School of Boston has been helping both high school and college graduates to answer these questions in a satisfactory manner, enabling them to capitalize the training already acquired, but which, too often, has not fitted them to enter positions that will immediately give satisfactory returns, or furnish desirable entrance to worthy careers.

To those who choose to enter business, Bryant & Stratton affords unsurpassed facilities for securing a training that will lead to successful careers in the business world.

Young men, as a rule, find it to their advantage to secure the training of the Business Administration Course, which because of its comprehensive scope has largely supplanted the General Business Course, so popular in former years. It is well worth the short extra time necessary for its completion, as it includes training in both executive and accounting subjects. The young man who shows signs of leadership and has an aptitude for Shorthand and Typing will find such ability a valuable asset, enabling him to meet the increasing demand on the part of business executives for young men, who, beginning their business careers as secretaries, may develop the ability to assume the more important obligations of executive positions.

Capable young women, who in addition to a thorough high school education acquire such training as Bryant & Stratton affords in the Secretarial Course, multiply their value and their opportunities, both with regard to the more desirable positions and larger salaries.

Graduates of the Cambridge High and Latin School are not required to take entrance examinations; and will be enabled to advance as rapidly as individual ability and the standards of the school permit. Those who have had commercial training will be permitted to enter advanced finishing courses.

We suggest that students interested in a business career write to Principal L. O. White, at 334 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., who will be pleased to supply full information.

—Advertisement

The Brownie Kitchen

A. A. Young

179 BENT STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Fine Home-Made

CAKES and PASTRIES

for

TEA ROOMS
FOOD SHOPS
RESTAURANTS
COLLEGES
SCHOOLS
CLUBS

Edith Goodell's Shops

1676 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE

Attractive Apparel at Reasonable Prices

10% DISCOUNT TO ALL SENIORS AND TEACHERS OF THE C. H. L. S.

Shops also at:

BELMONT FALMOUTH

BILLINGS & STOVER

EST. 1863

Apothecaries

HARVARD SQUARE CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE ACADEMY SHOP
Offers a variety of

Fruit, Candy, Tonics, Smokes, Periodicals, Hot Buttered Pop Corn

THE ACADEMY SHOP
(Cor. Church Street and Mass. Avenue)
Harvard Square

Compliments of

CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC MARKET

6 PLEASANT STREET
CAMBRIDGE MASS.

TUTORING

Spanish, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry

MARY MOULTON, A.B., A.M., ED. M.
27 Ellery Street
Porter 0225-W

Horace Partridge Co.
"EVERYTHING FOR SPORT"
49 Franklin St. Near Washington Street
BOSTON

DISCOUNT PRICES TO C. H. L. S. STUDENTS

Ask Mr. Foley for Discount Card

Telephone: University 7349 Bonded Member Florists' Telegraph Delivery, Inc.

Galgay
The Florist

When you want quality flowers we are as near as your telephone.

PROSPECT AND HARVARD STREETS CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Business Courses

FOR YOUNG MEN—

Business Administration and Accounting Courses as preparation for sales, credit, financial and accounting positions. College grade instruction. Highly specialized technical training in two years.

FOR YOUNG WOMEN—

Executive Secretarial, Stenographic Secretarial, Stenographic, and Finishing Courses as preparation for attractive secretarial positions. Individual advancement.

FOR BOTH Young Men and Young Women—

Business and Bookkeeping Courses as preparation for general business and office positions.

For new illustrated catalogue, sent without obligation, address
F. H. BURDETT, President

Burdett Training

—whether secured before or after college, is helpful throughout life. It is an essential part of the equipment of every young person in seeking employment or in building a career. Courses include basic subjects with several distinct opportunities for specialization. Instruction intensely practical. Close attention paid to individual needs. Separate courses for men and women.

Burdett students last year came from 70 universities and colleges, 356 high schools, 114 academies, and 165 other business, normal, and special schools. Graduates of Burdett College receive the assistance of a well-organized placement service. School facilities are unsurpassed. Students are trained by an able and experienced faculty. Previous business training is not required for entrance. Correspondence is invited.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 6th

BURDETT COLLEGE

A Professional Business School of College Grade
156 STUART STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

ICE CREAM "DE LUXE"

For All Occasions

FANCY INDIVIDUAL ICES, MELON MOLDS, FRAPPES
PARFAITS, AND EVERYTHING IN ICE CREAM
NEOPOLITAN CHARLOTTE RUSSE FRUIT PUNCH

Your Inquiry Solicited *Send for Detailed Price List*

NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAM CO.

TEL. UNIVERSITY 7460 CAMBRIDGE

Quality — Service — Courtesy

"Bushway Ice Cream Is Good Ice Cream Everybody Likes It!"

NEW TUXEDOS FOR HIRE

Special College and High School Rates

Buy that growing boy a good, used Tuxedo Price as low as $15.00.

READ & WHITE

Tuxedos, Full Dress
Cutaways
Shirts, Shoes, etc.

111 SUMMER ST. and 93 MASS. AVE.
BOSTON

SHEA BROS. PRINTERS

33 CHURCH ST. CAMBRIDGE
At Harvard Square

CLUBS
For High School Girls
PARTIES
DANCES
DRAMATICS
HANDICRAFT
DISCUSSIONS

Cambridge Y. W. C. A.
7 Temple Street **University 1102**
PHYLLIS RODENHISER, *Director*

PLEASE NOTE THAT OUR NEW TELEPHONE NUMBERS ARE
UNIversity 7515 and 7516

GEORGE H. STOCKWELL
Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork
Groceries and Provisions

No Change in Location and We Are Pleased to Continue to Serve You

36 BRATTLE ST. **CAMBRIDGE**

TENNIS AND SQUASH SHOP
Tennis Racquets of All Makes
Restringing a Specialty

67a MT. AUBURN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HARRY COWLES, Proprietor
University 5417

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

BOOKKEEPING FINISHING COURSE

TO SUPPLEMENT HIGH SCHOOL TRAINING BY INCREASING EFFICIENCY AND PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE. BASED ON BUSINESS REQUIREMENTS

INSTRUCTION BY

PRACTICING CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

CLASSES LIMITED DURATION OF COURSE—3 MONTHS TUITION MODERATE

Lawrence Siegel, B. B. A., C. P. A. **89 State St., Boston** **Hubbard 5943**

J. RICHARD O'NEIL CO.

School and College Jewelers

Class Pins, Club Pins, Pendants, Charms, Class Rings, Fraternity Jewelry Favors, Medals

282 FRANKLIN STREET **Central Square** **CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**

PORTIA LAW SCHOOL

ESTABLISHED 1908

The only law school exclusively for women in the world. Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School are admitted without entrance examinations.

Four year course, granting degree of Bachelor of Laws. Two separate divisions, Day or Evening. Attend either Division.

Two year graduate course, granting degree of Master of Laws. Send for catalog.

ARTHUR W. MacLEAN, A. B., LL.B., J. M., Dean

45 MT. VERNON STREET, BOSTON **Capitol 5725**

Honey Bee Candy Shop

Home Made Candy
Delicious Sandwiches
Soda and Luncheonette

700 Massachusetts Ave. **Cambridge**

M. LEO LOONEY, JR.

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law

SUITE 710-712
148 STATE ST. · **BOSTON, MASS.**
Telephone, Capitol 3145-3146

In the long run

you and your friends will prize the portrait that looks like you—your truest self, free from stage effects and little conceits. It is in this "long run" Photography that PURDY success has been won.

Portraiture by the camera that one cannot laugh at or cry over in later years.

For present pleasure and future pride protect your photographic self by having PURDY make the portraits.

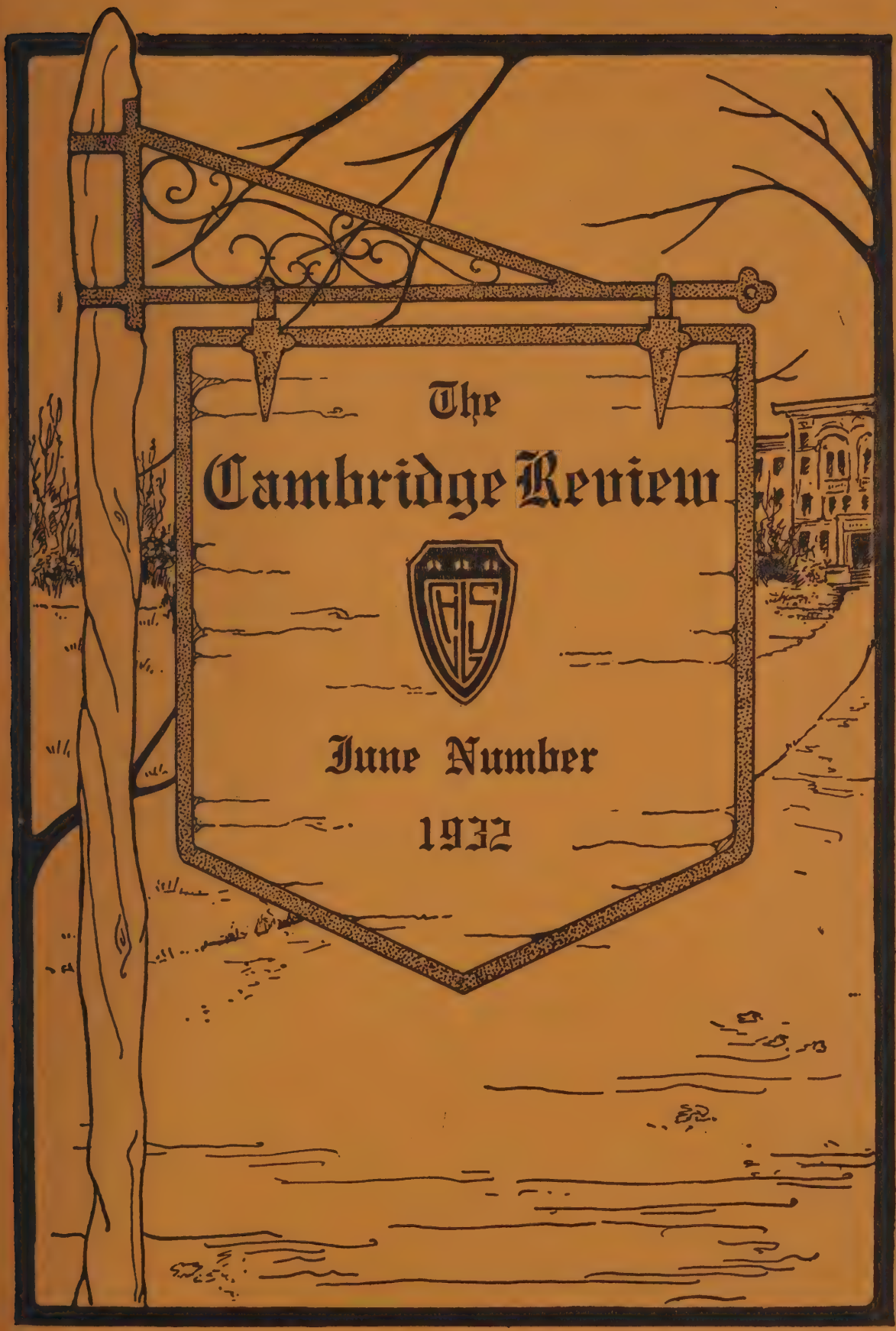
PURDY

160 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Official Photographer

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
Class of 1932

Special Discount Rates to all Students of C. H. L. S.


The
Cambridge Review
June Number
1932

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Athletic Editor
MANES SPECTER

Alumni Editor
PHYLLIS GRACE

Exchange Editor
EMILY FETTER

Art Editors
ARNOLD HELLER
DORIS MABEY
ELEANOR CAMPBELL

G. A. A. Editor
RITA DONESKI

Faculty Adviser
MISS MARY P. BLIGH

Editor-in-Chief
JOSEPH PALMER

Assistant Editor
JOHN TYNAN

Literary Editors
EMILY WHITMAN
CATHERINE SANDERS
JEANNETTE EYRE

Business Manager
BERNARD KAMINS

Assistant Business Manager
MAURICE CALLUM

Typists
MARY OWIRKA
HEDWIG DOBROWOLSKA

Advertising Manager
CONSTANTINE CULOLIAS

Assistant Advertising Managers
JAMES TOWERS
JOSEPH RICKER
PAUL BARENBERG
FRANKLIN COLEMAN

Class Notes Editors
FRANCES CARR
CONSTANCE OVERLOCK

Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association.
Entered at Cambridge Station (Boston Postal District) as second class matter.

Vita sine litteris mors est.

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 5

CONTENTS

PAGE

The Reviewer 2
Caroline Close Prize Essay Contest
The Golden Days of Childhood 5
A Starry Night 6
What Music Tells Me 6
If Washington Lived Today 7
Rondeau 7
What's in a Name? 8
Class Poem of 1932 8
Class Song for 1932 9
Young Mr. Freeman 9
Hollyhocks 10
Bug-a-Boo 11
A Comparison of Theodore Roosevelt and Mahatma Gandhi 11
The Fairies Are Not All Dead 12
Class Pictures ..... 15 - 18
Class Notes 13, 14, 19
G. A. A. 20
Cartoons 21
Athletics 22
Exchanges 24
Alumni 26
Advertisements ..... 27 - 32

The Reviewer

AN INVENTORY

SCHOOL is almost over, and the time has come to take stock to see just what you have accomplished this year. Did you give your best to everything you did, whether it was to studies or sports? Did you do your work faithfully — all the time? If you can answer yes, you have accomplished something this year; you have learned two vital factors of success in life: effort and perseverance. But how about you others? Perhaps you regret the time you lost and intend to work harder next year. Keep that intention in mind throughout the vacation, however. Remember:

"Tomorrow I will live, the fool does say;
Today itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday."

J. T.

PARENTS' NIGHT

HAVING just returned from ushering at the last Parents' Night of the year, we feel inspired to say a few words on the subject. Parents' Night is an occasion which is held in every school in the city. For an hour and a half, all the teachers are in their rooms, ready to talk to any parents who may come to see them. At nine o'clock in the Assembly Hall, there are speeches by members of the School Committee and the principal, and entertainment by some of the pupils.

Such are the outward aspects of Parents' Night, but the inner significance is much greater. Such an occasion not only gives an opportunity for teachers and parents to meet each other, but it shows that the older generation, both our parents and our teachers, are interested in us and our progress.

The faculty is willing to discuss frankly with the parents the problems of the pupils, and to point out where each is deficient and where each excels. Quite often the teachers and parents together are able to work out a plan of action which brings successful results. The teachers understand their pupils better after talking with their parents, and the parents acquire a more sympathetic outlook toward their children's studies after they have heard the teachers explain their methods.

E. W.

IN APPRECIATION

BEFORE the covers close on the minutes of the Class of 1932, the Review wishes to make several acknowledgements.

To a fine group of understanding teachers, to a helpful group of deans, to a beloved headmaster, and to an efficient body of class officers and committee members, we wish to express our deepest appreciation for the noble and helpful spirit with which they have aided us. Moreover, we wish to express our thanks to those responsible for the assemblies which we have enjoyed during our four years, to those whose participation and work made the Senior Drama such a fine production, to those who served on the pin committee, to those who worked on the Year Book, and finally to those who made possible a successful Junior Prom, and a pleasant Senior Social.

And last, but not least, we wish to express our deep appreciation to all those pupils who have, through contributions, enabled us to continue this magazine. We wish to thank our subscribers, our advertisers and all others who were instrumental in making the Review a financial success this year.

Appreciation herewith expressed, the editors do hereby request that they shall be laid to rest away from all typographical trials and tribulations on the third day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-two.

J. P.

PRIZE SPEAKING

THE annual Liberty Medal Prize Speaking Contest was held in the Latin School Hall on Friday, April fifteenth. The story of the medal is well-known, but for the sake of those who have not heard it, we shall sketch the historical facts.

During the World War, the pupils in this school desired to do something for their country, so they each contributed a small amount of money, and Liberty Bonds were purchased. It was decided to establish this medal, to be given each year to the boy and the girl who excel in public speaking. The medal itself is a very handsome emblem, designed by our art department.

The eight contestants this year were all very capable young people. Finally the judges de-

cided that the medals should go to Anne Conley for her superb rendering of F. Marion Crawford's "Dona Maria's Defiance", and to Joseph Hogan for his powerful delivery of Albert J. Beveridge's speech "The March of the Flag". Both winners deserve high praise for their fine performance.

Honorable Mention was awarded to Eleanor Campbell, who gave an excellent performance of "A Slice of Life" by P. G. Wodehouse, and to Edwin Packard for his clever presentation of "Behind the Beyond" by Stephen Leacock. Both of these were very well done, and were hilariously funny, as may be guessed from the authors.

William Baker's clever performance of "Our Guide in Genoa and Rome" was also very amusing. "The Finger of God" by Percival Wilde was the stirring playlet which Constance Overlock did well. Theodora Hubbard gave an artistic and sympathetic rendering of Lord Tennyson's "The Lady of Shalott". Lawrence Mullin presented a sensitive and finished interpretation of "The Famine" from "Hiawatha" by Longfellow.

All were so well-trained that the judges, Mrs. Phidelah Rice, Lieutenant Commander U. S. N. John B. Barrett, and Mr. Henry C. Moriarty, found it difficult to choose the winners, but we feel that they chose well. The orchestra under Miss Wait performed several lovely pieces during the course of the evening. John Corssino, who played several violin solos is a very talented young musician. The medals were presented by Mayor Russell, who spoke briefly as he made the presentation.

K. B. NOTES

ANOTHER busy and enjoyable year has rolled to its conclusion, and the K. B. Club has a profitable account to make of itself. We have enough money in our treasury to send eight girls away to camp this summer. Since the largest previous record is only five, we are duly proud of ourselves, especially when we think that other organizations have not been so fortunate. Our various activities have yielded us an indeed gratifying profit, and our main hope is that the club will be equally successful in the years to come.

Unfortunately, this article goes to press before the last of our activities is crossed off the calendar. Our week-end party is yet to come, and although we haven't made up our minds as to just where we shall take our sojourn, we are perfectly sure that everyone will have a grand and glorious time. Since the time is nearing when we shall be able to indulge in that sport of sports, known as swimming, we are rather holding off so that we won't freeze.

Among our number we were most delighted to find that we have exceedingly talented readers. In the Prize Speaking contest, of the four girls entered, three were K. B.'s and two placed. Are we proud? Just ask us.

We had our pictures taken for the Year Book the other day, and what a sad time the poor photographer had, arranging our charming group! It would seem that certain members held their chins too high for the scope of the camera! Can you imagine that of a K. B.?

With the help of our advisers, the officers and members of the pin committee selected a pin the other day, and from now on, our members will be graced with a symbol of membership in the Klawhowjaha Bjustofe.

And so we conclude our last account for the year 1931 - 32. To each senior, the K. B. extends hearty wishes for success and happiness, to the faculty and to those whom we will find among us next year, let us say "Good luck!!" And last, but not least, we wish to thank our advisers, Miss McElroy and Miss Murray, for the helpful guidance and untiring service which they rendered us during the past year.

L. MAGILL, *Secretary.*

ABOUT OURSELVES

DID you ever stop to think of all the prizes and scholarships this school offers to those who wish to try for them? The following are only a few of many:

The Hopkins Prize in Latin

John Hopkins lived in Massachusetts in the 17th century. He moved to Connecticut, where he was elected governor. After his term he moved to England where he died. In his will he left a fund "for the raising up of young people in mind". From that fund the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven, the Hopkins Academy in Hadley, a scholarship fund at Harvard, a fund for the Classical Library in our school, the Latin prizes, and four scholarships at C. H. L. S., the winners of which are announced at graduation, have been established. The Classical Library in our school is one of the few in American high schools. Foresightedness personified!

The Caroline Close Prizes in English

These prizes are purchased from the interest of a fund raised by the school to perpetuate the memory of Miss Close, former head of the English Department, who died in 1922.

The History Prize

This fund was given by the parents in memory of Webster Thierry who died while a student in this school.

The Prizes in Algebra

Prizes in mathematics were first given by the teachers of Mathematics department in honor of Miss Smith, who taught Algebra here for over forty years, and who retired in 1923. In 1926 the graduating class donated a sum of money, the interest from which is used to purchase prizes in Algebra I and II, Geometry I and II, and Advanced Algebra.

The Modern Language Prizes

The fund for these prizes was donated by the class of 1927. However, this money is tied up in a bank, and this year the teachers of the department paid for a prize in French only. These safe banks!

This school helped in many ways during the great World War. The equestrian statue by Cyrus Dallin which has been placed in the English building is a memorial to the 231 men who were connected with the school and who went to war. During the war twenty thousand dollars was subscribed by pupils and teachers for Liberty Bonds!

The Annex Building which connects the Latin and English buildings was built in 1918. Before that time pupils had to run across the open space to go to classes in the two schools. On cold days! Brrr!

About one third of the C. H. L. S. pupils intend to go to college. Of this number the majority of girls wish to go to Radcliffe, while Wellesley, Simmons, and B. U. can claim most of the others. The chosen Alma Mater of the great majority of the boys is Harvard, with Tech ranking second.

Sports have always held an important place in this school. The Athletic Association was established in 1889, but football, baseball, and tennis teams had been started before that. "Polo" teams (that is what Field and Ice Hockey were called in the Gay Nineties) were organized in 1891. Crew was taken up in 1897, discontinued after some years (for it's rather hard on a school's pocketbook), and commenced last year, thanks to the generosity of Harvard and Technology. Then the girls got a chance. Girls' basketball teams were started for some in 1900. The cups in the cabinet on the 2nd floor are a proof of the powers of these teams of olden days.

Miss Butler is chairman of a special seminar group which holds frequent meetings. It's only for teachers of English.

The "Review" at one time was on sale at some stores in Harvard Square. Evidently it wasn't profitable.

JOHN TYNAN

INDIAN NIGHT

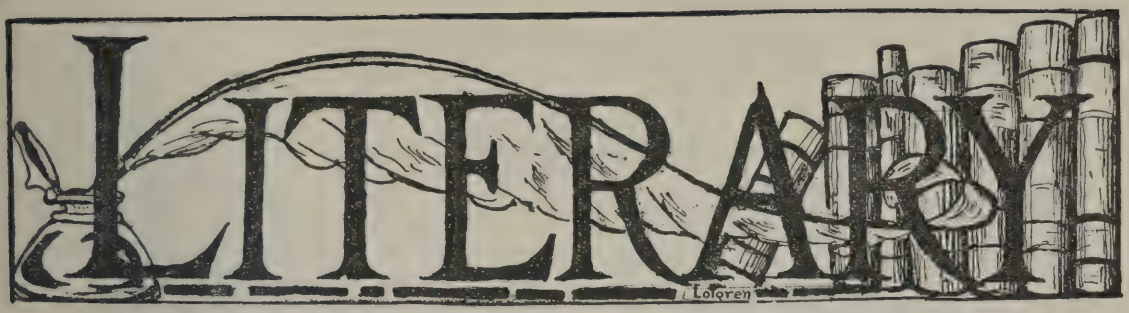
The sun has set; the day is drugged to sleep
By heavy scent of jasmine — soon, despite
Itself, bows 'neath the trailing robes of Night
That shroud the earth with dusky pall, and sweep
Through darkling walks where willows sobbing weep
O'er tombs of ancient kings. The soft moon's light
Turns shattered marble to a shrine of white,
Cool jade, and tumbled shadows; slow drops seep
From mossy garden tanks — pearls on a band
Of frosted silver light. Toward covering trees
Darts down a fiercely flaming arrow, hurled
From the great gold stars out-flung with liberal hand
On the velvet of the sky. The whispering breeze
Falls silent, awed by the glory of God's night.

MARY RANKIN, '33.

BOOKS

Books are an open pathway to dreams that may come true,
To lovely things we'd like to have happen to just "us two".
There are tales of fairies, tiny mites,
Who are small children's chief delights.
There are flying horses and talking cats,
Magic birds and musical rats.
There are many things you'd like to see
At many places you'd like to be.
There are many places you'd like to travel
And many mysteries you'd like to unravel.
And all these things you'd like to see
Can be seen if you'll travel to Bookland with me.
To get there and back is not very hard, for all you need is a library card!
Just go to a library, pick out a book,
Curl up in a corner or cosy nook,
And all these wonderful things you'll see
When you travel the pathway of Bookland with me.

PRISCILLA M. JOHNSON, '35.



CAROLINE CLOSE PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

A FEW years ago, a prize essay contest was established in memory of a former head of our English Department, Miss Caroline Close. This contest is open to all who have made honor grades for the year in English and in English composition. A prize is awarded to one member of each class. The winners and those who receive Honorable Mention this year are:

English I

Prize

Edith Ochlis

Honorable Mention

James Robertson
Bernard Barber
Gertrude Nadler
Arline Bibeau
Harry Johnson
Beatrice Fishman
Louise Toomey
Catherine Burke
Priscilla Johnson
Josephine Lucas
Ruth Maurer
Albert Mokaba

English II

Prize

James J. McCormick

Honorable Mention

Marian Finkel
Eleanor Coen
Frances Collins
John Whorisky

English III

Prize

Jeannette Eyre

Honorable Mention

Samuel Epstein
Mary Rankin

English IV

Prize

Manes Specter

Honorable Mention

Catherine Gough
Elaine Goodell
Lelia Wyman
Lillian MacDonald
Walter Dwyer
Flora McLean
Emily Whitman
Emily Fetter

English I

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF CHILDHOOD

DREAMS! Dreams! That is all they were. Dreams of a brilliant future, dreams of glorified popularity, dreams of blissful happiness, my days were filled with dreams. I wanted to be great, popular, heroic, beautiful and widely known, and what is more, I actually believed that a time would come when my most unimaginable desires would be fulfilled. This was the best part of it. I believed in Life. I believed in its ability to give me all I wanted. It never entered my mind that I had to search for happiness and cling to it with all my might, when once I got it. I was just unaware of realities, tragic realities, that is.

My laughter was as gay and free as the winds. I played games endlessly, and was as happy as a lark. I sang songs the whole day long, bnt never once did I attempt to sing a sad song. "It hurts my heart," I used to tell my mother, placing my hand there to show where the pain was. My mother laughed and said "Blessed innocence!" When I asked her what she meant, she talked about something else to divert my mind, and my mind was easily diverted. I was too gloriously happy to care.

I loved summer. The trees and bushes in bloom, the birds singing, the blue sky, they all made my heart rejoice. And I loved the ocean. As I stood on the beach, barefoot, with my arms outspread and my face lit up with joy, I didn't know what worry meant. They called me "Birdie" and I know what they meant because I felt like a bird. My hands were the bird's wings, and I was trying to fly but I couldn't and that was a most heartfelt disappointment. I wanted to be free to soar high and low, but I never confided my hopes to anyone. I couldn't put them into words. They were planted too deep in my heart to be uprooted. I was never indifferent. Either I was gloriously joyous or else despondent. The former was the most common with me. A ride on the street car, a new toy, an ice cream cone, a new dress, they could all put me into seventh heaven.

Life hasn't taught me yet what misery is. I thank God for that. I can honestly say that I would give almost anything to get back a few of those golden days.

EDITH OCHLIS, '35.

ENGLISH II

A STARRY NIGHT

OVER the little town of Darwin, slumber had settled. Its black shroud of darkness enveloped all.

For one, however, there was no sleep. Old Tom, the night watchman on the railroad, sat in his chair, gazing at the silent village.

This meant peace to Tom, being able to think undisturbed. How those souvenirs of memory flitted before his failing vision, especially on nights like this, when the stars twinkled their friendly light to keep him company.

A smile passed over his face when he remembered the gay times he had had as a youth. He thought of his friends, his parents, and that beautiful wisp of a girl who had been his young bride. This last memory lingered in his mind. What joy had been his during the two short years she had been his wife. And then — that fatal night when she had been hit by a railroad train, while coming from a neighbor's house.

As he looked up at the stars, a harmonious chord seemed to strike in his brain. Why, the night that Jean had died had been exactly like this — starry and silent. He remembered the seraphic look on her pale, drawn face as she breathed her last, and the few gentle words of encouragement she had given him.

He could see her face before him, gleaming up from the rails. He remembered the exact spot where she had met with the accident, that curve in the rails which had been the turning point of his existence.

As if in a trance, he got up from his chair and walked to the spot where Jean's voice seemed to beckon him. He lay down on the tracks and pressed his face to that adorable vision.

He paid no heed to the baleful whistle of the limited as it rounded the bend, thinking only of the voice which called to him from across the brink of eternity. The limited sped on. . . .

Too late the engineer saw the obstruction. He could not stop the black monster in time.

Tom's body, when recovered, was mangled and torn, but a smile of happiness wreathed his face. He was with Jean. . . .

JAMES J. MCCORMICK, '34.

ENGLISH III

WHAT MUSIC TELLS ME

IT is my good fortune to be one of those individuals who genuinely enjoy symphonic music. I am not merely edified or impressed by such word-masterpieces as the Beethoven Eroica or the Brahms Fifth; they are a lasting joy to hear time and time again, as an occasionally-seen friend or a familiar book.

"Music hath charms." Listening to some great composition, it is fascinating to picture the scene it describes or even the emotions of the composer. In Tschaikowsky's "Overture 1812", the composer paints as broadly as on a canvas the march of Napoleon and his dispirited, half-frozen army across the endless white waste of Russia, the madness and fury of the battle, and the final glad peal of the Kremlin bells, mingled with strains of a minor version of the "Marseillaise", showing that Moscow has once more been saved from western pillage. The great Russian, in his other chefs-d'oeuvres, the "March Slav" and the "Symphonie Pathétique", pictures with tremendous insight the nature of the Slavic people in all its intrinsic love of the sad and the mystic.

Since arriving at the age of discretion, however, my increasing delight has been in the symphonies of Beethoven, Handel, and the other classicists. The "workings" of a large symphony orchestra are so absorbing to me that I sometimes find myself more interested in the mechanics than in the music itself, which finishes all too soon. The kettle-drum-and-cymbal player never fails to draw my attention with the ferocious expression, as if perpetrating some dread deed, with which he performs his duty at the psychological moment. Since my perhaps too great enthusiasm for symphonies has led me to lure various friends into my company, the antics of the drum-player have done me great stead in awakening my lethargic companion. For this purpose the "Surprise Symphony" of Haydn may be highly recommended.

The never-decreasing thrill which comes to me on humming a theme or phrase from some great symphony, or on succeeding to play it by ear on the piano, the sharp joy of hearing a composition unexpectedly and recognizing it, the little intake of the breath in the hush preceding the beginning of a performance — all make me everlastingly grateful for that most precious of all God's gifts to man — Music.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33.

ENGLISH IV

IF WASHINGTON LIVED TODAY

THE people of these United States have reached a grave crisis in their national history. In their anguish one cry has been heard above all others, "Our leaders have failed us!" They have implored heaven for some fearless and competent man to lead them out of the wilderness of confusion; they have demanded a Washington. Let us by our creative power grant their wish; let us recall from his well-deserved rest the peerless Washington, and in our fancy make him again mortal. What then would happen?

If Washington lived today he would find this nation grown and advanced far beyond his wildest surmises. So far as wealth, power, and territory go, he could not but be overwhelmed at the huge country that now spreads from sea to sea. Yet would he be satisfied? I think not. Washington, gentleman-farmer-soldier as he was, would abhor the hustle and bustle of modern America. He would hate the cities jewelled by electricity but tawdry, petty, and sordid under their borrowed cloak of glamor. Could Washington appreciate mass production and factories? Would he be passive at the conditions in mills, mines, and foundries? The answer is obvious.

Let us consider his reactions to the people themselves. He would certainly pity them and perhaps despise them. Could the man who endured Valley Forge and Morristown have any sympathy for the spineless idiots who whine and whimper at a temporary economic confusion? Washington lived at a time when the greater part of the colonists were English. His views on immigration would certainly be disquieting to many of us. Washington was a stern disciplinarian. How would he deal with the wave of crime and corruption? On the other hand, Washington had a taste for some of the simpler pleasures. The prohibition law he might obey, but he certainly wouldn't think it a wise ordinance.

Washington was a man whose greatest desire was to serve his country. What would he do in these times to help the nation whose founder he is? Well, he might enter politics, for he couldn't be of much use in the army. Yet he would find conditions greatly changed. In his day worth was the primary requisite for a candidate to office. Washington would find the involved and complicated political practices of today disturbing, to say the least. With a fair share of luck, with a little lowering of his highest principles, he might by virtue of his astuteness and popularity win the presidential candidacy of the Republicans. Yet, once in office, he would find himself so hampered by campaign promises and by the necessity of rewarding his faithful followers that his administration would be heckled on all sides by the common people, the Democratic Congress, and the minions of big business. It would take him months to learn the duties of the president, so changed are they from those he knew. He would find his most precious policy and belief, aloofness from foreign entanglements, shattered. Like Grant, Washington would mean well; like Grant, he would fail because of his honesty and beliefs. The administration of Washington would be a colossal tragedy, and would cheapen the fame of one of our greatest heroes.

Let us then, lest catastrophe overtake us, send Washington back to his peaceful glory. Let us realize that Washington could do no good today. The principles, military, political, economic, and social on which his life was based have all been discarded. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new". Let us not strive to bring its greatest leader back, lest we realize that not even he can aid us in what are essentially modern trials.

MANES SPECTER, '32.

RONDEAU

Il était un jeune amoreux
Qui s'écriait parmi ses voeux:
"Hélas! Mon amour
Reste la nuit et le jour
De ma vie — que je suis malhereux!"
* * *
Répondit donc la bien-aimée
D'un ton un petit peu piqué:
"Si les *pensées* de moi
Font un tel désarroi,
Que faites-vous de me marier?"

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

NAMES, especially names of places, have always held a great fascination for me. Through them I have found a pastime guaranteed to lighten the gloomiest of winter days. All one needs is an atlas and a vivid imagination. Open the atlas to its index, and let loose the imagination. Presto!

Many glamorous and exciting names are to be found along the coasts of Africa. The very sound suggests light, warmth, and color. The Mozambique Channel, Morocco, Tunis, Algeria, Tripoli, Carthage, Malta, Bahr-el-Abiad, the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, the Slave Coast bring to mind the rise and fall of great empires; cool green shores and blistering sand; age old temples in Thebes and Karnak, and modern buildings in Cairo and Aden; slight, swift galleys and titanic, swifter steamers. Behind these names are stories as varied as the places themselves.

The British Isles are not without their intriguing names. Ireland has its Ard Erin, Inishtrahull, Macgillycuddy, and County Cork; Scotland its Ben Macdhui, tyle of Lockalah, Monadhliath Mountains, and Rudh 'Re. I had not realized until the other day that there really is an Inch Cape Rock. Commonly called Bell Rock, it is off the east coast of Scotland, near the mouth of the Firth of Tay. In the Orkney Islands there is a town called Old Man of Hoy — room for your imagination on that subject!

The more familiar Caribbean Sea has many islands well-known to the famous filibusters of yore. Glorious adventure is spelled by Leeward and Windward Islands, Curacao, Barbados, Tortuga, and Cartagena. Silver Bank always had a warm spot in my heart. If you close your eyes and softly repeat some of these names, you will find yourself lying on white sand in the blinding glare of a tropical noonday, the blue brilliance of the sky reflected by the turquoise water sucking and slapping the edge of a coral atoll.

Thus anyone may own a necklace of shimmering, glowing words, a treasure richer than a king's ransom, a password more potent than the "abracadabra" of old magicians, for this is a charm to carry one to the ends of the earth, to the lands of heart's desire.

MARY RANKIN, '33.

CLASS POEM OF 1932

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

Andrea del Sarto

With words like these whose very thought
Doth seem a light to guide us on,
We'll take the upward course through life,
But ever-mindful, sailing on
Through all the roaring, raging sea
Into the haven far beyond
Where gleams a golden pedestal
Upon which rests a laurel crown.

And some will fall along the way,
Or founder on the hidden rocks,
And some will scarcely leave the port,
Though churning valiantly the sea
They'll still unmoving stay, full-ringed.
But there are some, an unknown few
Of us, who'll find the path through life
An easy sail o'er smoothest seas.

No matter how we make the trip,
We'll always keep in mind the thought
That if we strive with all our might
To reach the goal in spite of storms
And deep, deceptive eddies near,
We're sure to find the seas grow smooth
As we approach the crown, if we
Remember to look up, not down.

EMILY WHITMAN, '32.

CLASS SONG FOR 1932

Like great white birds, the schooner spreads her
sails,
As o'er the sapphire deep the vessel glides,
Impelled on by the unseen force that bides
Amid the clouds; a good sea breeze prevails.

But yet without the tools of man it fails
To speed the passage of the ship. Skill guides
Her course and knowledge nautical provides
The means to fight with elemental gales.

We too have need of tools to help us live
To combat ignorance, disease, and wrong.
These elements which men have fought so long
With tools of language, science, history.

These instruments, oh school, to us you give,
To us, who to tomorrow's world belong,
That we may make the future great and strong,
May shape our course and hew one destiny.

FLORA MCLEAN, '32.

YOUNG MR. FREEMAN

A SLEEK, smooth, and slightly oily head with polished brown hair poked around my door one morning as a sign that the rest of the body was about to appear. I am not used to receiving visitors unannounced, but this young man was of so prepossessing an appearance that I made an exception to my rule, and listened to him.

"Mr. Harris," he began, "what are the chances of getting a job next year with your office? I think that I would be good at something of the sales manager type. I've got a pretty good line. I'm in my last year at the Rollins Business School, and I expect to graduate with honors."

I looked at the card he had handed me as he entered, and read upon it "Dallas P. Freeman". The name sounded very familiar to my ears. "By the way, Mr. Freeman, where is your home? Who is your father? How old are you? A few other vital statistics would be appreciated also."

"Why my home is in Denver, Mr. Harris; my father's name is John F. Freeman; I am twenty-four, single, and of sound mind. Anything else you'd like to know?"

"No, thank you, not now. Will you be so kind as to write me a list of the concerns by whom you have ever been employed since you left college? That is merely a form which we require of all prospective employees. I shall look up your record at Rollins, and shall communicate with you in a few days. Good-day." I had every intention of hiring him, for that was in the days when jobs were many, and prospects few. If all this young man had said were true, he was an exceptional person.

In due time I received a satisfactory report from the business school, and sent him word to call upon me at his earliest convenience. He did so, and we decided that I would employ him to begin work the following week. As he turned to go, he suddenly turned to me and made a somewhat astounding request.

"By the way, Mr. Harris, my father has written me that he's coming east from Denver and that he'll be here next week, but it happens that I'm absolutely broke now. I wonder if you'd be willing to cash a small check for me, only a fifty. I'd appreciate it very much if you would. My father is sure to be here next week and I can settle up then."

It sounded perfectly reasonable, so I handed him the money and took his check in return. He left soon after, having thanked me profusely. Not five minutes later the telephone rang, and I found myself listening to the words of one of my old friends. I could not help telling him about the luck which I had just had in getting young Freeman. He seemed much interested in my tale, but suddenly he interrupted me.

"Did you say his name was Freeman? Not Dallas Freeman? A tall, dark fellow, rather nice-looking?"

"Why, yes," I replied, "That's he. Why do you ask?"

"He came in to see me the other day, wanting a job. I couldn't give him one, so he asked me to cash a check. He said his father was arriving from Paris the next day. I did so, like a fool, for the check was returned worthless. If you see him, again, hold on to him until I can get him."

My check came back worthless, too, and young Freeman did not get the job.

* * * * * * *

Perhaps it was three years before I thought of the incident again, but then a peculiar chain of circumstances brought the thing clearly to my mind. One day I was surprised by a visit from the daughter of an old friend of mine. I had not seen her for three years or more, but she had not changed.

"Papa - George," she said, for she always called me that, "I want you to help me get a divorce, in spite of the fact you're not a lawyer."

"A divorce?" I echoed incredulously, for I had not even known that she was married.

"Yes," she said. "As you may or may not know, I married Dallas Freeman three years ago, when he was graduated from Business School. We have been fairly happy, he has had a job and everything, and I am rather fond of him, but I have come to the conclusion that he's mentally unbalanced. Can you spare me time to listen to some of the things I want to tell you?"

I assented gladly, for I was interested in her and in the man, too. She proceeded to unfold a tale which was almost unbelievable. I cannot begin to remember all the little details she told me, but the main facts have stuck in my mind.

It seems that soon after their marriage, she discovered that he was borrowing money from many friends, and deliberately failing to pay it back. (I never told her how I had fallen for his bait, also.) She found that speaking to him about it only made matters worse, so she went back to her old job, and started to pay off his debts with her earnings. Dallas didn't mind, so long as she didn't worry him about them.

Finally, she persuaded him to agree to turn over a new leaf, and they moved to Sacramento, where he got a job as salesman for one of the large truck concerns. She soon found that he was back to his old tricks, so she found work once more. They bought a small but comfortable house in the country, and started furnishing it slowly but surely.

Then one day the president of the concern, phoned her and said that her husband had forged a couple of contracts, and that legal action was being pressed. As it happened, he was found not guilty, although there was plenty of evidence. This affair was a blow to her, of course, for she came from a fine Boston family.

One day he came home very much excited with the news that he had just made a sale of a fleet of trucks to a large shipping concern which would bring him in thousands of dollars as commission. He even had the papers with him. He insisted that they buy all the furniture that they needed for their home and give a house-warming to all their friends.

The night of the party, the telephone rang, and when she answered, she found it was the president of the company. He said that there was some mistake, that Dallas had faked all those orders, and that furthermore, they were afraid that they'd have to dispense with his services from now on.

She decided that this was the last straw, and so she left him. The divorce was very easily procured, but the girl was so soft-hearted that she worked for months after she was free, for the sake of paying off the debts he had incurred on the house. Just recently she said that she'd finally paid up everything.

Young Freeman has been in court more than once, but never has he been found guilty, for he seems to have an inexhaustible store of alibis. The last I heard of him, he was again working the father-coming-soon story, and seemingly deriving a considerable income from it.

EMILY WHITMAN, '32.

HOLLYHOCKS

Their clutching vine
Strains upward like a snake in wait to strike;
As something grasping and malign
They climb.
I think they know
My feelings, glorying in my dislike;
Callous, disliking back, and so
They grow.

JEANNETTE EYRE, '33.

THAT BUG-A-BOO

With apologies to Mr. Riley

The seniors are all back again a sad but wiser lot.
They've learned that study hard they must if
they're to make the mark.
Some nouns, a verb, a rule or two won't get them
to the dorm;
They've got to strive from fall to spring to get
themselves in form.
And you, my child, will follow them if you don't
heed their cry.
Forget those dates, dust off your books and make
the pages fly.
Look up your math, get out your French, to see
what they're about,
Or the College Boards'll get you
If you
Don't
Watch
Out!

A pupil once was sure he knew as much as he
had need.
So back he sat and took a snooze; for months he
took his ease.
The teachers all did beg and warn, but he ig-
nored them all.
He thought that he could pass those Boards and
make the rest look small.
But how he erred, that lazy boy who thought he
was so bright!
When he perceived those Boards that spring, he
wished he'd made a fight.
To you he begs ere it's too late to heed what
you're about,
Or the College Boards'll get you
If you
Don't
Watch
Out!

BARBARA SWEETSER, '32.

A COMPARISON OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND MAHATMA GANDHI

I HAVE spent quite a portion of this week-end, vainly trying to discover some points of similarity between two chemical substances, sulphur dioxide and carbon dioxide. Gradually, my mind has roamed until I have found myself comparing fountain pens with chandeliers and book cases with radios. Hence, I have decided to choose two people and compare them for my theme.

First, let me not be rash. It would be wise to select two people who are dead and hence helpless. Such people as Robinson Crusoe, Lucy Deane, Louis XIV, and Cleopatra occur to me. At length, someone about whom I have assiduously studied comes to my mind, Theodore Roosevelt. Fine! How convenient it is for me that he is dead. I trust that his relatives and friends will fully comprehend the high motives which inspired this production. Let them not be angered by it!

Further thought seems to have few results until the name of the man whom England is desperately trying to consider dead suddenly enters

my mind. It is — Mahatma Gandhi. There are several advantages to this choice.

First, Mahatma Gandhi is in a place to which current publications should not be brought. Second, I really would not care if he should see it, because since the charge of slander would come under the jurisdiction of international law, I should be old and gray before any action was taken on the matter. And I assure the reader that my intentions are of the highest order, anyway.

Color

Mahatma Gandhi is dark brown, becoming darker when heated. Theodore Roosevelt was pale yellow with a reddish tinge, becoming lumpy when shaken.

Taste

We leave this to the reader's imagination.

Density (Meaning Weight)

Theodore Roosevelt was about two and one-half times denser than Gandhi.

Solubility in Water

Gandhi would appear quite soluble; but actually, he is very insoluble, having dissolved not at all on his trip from India to England. Roosevelt, also, was insoluble, forming a heavy, dark gray precipitate.

Power to Burn

Gandhi is and Roosevelt was very combustible, often causing explosions on slight exposure to sunlight. (England is now keeping Mahatma Gandhi in an iron container, lined with asbestos.)

Power to Support Combustion

Gandhi and Roosevelt supported combustion very readily. They were powerful reducing agents.

Bleaching

Gandhi has amply demonstrated the fact that although he himself does not bleach, yet when ignited he does whiten certain substances, such as Parliament. Roosevelt bleached trusts and political bosses under standard conditions of temperature and pressure.

Effect on Lime Water

Now, would Gandhi or Roosevelt form a precipitate in lime water? Really, I enjoy a good time as much as anyone; but it isn't fair to hit a man when he's down. This is far too personal!

Let us now close with Mr. Snell's well known remark! "I should say both sides were right."

LELIA WYMAN, '32.

THE FAIRIES ARE NOT ALL DEAD

THIS practical, materialistic, hustling twentieth century of ours has often rudely swept away the delicate cobwebs of fantasy from the minds of its people and supplanted them with cold scientific fact. The wee people, too, have suffered under the efficiently keen blade of modern civilization, but though they sometimes appear to have been completely annihilated, there are some wiser folk who know better, who know that as long as children are children, the fairy train with all its imaginative, ethereal splendor can not be utterly banished.

One would not go fishing in a coal mine, and neither can one find the fairies unless he patronizes their favorite haunts. Moreover, one can't see with his eyes shut, and neither do the fairies deign to reveal themselves to those who despise them. And so if you would be convinced that the elves and brownies still are thriving, and if your attitude is one of sympathy and understanding, I beg of you to search the nursery book shelves with me.

Have you ever read A. A. Milne's charming little rhymes, "When We Were Very Young" or "Now We Are Six"? Have you ever discovered little Christopher Robin's naïve and childlike notions, or been enchanted by Winnie the Pooh? Mr. Milne's books are alive with fairies, intriguing, gay little beings whose whimsical actions are a joy and a stimulus to the imagination. A. A. Milne is not, I might add, some fanciful writer of the dear, dead past but a man very much alive and quite as modern as the rest of us.

Or have you ever rollicked with the gay, good hearted elf in Miss Mullock's "Adventures of a Brownie"? Have you even seen him bringing joy to the six small boys and girls whose house he inhabited by his frolicsome pranks? If you never knew this brownie somewhere in your childhood, what pleasure you have missed!

But, you may say, these are children's stories and mere nonsense to a mature adult mind. If you still remain unconvinced, I urge you to peruse Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream". If the great dramatist did not despise the fairies, why should we?

FLORA MCLEAN, '32.

F. Potter: What is the best thing to take when one is run down?

J. Sweeney: The number of the car, of course.

Mr. Sheehan: Yes, I'm a self-made man.

Pupil: That's what I admire about you. You always take the blame for everything.

Barbara Ingalls: (in subway) "I wish that good-looking young man would get up and give me his seat."

Six men got up.

Jack Gately: Do you know the difference between a taxi and a subway car?

Virginia Adams: No.

Jack: Fine, we'll take the subway.

Friend: What's your son's average income?

Father: From 3:30 to 4:00 A. M.

"Is it fair to go to the movies with a boy you don't like?"

"Why not? I enjoy the picture and he enjoys my company."

"I beg your pardon, but what is your name?" the hotel clerk asked.

"Name?" echoed Norman Dexter, who had just signed the register. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," answered the clerk. "That's what aroused my curiosity."

Heard in Physics

Mr. R.: "What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?"

Edith Fay (all at sea): "Why—er."

Mr. R.: "Wire. Correct. Now tell me, what is the unit of electric power?"

Edith: "The what, sir?"

Mr. R.: "Exactly, the watt, very good. That will do."

Sugarman: "There is one word in the English language that's always pronounced wrong."

Specter: "What word is that?"

Sugarman: "Why, *wrong,* of course."

Street Cleaner: How's business?

Tailor: So so, so so. How's business with you?

Street Cleaner: Picking up, picking up.

Stage Manager: All right, run up the curtain.

Victor Gatto: What do you think I am — a squirrel?

The new hardware clerk had a snappy line.

"Do you keep refrigerators?" a woman asked.

"No, we sell them," was the clerk's comeback.

"Well, anyway," replied the woman as she strolled toward the door, "you'll keep the one I was going to buy."

John: "Didn't I act the part well?"

Bill: "Yes, indeed. When you left the stage the audience said it was the best thing you ever did."

A sign in a rural cemetery reads: "Persons are prohibited from picking flowers from any but their own graves."

Ken Campbell: So you graduated from Barbers' University? What was your college yell?

Dan Buckley: Cut his lip! Rip his jaw! Leave his face, raw! raw! raw!

G. Rundlet: What's that in your pocket?

Ernie Zang (in whisper): Dynamite. I'm waiting for Al Wilson. Every time he meets me he slaps me on the chest and nearly breaks my bones. Next time he does it, he'll blow his hand off.

John Curran: I'm going to speak my mind.

Walter Dwyer: Ah! Silence at last!

Culolias (in restaurant): Your coffee, sir; it's special from South America.

M. Tagerman (sarcastically): Oh, so that's where you've been?

"Tell your wife not to worry about her deafness, as it is merely an indication of advancing years."

"Would you mind telling her yourself, doctor?"

A. Conley: May I have some stationery?

Hotel Clerk (haughtily): Are you a guest of the house?

A. Conley: No, I'm paying $20 a day.

Bernie Kamins: "I spent ten dollars on a canary last week."

Billy Baker: "That's nothing. I spent fifty on a lark."

Speechless!

"This is a letter from my brother."

"It's a blank sheet of paper."

"That's right — we don't speak to each other."

Flirtation is attention without intention.

Bob Evers: I adore dark men.

Eleanor Verrill: You'd have a splendid time in Africa.

He: How did you know I'm a freshman? What did I do wrong?

She: Nothing!

"Well, what did you do when the mule knocked you down?"

"I didn't do anything," answered Abe Andleman, "I was getting up all the time."

Tom: That's a poor blade you've got on your safety razor, Jimmie.

Sullivan: Well, it was good enough for my father for many years and it's good enough for me.

Bernard Kamins: "I wasn't going forty miles an hour, nor thirty, nor even twenty."

Judge: "Here, steady now, or you'll be backing into something!"

Latin

Everybody's dead who wrote it;
Everybody's dead who spoke it;
Everybody's dead who learns it;
Blessed death — they surely earn it.

"You admit, then," said the judge, "that you stole the hog?"

"I do, Judge."

"There's been a lot of hog-stealing going on around here lately, and I'm just going to make an example of you or none of us will be safe."

Taken from Absentee List of May 17

Found: Several silver chins, (two with pendants). Apply at the office.

Mary: Have you ever kissed a girl?

John: Is that an invitation, or are you gathering statistics?

A Friend: Does your son do well in High School?

Mr. La Ronde: Yes, fairly well. He got a "C" in football.

"Your shell-like ears have never been pierced?"
I only asked with kind intent.
"No, only bored," the maid replied.
I wonder what she meant.

Meter has rhythm,
Meter has tone,
But the best way to "meter"
Is to meet her alone.

Two girls were discussing a member of the stronger sex.

"How do you find his conversation?" asked one.

"Like the waves of the sea," came the reply.

"Ah! You mean you find it rolling, irresistible?"

"No, it makes me sick."

Tourist: "And here, I suppose, is another of the horrible portraits you call 'art'."

"Excuse me, madam," said the artist, quietly, "but that's a mirror."

Popular Songs

I Know You're Lying
The Dean when you're late
Strangers ..... *Seniors and Freshmen*
This is the Night ..... *Graduation*
Crazy People ..... *All of Us*
Paradise *1:45*
One Hour With You ..... *Edwin Packard*
Keeping Out of Mischief Now ..... *Paul Callan*
What a Life ..... *Just one exam after another*
Tired ..... *Ken Chase*
The Miracle Man ..... *Mr. Bramhall*
Somebody Loves You ..... *Louise Magill*

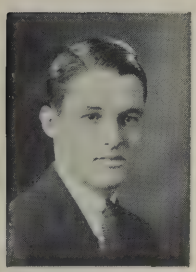
(*Continued on Page 23*)

REVIEW STAFF

Third Row: M. Specter, P. Barenburg, F. Coleman, A. Heller, C. Culolias, M. Callum, J. Ricker.

Second Row: R. Doneski, E. Campbell, P. Grace, M. Owirka, D. Mabey, H. Dobrowolska, F. Carr, C. Overlock, A. Conley.

First Row: J. Eyre, E. Fetter, E. Whitman, J. Palmer, *Editor-in-Chief*, B. Kamins, C. Sanders, J. Towers.



IN no small measure has the success of the "Review" during the past year been due to Joseph Palmer, our editor-in-chief. His patience, his sterling common sense and his executive ability are qualities which have called forth sincere admiration from every member of the staff.

THE literary department needs an editor who has a keen sense of the value of fitness of literary contributions. Emily Whitman, our literary editor during this year, has shown herself most capable not only as a writer but also as a literary critique, and she has made great strides in improving the literary standard of the "Review".

YEAR BOOK STAFF

Fourth Row: A. Vaigouskas, J. Towers, A. Heller, C. Church, M. Lofgren.
Third Row: V. Gatto, M. Mahoney, D. Hodgson, E. Goodell, D. Mabey, M. Hyland, M. Piper, A. Bedrosian.
Second Row: E. Campbell, K. Campbell, C. Overlock, E. Verrill, L. Richards, R. Long, H. Vetruki.
First Row: M. Falvey, A. Sousa, A. Conley, J. Sweeney, P. DeLallo, A. Marshall.

DRAMA CAST

Second Row: C. Demurjian, C. Holt, Miss Hartigan, I. Donavan, R. Cassidy, V. Gatto.
First Row: B. Kamins, M. Falvey, W. Baker, E. Campbell, E. Packard, M. Jordan, C. Parker.

G. A. A. OFFICERS

Second Row: Mary Falvey, Edith Nason, Clara Cormier, Miss Brown.
First Row: Helen Kenney, Gertrude Lancaster, Marjorie O'Dell.

BASEBALL

Third Row: Batchelor, Anderson, McFadden, Rudgis, Moriarty, Hopkins, *Coach* MacDonald.
Second Row: Katz, W. Gurry, McMahon, Kelley, *Capt.*, Madden, La Ronde, Powers.
First Row: Moran, Mahoney, Crawley, Konatowski, Galluccio, Swecki, Munroe.

FOOTBALL SQUAD

Third Row: Mr. Sheehan, Sullivan, F. Montgomery, A. Montgomery, Maguire, Fox, J. Gurry, Sweeney, Donlevy, Zelck, Coleman, Feeley, Ronzio, Gibson, Miller, Coach MacDonald.
Second Row: Palmer, McFadden, West, Boucher, Johnson, Kyricos, Nichols, La Ronde, (Captain), Petrusionis, J. Carchia, Hopkins, Powers, Sullivan, Healey.
First Row: Lynch, Rudge, Cohen, Souia, Cusick, Mahoney, McDermott, A. Carchia, Keefe, Miliekis.

Ned: Why are Swedes called "Squareheads"?
Ted: Well, everybody can't be a blockhead!

Current Movies

Lady With a Past ..... *Theodora Hubbard*
High Speed ..... *K. B.'s*
Disorderly Conduct ..... *G. A. A.*
The Higher Ups ..... *Senior Honor Roll*
The Reckless Age ..... *"Bud" Walsh*
When a Fellow Needs a Friend ..... *Flunked English IV*
The Sophomore ..... *Frank Harney*

Prof.: All dumbells in this room please stand up. (A long pause, then a lone freshman rises.)
Prof.: What! Do you consider yourself a dumbell?
Frosh: No sir, but I hate to see you standing there all alone.

Breaks

The Mediterranean and the Red Seas are connected by the sewage canal.

A mountain range is a coal stove used at high altitudes.

Mushrooms grow in damp places and so they look like umbrellas.

To keep milk from turning sour, keep it in the cow.

The process of turning steam into water again is called conversation.

Habeas Corpus means "Bring on your body".

In the U. S. many people are put to death by elocution.

Father (to prospective son-in-law): The man who gets my daughter will get a prize.
Candidate: May I see it now, please.

BEAT THIS ONE!

A DARK, mysterious silence reigned, or snowed — or hailed — or anything else you might choose to call it, and slowly were seen coming out of the fog, four queer specimens of mankind. Would that some of us might come out of the fog, as well! Ah, oui! Out of the grey mist pervading the atmosphere over the blue waters of the Charles (or was the water green?) there appeared a small craft — but oh! what a craft! A floating block, it was, in the shape of a large square, and the surprising thing about it was — that it was marble. Yes, sir, (or yes ma'am) that huge, square affair sailing down the Charles (now don't say it was sailing *up* the Charles; I know my sense of direction) was a solid, marble slab. To the ordinary eye, the crew presented a novel sight!

Let me go on with the gruesome details! . . .

One man had no arms; another was blind; a third was minus legs; and alas! sad to relate the last was absolutely poverty-stricken. He had no clothes, not a particle of cloth remained on his back. In fact, he wasn't so well off as Mahatma Gandhi with his home-spun lack of costume.

Suddenly, and finally, (tout de suite, itaque, denique, sur-le-champ, and five or six foreign words later) the totally blind man saw a wild goose, the armless one snatched up a rifle and shot it . . . dead (dead as dead can be); following this, the legless man ran out upon the water, and dragging it tenderly (figure that out) over the crest of the waves (Charles River with waves and crests! Ah, Well!), he weepingly surrendered the prize to the naked being, who then took it and stuffed it into his pocket.

The moral lies in the query, were these huntsmen graduates of C. H. L. S. or were they just disciples of Diogenes, looking for an honest boy. . . . (or girl)? Soer Yew.

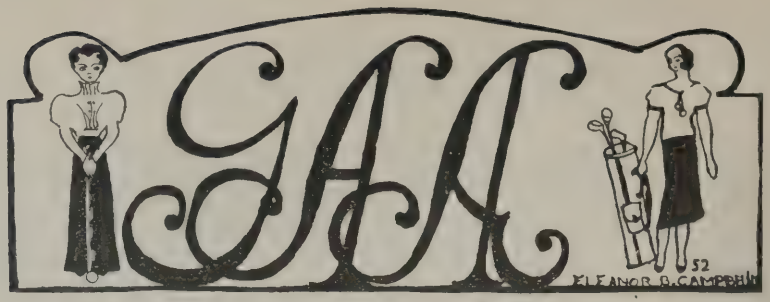
B. K., '32.

Compliments of

HARRIS MEN'S SHOP

Haberdasher and Clothier

1309 CAMBRIDGE ST. (At Inman Square) CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



NOW we come to the last of the G. A. A. news before the closing of the year.

In the last issue we mentioned briefly the coming of the Freshman Return Party. Anyone who witnessed the play which they presented will surely agree that it was an excellent performance. The one-act play entitled "Elmer" was given by the following:

Elmer Collier	Helen Mack
Susan Collier	Madelyn Sullivan
Jeanie Collier	Dorothy Boudreau
Janie Collier	Evelyn Saideh
Miss Louisa Penney	Beatrice Rodman
Mrs. Collier	Sally Donovan
Lannie Belle	Edna Murphy
Herbert Brown	Lindsay Britt
Russell Jameson	Rita Navarro

A specialty program was given later in the gym, followed by dancing and refreshments. A committee including Dorothy Cummings, Sally Donovan, Marie Palmer, Evelyn Saideh, and Madelyn Sullivan had charge of the entertainment. We congratulate the freshmen on their very fine work.

Baseball is now under way. Two interclass games have been played thus far. The first game between the sophomores and the seniors on May 5 went to the seniors with a score of 8 to 1.

SENIORS	SOPHOMORES
H. Kenney, G. Lancaster, p	p, A. McCann
P. Di Lallo, c	c, L. Larson
C. Cormier, 1b	1b, C. McDonald
W. Burns, 2b	2b, G. Gore
U. Gore, 3b	3b, L. Orechia
M. Grazulis, lf	lf, G. Burt
M. Owirka, C. Ince, rf	rf, C. Gilbert

The first game between the freshmen and juniors on May 5 went to the juniors with a score of 13 to 3.

JUNIORS	FRESHMEN
R. Freeman, p	p, M. Murphy
D. Hansis, c	c, E. Saideh
E. Fletcher, 1b	1b, C. Norton, E. Nicolette, E. Drozed
M. McNally, 2b	2b, B. Rodman, M. Alt
J. Maver, 3b	3b, M. Mathias
A. Andelman, ss	ss, C. Donnelly
M. O'Dell, lf	lf, A. Cronin
S. Plackawicz, rf	rf, L. Dainis

Captains of the baseball teams are as follows: Freshmen, Mary Alt; Sophomore, Catherine McDonald; Junior, Marjorie O'Dell; Senior, Winifred Burns.

The winner of the sophomore-senior games will play the winner of the freshman-junior games, for the class championship. Silver baseballs are awarded the victors. On May 20 the Baseball Varsity plays Arlington, and on later dates they play Concord and Wellesley.

All girls intending to take part in the tennis tournament have signed up, and the games will be played off during the month. The tournament is under the guidance of Barbara Sheridan.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, May 10th and 11th, a food sale was held in the gym. With the help of those members who donated the food and those who worked at the sale, it was a great success.

On May 18 an exhibition was given on the school grounds, by the gymnasium classes. Among those who took part were the G. A. A. officers.

The final event of the year comes on June 4, when we shall have a picnic at Kendall Green. With the picnic comes the installation of new officers. A program including races, games, singing, and a treasure hunt will be in order. Everyone should try to attend this last gathering which is perhaps the most looked for event of the entire year. We can honestly say that everyone who does come will enjoy it.

The newly elected officers are:

President	Marjorie O'Dell
Vice-President	Ann Bartlett
Secretary	Margaret Murphy

Now I must bid you good-bye. I hope that I have interested you in this page, and that you have enjoyed reading it.

Rita Doneski, '32.

OLDEST IN U. S.

Full Secretarial and intensive short courses

HICKOX

Secretarial School

Gregg—Pitman
Speedwriting

12 Huntington Ave. **Kenmore 6040**

SOON
Room 81's Cambridge Skyline
Mabley
The C.H.L.S. Checker Club
Seen in Room #46
THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME
WHEN YOUR HISTORY TEACHER GIVES QUESTIONS ON THE ONE AND ONLY CHAPTER YOUVE STUDIED !!!
GERT WELCH
? SPRING FEVER IN ROOM 81
GERT Welch
Which doesn't come into the picture
Mabley
The P.G's are Stepping OUT NOW!
FRESHIE
LUNCH
Next Year Too?
The sweet young Graduate of 1932
C.H.L.S. Seniors on June 7.
GERT WELCH.
The C.H.L.S. on Parade
PURDY Photos
When Pictures are due for the Year Book!
THE GET-RICH-QUICK CONTRACTOR GIVES HIS SON A GRADUATION PRESENT.
JUNE 7th
The coveted PRIZE
Mabley

INTERCLASS TRACK MEET
MAY 10 - 11

Following are the tabulated results of our interclass meet. As was expected, the Juniors were too strong for their opponents and walked away with the meet. The Seniors, with only about a half-dozen entries came in second.

Class Scoring

	P. G.'s	Srs.	Jrs.	Sophs.	Fr'men
100 yards	0	4	10	1	0
220	0	5	5	4	1
440	0	3	5	7	0
880	0	2	8	5	0
Broad-Jump	0	4	9	2	0
High-Jump	0	2½	8	0	4½
	0	20½	45	19	5½

Individual Scoring

	880	440	220	Broad Jump	High Jump	100	Total
Hamblin, Soph.	5	..	4	..	..	..	9
Skinner, Jr.	4	..	..	..	..	..	4
Gately, Jr.	3	..	..	..	½	..	3½
Myles, Sr.	2	..	..	..	..	..	2
Jozwicki, Jr.	1	..	..	1	4½	..	6½
Rabinovitz, Jr.	..	5	..	5	..	..	10
Klam, Sr.	..	3	..	..	2	..	5
Donlevy, Soph.	..	1	..	..	..	..	1
Ricci, Soph.	..	4	..	2	..	..	6
Sheehan, Soph.	..	2	..	..	..	..	2
Sullivan, Sr.	..	..	5	4	..	4	13
Hoffman, Jr.	..	..	3	..	..	5	8
Kishkis, Fresh.	..	..	1	..	4½	..	5½
Carchia, Jr.	..	..	2	3	..	3	8
Carchia, Soph.	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Valois, Sr.	..	..	..	..	½	..	½
Parsons, Jr.	..	..	..	..	3	..	3
Mahoney, Jr.	..	..	..	..	..	2	2

CAMBRIDGE 4 ARLINGTON 0

Latin's baseball team started off its regular season with a fine win over Arlington.

Captain John "Muggsy" Kelley pitched for Latin, and what an exhibition he gave! Twenty-one Arlington batters whiffed the breezes before his bewildering delivery. Kelley looked even better than he had at the end of last season, when he was chosen all-scholastic. Three hits were all he allowed in the nine innings he pitched, and not one Arlington boy came near scoring.

Meanwhile Latin managed to secure four runs off Weidaw, who pitched pretty well but received very poor support. Latin got one in the second inning when McMahon singled, advanced on Galluccio's single into right, and scored when Weidaw, who was a little wild, threw one of his pitches away into the backstop. Latin made two more in the next on an error by the opposing shortstop, Hopkins' fine rap into right and Powers' single. All scoring for the day ended in the eighth when Powers wangled a base on balls, went down to second, and scored from there on some heady base-running when the Arlington first baseman dropped the throw on McMahon's grounder.

Altogether Latin got off to a fine start in its first game. Powers was the heavy hitter with two lusty singles, and the team as a whole looked very good.

CAMBRIDGE 5 MALDEN 0

Cambridge Latin won its second game in a row by defeating a strong Malden team decisively at Malden.

Kelley again pitched for Latin, and again the opposing batters were unable to do anything with his assortment of curves and fast balls. "Muggsy" made only 13 strikeouts in this game, as compared to 21 in his previous game, but he was almost as effective. He allowed six hits. That's pretty fair pitching, almost anyone will admit.

The Cantabs did all their scoring in the fourth and eighth innings. In the fourth, Powers singled and scored on Rudgis' triple to deep center. Rudgis was then disposed of, McFadden reaching first. Crawley was then hit by the pitcher. McMahon reached when Noseworthy threw the ball over his first baseman's head, and McFadden scored. Latin made three more in the eighth on hits by La Ronde and McMahon, with a base on balls, an error, and a long fly sandwiched between the two solid raps.

Crawley and Powers pulled off the fielding gems of the day.

This game marks the second shut-out of the season for Captain Kelley.

CAMBRIDGE 6 B. C. HIGH 5

In its first home game of the season, Latin gained its third win, this time not a shut-out.

Anderson, a big sophomore speed-ball thrower, won Coach McDonald's assignment to start the game, and he turned in a very good performance until the seventh, where his unfortunate propensity for giving walks finally got him into trouble. Hereupon Kelley entered, and though three runs

came in, he managed to stave off disaster in the eighth and ninth innings. Our opponents had previously made two runs in the sixth, and the outcome of the game was uncertain until the very end, when the opponents finally conceded the game, after attempting vainly to prove that only two men were out when the game ended.

Latin had one big inning, the second, when Brennan, the B. C. High pitcher blew up with a bang. In this inning he issued four walks, hit one man, and allowed four clean hits, by Rudgis, Hopkins, La Ronde, and Powers. Result, six runs and the game. Brennan was unhittable the rest of the fray.

CAMBRIDGE 2 REVERE 8

All good things must end sometimes, even a string of victories by a Latin team! Inability to hit, and poor support accorded to their pitcher, Mahoney, cost Latin this game.

Mahoney pitched a fair game, but six errors were made behind him, and he allowed hits at the worst possible time. Grasse didn't have much trouble in subduing the Latin batters, except in the second, when a long homer to left by Rudgis, McFadden's single, and Crawley's triple gave Latin two runs. Revere bunched hits, breaks, and errors for runs in the innings they scored. Hilliard was the fielding star, making ten stops, some of them almost miraculous. This Revere boy formerly attended Rindge. He must have robbed us of at least three hits.

CAMBRIDGE 3 SOMERVILLE 2

This game was a tight pitcher's duel between Kelley, and Lynch of Somerville. Kelley's arm was somewhat sore, but despite this he came through with a victory.

Latin won this game by bunching the six hits made off Lynch two to the inning. It was a close game, and with both sides playing for the run, the bunting was frequent. Latin layed the ball down beautifully when it was necessary. Rudgis' single and Hopkins' double along the foul-line gave us our first run. Our second came on hits by La Ronde and McFadden, assisted by Powers' bunt, and our third on hits by McMahon and Crawley, with Galluccio making the sacrifice. Hopkins and Rudgis made some sensational plays in the field for Latin.

CAMBRIDGE 8 RINDGE 3

At last Latin has gained an athletic victory over Rindge! Our baseball team, with Anderson pitching, came through with a win over its city rivals.

Latin had a big inning in the second. Chapman passed three men, hit one, allowed hits by Hopkins and McMahon and a homer by Powers to give us six runs. We made two more in the fourth on hits by Powers, McFadden, and McMahon. Rindge couldn't get to Anderson at all except in the sixth where they bunched three singles and Spartachino's triple for three runs, but otherwise the Rindge batters were impotent.

Powers made three hits for us, including his homer, while Spartachino, Rindge catcher, made two triples and was robbed of a third when our left fielder, Rudgis made a miraculous catch.

CAMBRIDGE 2 EXETER 3

Cambridge Latin lost a hard-fought game to Exeter Academy by the margin of one run. The game was a pitcher's battle between Mahoney of Latin and Gibbs of Exeter, and the quality of the pitching may easily be seen by the low score. Mahoney did very well, allowing eleven widely-scattered hits. Gibbs was aided by the fine support he received from his infield. Latin did not give Mahoney the aid he deserved, either offensively or defensively.

Latin scored in the seventh on successive hits by Hopkins, McMahon, and Galluccio. Exeter scored one in the second, on Wilson's home run to centerfield, and two in the sixth on two clean hits and two Latin errors. The Cantabs had a great chance to tie up the game in the ninth, when Gibbs went wild, pasing three men and hitting one to force in a run, but Latin was unable to manufacture any hits, and hence lost.

CAMBRIDGE 3 BROOKLINE 5

No hits, no runs, no won ball-games was the moral Latin might have drawn from this loss. Gordon, the Brookline twirler suppressed the Latinites with ease, except in the third, fourth and seventh, where his free walks caused him some trouble. Brookline won the game in the eighth on a three run rally off Anderson, who pitched for us. Sullivan, Brookline short-stop, was the hitting star of the game, with two triples and a single.

CAMBRIDGE 0 HARVARD J. V. 24

The score tells the whole story. Latin isn't quite so good as the Harvard seconds, and the exhibition put on by our team resembled anything but baseball. Harvard made fifteen singles, two doubles, and six triples, which with three bases on balls and six errors, gave them enough runs to win four baseball games.

CAMBRIDGE 12 NEWTON 8

Latin won its second Suburban League game of the season in defeating Newton 12 - 8. We had previously won over Somerville and lost to Brookline.

Going into the seventh inning behind by five runs, mostly because of some very bad baseball all around, Latin didn't seem to have much chance for victory. However, for the first time

(*Continued on Page 25*)

ONCE again the whistle of the train announces the approach of another station, and the end of one more lap of our journey on the Road to Learning looms into sight. Before we descend from the train and make our two-months stop at "Summer Station No. 1932", we are going to appropriate a few minutes to noting the high-lights of the season among school magazines.

"St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle"
St. Joseph's Prep. School, Philadelphia, Pa.

Not a single issue of your dignified magazine has failed to fulfil our expectations. All types of literature are well represented in your literary department. Savor your paper with humor; adorn it with a few cuts; and a Utopian publication will result.

"The Mirror"
Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass.

Worth-while literature, attractive title pages, and unique forms of presentation can be the work of none other than a remarkably efficient staff.

"The Sea Chest"
Nantucket High School, Nantucket, Mass.

When we peruse this publication, we experience the sensation expressed in Masefield's "Sea Fever". You certainly have been successful in maintaining the atmosphere of the sea and of ships. Your apt cuts merit special commendation.

"The Western Hills Maroon"
Western Hills High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

An up-to-date, attractive, and aristocratic publication. We envy the abundance of cuts which decorate every issue. From the amount of poetry which this magazine always contains, we infer that Cincinnati weather inspires poets. Let's send some of the C. H. L. S. pupils to Cincinnati.

"St. John's Concordia"
St. John's Prep. School, Danvers, Mass.

Every phase of your school life has a place in this paper, one of the most cultured magazines which we have chanced upon during the year. So talented a school must harbor a few artists; why not invite them to join your staff?

"The Beacon"
Chelsea High School, Chelsea, Mass.

Congratulations and encouragement are due to a school which is progressive enough to print its own magazine.

"The Taconic"
Williamstown High School, Williamstown, Mass.

You have discovered the essentials which go to make a successful publication — neatness, compactness, attractive cuts, and keen humor. Cannot you make the quality of your prose equal that of your poetry?

"Medford High School Review"
Medford High School, Medford, Mass.

With your original stories, thought-provoking essays, and spicy poems, you have a magazine of which to be proud.

"Tabula"
Oak Park and River Forest High School, Illinois.

We have given to "Tabula" the honorable position of the "grand finale" on our program, since it is, in our opinion, the most outstanding publication which has made its way into our office. A great amount of energy and thought has been expended in organizing this magazine on an entirely literary basis.

Thus stands the Honor Roll for the past year. We should like to say, furthermore, that there are as many more magazines on our Honorable Mention List. We here express our appreciation for the co-operation of the schools which have been so willing to exchange with us during this year, and we beg them to continue their pleasant communication with us next year.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"Medford High School Review"
Medford High School, Medford, Mass.

Of course we try to be perfectly fair and sufficiently critical in all our exchanges; we tried especially hard with the Cambridge High and Latin School "Review". There was only one hitch, — we couldn't find anything the matter. We noted with delight that humor is nowhere lacking, as there were two full pages of Class Notes. Likewise the Literary Department was excellent. We especially enjoyed the essays "On

Nothing" and "The Passing of the Piano". Another thing we admired was the page entitled "Parlez-vous Français?" In the Sports Section, however, we saw practically nothing but football. Can it be possible that such a large and capable school has no other early-season sport? Still another thing we noticed was the Short Story Contest; we wish we had one in our school. As for the poetry, it just made us hungry for more. Why not satisfy that appetite? All in all, the "Review" is an example of how good a capable staff can make a paper. And why shouldn't it be good; it has the same name as our paper!

"The Sea Chest"
Nantucket High School, Nantucket, Mass.
Your cut introducing Class Notes deserves comment. The notes, themselves, were brim full of laughs.

"The Beacon"
Chelsea Senior High School, Chelsea, Mass.
The "C. H. L. S. Review" possesses all earmarks of a spicy magazine. Between its covers we found columns devoted to almost every phase of school life. Let's hear from C. H. L. S. again.

"St. John's Concordia"
St. John's Prep. School, Danvers, Mass.
If we should pick the piece of writing we enjoyed most, it would be "Gilbert and Sullivan", by Catherine Sanders. The writer shows a rare intimacy with light opera, and must have profited by the revival of a few months ago. The entire magazine is well filled with diversified topics. "Nightmare" is a polished piece of writing. The athletics are well written and the poetry is plentiful and good.

ATHLETICS—(*Continued from Page 23*)
this season, Coach McDonald's players showed some real batting punch. In the lucky seventh Latin made seven clean hits off Rhodes, and assisted by an error and a base on balls managed to capitalize to the extent of seven runs. Our boys added three more runs in the eight and ninth. Everyone hit the ball, especially Rudgis, who also pulled off the most sensational catch of the year when he robbed Mullen, Newton centerfielder of at least a triple. Rudgis made four out of five, Crawley three out of five, and Hopkins three out of five, including a double.

Kelley pitched for Latin, and though he wasn't as effective as usual, didn't deserve to have seven runs chalked up against him. He struck out fourteen, and allowed six hits, including a long homer by Rhodes. Latin made twenty hits off four Newton hurlers.

CHOOSING A CAREER

High School graduates in large numbers, either immediately after completing their high school courses or even after they have acquired still further cultural education, find themselves making the decision to seek positions in business rather than in the professions, in order that they may the sooner become financially independent. At such times both high school and college graduates are face to face with the same difficulty — that of persuading employers that they possess qualifications which may be developed into valuable business assets.

Should you choose to enter Business as your vocation, it would be well for you to take an inventory of your assets, and consider whether or not you can offer an employer anything that he would be willing to purchase.

Assuming that in addition to your education you are possessed of such valuable assets as good personality, initiative, willingness to work, etc., have you that which in the eyes of the employer is absolutely essential — a satisfactory knowledge of the fundamentals of business practice, without which your other qualifications are of little value in the modern business office? Lacking such training it is almost impossible to secure admission to a business office; much less to meet successfully the severe competition of those who with less cultural education yet are possessed of a practical knowledge of business fundamentals.

Young men and young women who may be interested in training for successful careers in business will find it to their advantage to write to Principal L. O. White, Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, 334 Boylston Street, Boston, for information regarding Business Administration or Secretarial Courses. The Summer Session opens July 5; the Fall Session September 6.

— *Advertisement*

Alumni

1920

Ruth Lusk is teaching the fourth grade in the Russell Grammar School, Cambridge.

Alice Groden is teaching in the Abraham Lincoln Grammar School.

1922

John Delaney, who is associate manager of the Hotel Commander, is a member of the Cambridge School Committee.

Harlan Allard is an office manager of the Structural Slate Company of Boston.

1925

Herbert McSorley is employed in the Osterville branch of the Hyannis Trust Company.

John Malone is a sophomore at Harvard Business School.

1926

William Young is working for Lever Brothers.

Priscilla Sage was graduated from Radcliffe last June, and is now doing graduate work at Simmons.

Mary Doherty is Physical Instructor in the Cambridge Schools.

Ned Harrington is studying for the priesthood at St. John's Seminary in Brighton.

Dorothy Hager is now living in Troy, New York.

Miller A. Wachs is on the honor roll at Dartmouth.

Mary Powers has entered the novitiate of the sisters of St. Joseph in Framingham.

Esther Kurzman is in charge of the East End Union on Spring Street, Cambridge.

Helen Haley is on the teaching staff in Medford.

Francis Mahoney is working for Galvin the Florist.

Haskell Freedman is a sophomore at Harvard Law School.

Lawrence Gibson is a substitute teacher in the C. H. L. S. Annex.

Henry Barber expects to graduate from Dartmouth in June. He is playing first base on the baseball team, and is the second man in the history of the school to receive seven letters.

1927

Richard McKellegett graduates from Tufts in June.

The engagement of Alice Connors to Frederick Harris of Cambridge has been announced.

1928

Isabelle Rolls is a clerk for M. S. Singer, the Optician.

John Nagle is a senior at Tufts.

Alice Guertin played a leading part in "Trial by Jury" at the B. U. Show in April.

Catherine Boucher has earned the highest honor in French at Emmanuel. Her prize is a trip to Europe with six weeks at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Hugh Curry played the leading character, the captain of the ship, in "Pinafore" at the Boston University performance, April 27.

Margaret O'Connell is now working in the Widener Library at Harvard.

1929

Asa Foster is employed by Braman, Dow & Co. of Boston.

1930

John Nelligan is a freshman at Holy Cross.

Marion Barber is a kindergarten teacher at Willard School.

James Nagle is a sophomore at Harvard.

Olive Stabenfeldt is in training in the Cambridge Hospital on Mt. Auburn St.

Joseph Moran is an honor student in his second year at B. C.

1931

Barbara Emery is in training in the Cambridge Hospital on Mt. Auburn St.

Violet Smith and Mary Sullivan are working for the Sears, Roebuck Company, Cambridge.

Helen Anzalone and Mary Donlin went in training in February at St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

Eleanor Bradley, Mary Banks, and Edith Baptiste are working for the Enterprise Company in Central Square.

Henry Feeley is at St. John's Prep.

Music as Vocation or Avocation? . . .

In either case the New England Conservatory of Music offers the finest and most modern instruction in every branch of musical art, under competent instructors . . . including nationally-known musicians and teachers of music.

Whether you are electing music as a career or for recreational or cultural values only, you will find everything you need at the New England Conservatory of Music, which for 65 years has been one of the leading influences in the development of musical education in America.

From elementary work to a degree in music . . . the Conservatory covers the entire field.

COURSES LEADING TO DEGREES AND DIPLOMAS IN MAJOR SUBJECTS; NORMAL DEPT., SOLOIST COURSES

MAJOR SUBJECTS: Pianoforte, Organ, Voice, Violin, Violoncello, Viola, Contrabass, Harp, Wind and Percussion Instruments.

THEORETICAL SUBJECTS: Solfeggio, Harmony, Harmonic Analysis, Theory, Counterpoint, Canon and Fugue, Composition and Instrumentation.

DEPARTMENTS: of Public School Music; Languages; Dramatics; Ensemble Playing. Operatic Training; Free Lecture Courses.

SYMPHONIC ORCHESTRA OF 105 MEMBERS. TWO DEPARTMENT ORCHESTRAS.

FREE PRIVILEGES of Lectures, Concerts and Recitals, the Opportunities of Ensemble Practice and appearing before Audiences with Orchestral Accompaniment.

RADIO BROADCASTING: Practical experience from licensed station in our building.

Dormitories for women students. Catalog on request.

Pupils Received for a Single Subject as well as Graduating Courses

Address: RALPH L. FLANDERS, *General Manager*

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

WALLACE GOODRICH
Director

Year Opens
Sept. 15, 1932

FRATERNITY, COLLEGE
and
CLASS JEWELRY

Commencement Announcements
and Invitations

Jeweler to the Senior Class of
Cambridge High and Latin School

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY
Manufacturing Jewelers and Stationers
ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Attend the Senior Reception!!!

WALKER MEMORIAL HALL

Friday, June 10th **8 P. M. to 1 A. M.**

TICKETS, $2.50

BUY TICKETS FROM:

Committee

Winifred Burns, 89
Joseph Palmer, 76
William Scully, 76
Anna Sedorchuk, 88a
Richard Shine, 76

Class Officers

John Moran, 78
Anne Sullivan, 80
Barbara Farwell, 77
Bernard Kamins, 79

The Brownie Kitchen

A. A. Young

179 BENT STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Fine Home-Made

CAKES and PASTRIES

for

TEA ROOMS
FOOD SHOPS
RESTAURANTS
COLLEGES
SCHOOLS
CLUBS

Edith Goodell's Shops

1676 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE

Attractive Apparel at Reasonable Prices

10% DISCOUNT TO ALL SENIORS AND TEACHERS OF THE C. H. L. S.

Shops also at:

BELMONT FALMOUTH

Open Through Summer Months

ALICE DARLING
Secretarial School

Established 7 Years

Full course prepares for Secretarial and other responsible positions. Special courses in Stenography, Typewriting Office Practice, etc. Beginners, Finishing and Review Courses. Individual advancement. Free employment service for graduates

HARVARD SQ. CAMBRIDGE
Tel. University 8750

Honey Bee Candy Shop

Home Made Candy
Delicious Sandwiches
Soda and Luncheonette

700 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge

Compliments of

CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC MARKET

6 PLEASANT STREET
CAMBRIDGE MASS.

THE ACADEMY SHOP

Offers a variety of

Fruit, Candy, Tonics, Smokes, Periodicals, Hot Buttered Pop Corn

THE ACADEMY SHOP
(Cor. Church Street and Mass. Avenue)
Harvard Square

"Bushway Ice Cream Is Good Ice Cream Everybody Likes It!"

NEW TUXEDOS FOR HIRE

Special College and High School Rates

Buy that growing boy a good, used Tuxedo
Price as low as $15.00.

READ & WHITE
Tuxedos, Full Dress
Cutaways
Shirts, Shoes, etc.

111 SUMMER ST. and 93 MASS. AVE.
BOSTON

SHEA BROS. PRINTERS

33 CHURCH ST. CAMBRIDGE
At Harvard Square

CLUBS
For High School Girls
PARTIES
DANCES
DRAMATICS
HANDICRAFT
DISCUSSIONS

Cambridge Y. W. C. A.
7 Temple Street University 1102
PHYLLIS RODENHISER, *Director*

PLEASE NOTE THAT OUR NEW TELEPHONE NUMBERS ARE
UNIversity 7515 and 7516

GEORGE H. STOCKWELL
Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork
Groceries and Provisions

No Change in Location and We Are Pleased to Continue to Serve You

36 BRATTLE ST. CAMBRIDGE

TENNIS AND SQUASH SHOP
Tennis Racquets of All Makes
Restringing a Specialty

67a MT. AUBURN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HARRY COWLES, Proprietor
University 5417

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

ICE CREAM "DE LUXE"

For All Occasions

FANCY INDIVIDUAL ICES, MELON MOLDS, FRAPPES
PARFAITS, AND EVERYTHING IN ICE CREAM
NEOPOLITAN CHARLOTTE RUSSE FRUIT PUNCH

Your Inquiry Solicited *Send for Detailed Price List*

NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAM CO.

TEL. UNIVERSITY 7460 CAMBRIDGE

Quality — Service — Courtesy

Telephone: University 7349 Bonded Member Florists' Telegraph Delivery, Inc.

Galgay

The Florist

When you want quality flowers we are as near as your telephone.

PROSPECT AND HARVARD STREETS CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BILLINGS & STOVER

EST. 1863

Apothecaries

HARVARD SQUARE CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BOOKKEEPING FINISHING COURSE

TO SUPPLEMENT HIGH SCHOOL TRAINING BY INCREASING EFFICIENCY AND PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE. BASED ON BUSINESS REQUIREMENTS

INSTRUCTION BY

PRACTICING CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

CLASSES LIMITED DURATION OF COURSE—3 MONTHS TUITION MODERATE

Lawrence Siegel, B. B. A., C. P. A. 89 State St., Boston Hubbard 5943

J. RICHARD O'NEIL CO.

School and College Jewelers

Class Pins, Club Pins, Pendants, Charms, Class Rings, Fraternity Jewelry Favors, Medals

282 FRANKLIN STREET Central Square CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

PORTIA LAW SCHOOL

ESTABLISHED 1908

The only law school exclusively for women in the world. Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School are admitted without entrance examinations.

Four year course, granting degree of Bachelor of Laws. Two separate divisions, Day or Evening. Attend either Division.

Two year graduate course, granting degree of Master of Laws. Send for catalog.

ARTHUR W. MacLEAN, A. B., LL.B., J. M., Dean

45 MT. VERNON STREET, BOSTON Capitol 5725

TUTORING

Spanish, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry

MARY MOULTON, A.B., A.M., ED. M.

27 Ellery Street

Porter 0225-W

Horace Partridge Co.

"EVERYTHING FOR SPORT"

49 Franklin St. Near Washington Street

BOSTON

DISCOUNT PRICES TO C. H. L. S. STUDENTS

Ask Mr. Foley for Discount Card

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

DAY DIVISION

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

- Civil Engineering
- Mechanical Engineering
- Electrical Engineering
- Chemical Engineering
- Industrial Engineering

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

- Accounting
- Banking and Finance
- Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training combines theory with two years of practice. It enables the student to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School may be admitted without examinations if grades are satisfactory to the Department of Admissions.

EVENING DIVISION

(Coeducational)

An effective university education is available in the evening for high school graduates who for financial or other reasons cannot enter day colleges but must go to work following graduation:

School of Business

Grants B.B.A. and M.B.A. degrees.

Specializes in accounting and business administration.

Only 24.9% of graduates held executive positions on entering school; 71.9% now in major executive positions.

Graduates outstandingly successful in C.P.A. examinations.

Actual business problems the basis of instruction.

School of Law

Four-year course.

LL.B. degree.

Prepares for bar examinations and practice.

Case method of instruction similar to that in best day law schools.

A School of high standards adapted to the needs of employed men and women.

Alumni outstandingly successful as lawyers, judges, business executives.

Graduates of Cambridge High and Latin School admitted without examinations

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

In the long run

you and your friends will prize the portrait that looks like you—your truest self, free from stage effects and little conceits. It is in this "long run" Photography that PURDY success has been won.

Portraiture by the camera that one cannot laugh at or cry over in later years.

For present pleasure and future pride protect your photographic self by having PURDY make the portraits.

PURDY

160 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Official Photographer

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

Class of 1932

Special Discount Rates to all Students of C. H. L. S.